

AMONG HELLENISTIC FRAGMENTS

So I loved you then. I loved you like a wind.
I kissed your mouth more feminine than mine
and sucked a dream of death.

You wanted me to die. You wanted me to stay
a silence between leaves, a glistening thing
between the rubbing of the leaves,
time that shines then is dead.

You knew that I was the child
you set yourself up to be: a dreamer of angels,
an after-the-shaft-of-light seeker,
and yet you taught me to kiss my own gender,

to think that all true friends kissed that way.
As though two souls must go to God from a bridge
of lips, to see friendship as a religion.

So I was the fool, a sea-wind
rushing to a breath.

But what is your own air, dear child near forty
who wants to think that all all stays the same?

Breath of the jackal heavy with the graveyard,
breath of carrion consumed, of never washed.