

## Richard Siken

### *Scheherazade*

Tell me about the dream where we pull the bodies out of the lake  
and dress them in warm clothes again.

How it was late, and no one could sleep, the horses running  
until they forget that they are horses.

It's not like a tree where the roots have to end somewhere,  
it's more like a song on a policeman's radio,  
how we rolled up the carpet so we could dance, and the days  
were bright red, and every time we kissed there was another apple  
to slice into pieces.  
Look at the light through the windowpane. That means it's noon, that means  
we're inconsolable.

Tell me how all this, and love too, will ruin us.  
These, our bodies, possessed by light.  
Tell me we'll never get used to it.