

(in the wrong place),
in emphasis without logic,
the shaking that slowly . . .
A woman plants herself gently
with the movements of a fish;
she gets inside your feelings and words;
she leaves an open book between your sheets
and a camellia
of fire between your legs.

ALL THAT IS NEEDED

We are alone in never-ending exile,
alone, like a bottle in a sea
without a name.
Without friends,
without echoes,
without sounds.
Silence, mirrors,
dreams.
My touch kisses each former lover,
Vallejo, Pound, Borges.
While I ruffle Dante's hair,
they return
and see that I await them,
that I was waiting for them;
that we are alone,
alone, as ever.

LIKE THE DANCE OF THE DOLPHIN IN THE OCEAN

If I could appear
naked before you.
If I were brave enough
or maybe lucky enough . . .

So that you could see that there is nothing
to fear,
or that all is to be feared.
Every hollow of my body is safe
and is going to be
untouched and loyal like nature most
savage.
(Or like the ocean that you love.)
But you are so powerful . . .
sometimes you scare me.
And I dress up in unmatching disguises,
to hide myself away
or appear fearsome.
And between the two—strangely—
ends the absurd territory of power.
You come close:
water-desert-honey,
and I stretch out
honey-desert-water.
And I don't know where you begin,
where I begin . . .
like the dance of the dolphin in the ocean.

from ABYSS

How I would like to fall again,
with my hope held high
completely alive
early one morning.
Spreading out my traps
to tempt the underground melancholy
of your body.
To repeat the rite of life and the beginning
as if we were the first inhabitants
of anonymous affections.
To fall again,
as if you existed and I existed, too.