
Philip Dacey

Badlands Love

He asks her, "Where'd you like to do it you haven't yet?"

Out in the Badlands, bent back over a rock
at night just after a summer rainstorm has passed.
A few drops are still falling, cold on my breasts
as you arch up and the distant lightning crackles

and the thunder rolling away seems an echo
of our low sounds. With what feels like the same
hardness above and below me, I'll come and come
and you won't even have to whisper fuck

in my ear, thanks to this landscape I so love.
I like to think that lit by flashes we're
just one more strange formation here,

forked, a natural wonder. Who wouldn't believe
tomorrow there'll be burn marks where we stood?
Dakota ghosts know what's bad is the sweetest good.