

Along a Road

Along a road we dream
Of goddesses, grace and gorgeous gowns.
But we know more than we think
Of colored carapace and cool cunning.
The storm and the fusillade upon us,
With your blue blood beneath my breast,
Take my sleep away,
To make me sweet mother and milky moll in one.
I need the space apart and live on recall only,
For your viscous veil makes a void of my vision.
Brazenly, I place my head in your fingers.
Please leave me the love of your loins, light of my life.
We no more drive so languidly,
But face not, festooned and frantic in this flood of feelings.
Our ears are chained, our urges chased and gone,
Or so I want the winter wind to whisper, to wash me.
My pedagogue, come, I ache for my moon.
Every night, I scream to see the sky or the black sun.
Tell me what I want to hear!
My caring companion, cool caterwauls for crass cunning,
If only I could know your weakness,
As if mad men mean music or mist.
Kiss me, as though with death itself.
I must break from banal beauty and quiet, bitter blows,
Lest I, too, become less than curious,
Dressed in diamonds, drunk on the din, droll and delirious.