A Twig Girdler's Proposition to an Oak Tree

Edward Myers

Let me inside
to what you hide
underneath.

Let me wedge
between the cracks, reveal
rivers of your skin.

I've seen the woodpecker drill his skull
into the hull of
fruit-bearing flesh.

What makes his beak more noble?
My mandibles are just as sturdy.
They're searching — nosing through nooks,
desperate to breathe
the musk of rotting wood.
Oh, I'd tear through you
like hound through carrion,

wet my carapace with you

as I dig, dig, dig.