

Lamb, Wolf, Dog

Gregory Nero

***Abstract*—I want to devour. I want to be devoured. I want to protect. I want to be protected. I want to be gentle. I want to be treated gently.**

***Index Terms*—innocence**

TORUS

Today it rained in the canyon.

Before the storm (we were sure about dodging it)

I saw a cloud shaped as a torus and thought about you.

Far above the walls of cactus and rock

A clear blue opening surrounded by white.

—

I showered with the lights off this afternoon while the skies
were grey.

I thought about you and wrapped my arms around myself,
head tilted into the tile.

I thought about holding you, and the way you held me.

This is ceremony, ritual, blessing.

A torus is a shape you can see through.

I wish I could pull open my body from the middle and see
you now.