

TO MYSELF
(CARNIVAL)

Announced by your nakedness, you appear
—They avert their blindfolded eyes—
Your rain-fossil skin lit by ajars
Of perfume (blood's-lace)

At least a murderer doesn't have to boo his shadow
You vow beneath barbarous marquees
Whose leaves have fallen
To placebo your profile

And if he keeps a pinkie raised while slashing his flock
Together you and him will flee
Over an earth-to-earth carpet of kisses

Leaving me to play the mirror's old shell-game
Hot for what it keeps hidden
By shifting its faces thus