

(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 . . .