

## Want

All I've ever wanted  
is to want. I open my mouth  
and instead of answers  
want comes out. I want  
more electricity and more  
capital. I want the clay  
and imagery of my life  
to stand up and dance  
with me, mirroring  
my movements  
one-for-one.  
That would be  
answer enough. Instead,  
what I get is half-made  
men and women going  
about their business  
of wanting too. I half-  
dance for them in turn.  
We form a cockeyed  
web turning about  
an imagined center.  
It's here, it's here, no  
over here. If someone  
could trace its manic path  
they might think  
they'd discovered a kind  
of map, an understanding,  
like the fireflies' curlicues  
spelling out something other  
than tireless ache.