

*Cordial*

In your weak mouth        the lozenge dissolves

From boredom        too much talk about love

You spoon-feed absinthe        sustain its verdant filigree

Openwork of ambrosial design        your lips

Suitors each        meet and part        a hundred times

Before speaking        their delinquent valentine

*Once there was always        always        always*

*Now only a little remains*

Your bee-stung lips

The comb        drained of its honey