

## Limen

*Emily Brown*

What I want is between softness and stone,  
between god and Adam— what I want,  
is something between fruits and meats.  
I want to move on the water and out of the water,  
I want to hang from the tree and rot in the earth.

I long for such separate and opposing things.  
I turn my head left and right;  
I wish I could face both directions,  
my body rended, running east and west.  
I turn to god, I turn to men,  
and I turn ahead to see trees.

This tree says, I've got all the answers.  
I think—  
    where is the border  
        between the skin of women  
            and the skin of that fruit?