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I dream you in a black suit  
waistcoat tight around your belly -  
knobbed buttons erect in a white shaft of electric light.  
A hundred years later and still you step  
from the pages of your work,  
stand silent in the night, sniff the air  
for the scent of a lover.

Paused outside my door, nostrils flared,  
Your hand grasps the knob,  
cracked nails, black with soils,  
click against the brass.

We are alone together, you and I.

Wraithlike, crawling beneath the bed-clothes,  
your blanched beard rasps my rising chest,  
odors of sour grass waft from between your broken teeth.

Eyes closed, I struggle in darkness,  
bared and locked in your hot grips.  
My hands strain to keep you -  
only to find you swelling and surging  
beneath the pale pink of my skin.

A shudder of fear,  
a spasm in darkness,  
brings on the coupling flash  
of my two eyes opening.  
A binder lies splayed on the floor,  
cold leaves scattered on wood.  
I lean from my bed, sore and raw.  
A flash of white sheets and dark type

“Blind loving wrestling touch! Sheathed hooded sharptoothed  
touch!  
Did it make you ache so leaving me?”