

The Liquid Snake

Cusp:

Our sunflowers have gracefully, inevitably bowed in the vase
Their moment's magic spent at the bedside
It is the cusp of September,
 the leaves have turned quickly
 from the warmth of your skin
 to dry parchment falling –
Wind whispered away with this inevitable turning –
 the last tangible reminders of you
 are gone with the room
 reluctantly vacated for the tenant.

Branches:

Confessions extracted from the terminal nubs –
 Since we were here before you,
 we will teach these things...
 Say nothing about this – other way
 to your mother, or your father,
 as we are with you always –
Sovereign and alone.

Tonight:

Ask no other, for in this other life –
The liquid snake of the night
 curves itself around its lover
 unwinds the streets
 as if blind except for the penetration of desire
 plunging, sucked back through the gate.
Feet dance and skip along the cobbles
 the guitar strikes each ripple clearly
 the moon reaches towards its zenith
 makes proper angles
 and eyes fix into eyes
 ask similar questions
 discreet, without resort to other language
Age pours the wine through the streets
 faces rush to meet the wind hard with pleasure
 is this the beginning, or the end?
 or – just in the air tonight?