

Delicious, the animal trace  
of the brush in the paint,  
crushed caviar of molecules.

A shadow comes to me and says,  
When you go, please leave  
the leafless branch unlocked.

I paint the goat's yellow eye,  
and the latch on truth's door.  
Open, eye and door.

### SEXUAL GATHA

Come with me to a private room.  
I have a secret to show you.  
Sometimes I like to stand outside it

with a stranger because I haven't  
come at it from that vantage in so long—

see? There I am beside him, still joined,  
still kissing. Isn't it dreamlike,  
the way the bed drifts in its dishevelment?

Bereft of their clothes, two humans  
lie entangled in its cloud.

Their bodies are saying the after-grace,  
still dreaming in the language of the cloud.  
Look at them, neither two nor one.

I want them to tell me what they know  
before the amnesia takes them.