

Almost All

Wings I see
in dawn's blue light threading me
through tapestried green aqueous-ness,
the light of our limbs weight,
that radiant fringe, skin's edge,
a peacock's aura, those halos
of great shine, richest coloring
in the reach between what I take in
& give back, full, sensuous, spirituous
as Oriental erotica in its silk-scrim link
to that larger space of divine Prussian blue,
golden topaz, stained glass emerald,
bright ruby in the caressing clutch-rhythm,
the life seed of sea whether we climax
as one or dissipate in other arms, different
states, for I am still placed down your spine
as an arc, & your system, in constellations,
still correlates its star sparks
all down the neurons
of my own nerves,
my own vertebrae.