

Awhile

Later the same day
Time is of no consequence, none, none except
that's where we belong, where everything comes,
leaves, visits...

Tonight we are a part of this.
I am a tunnel you go in & about.
What treasures are mined?

Anything unearthed would seem common to most:
Birds & cats in the morning, strung dandelions
on chains. But they wind round our throats &
we say: *exceptional*, achieving heartbeats,
sensuality infused & breathed...

Envision intimacy, the pulse
of candle-set eyes.
When older our skin will be connected
by what is felt, groped in whispers...

In between
The range of infinity is a clock without hands.
It doesn't even have numerals, & our faces too,
though ticking seconds, may be wound back watches
looking at, looking past every wrinkle, the traits
traced & erased by love. Here Time

is recognized, told by gazes. They glow.
They are excited, held by a future, now 'n then,
Present...

Awhile is retrospect, what will come later
after our sweet now has stopped.

(recorded as mp3, not in print)

Hours Of

Mouths,
their pleasures stretching,
navigable, into eternal spools,
into lifetimes of telephone lines
where kisses are taxis
in cinematic synapses lighting
faces, angelic with experience
travelling, translucent through
eyes of wonder,
through fingers of innocence
learning intimacy is
always
here

here where
senses sing clear

after the agony.

(not published in print, however mp3 is “out there” for download somewhere)

I Know Your Toes

Two, thick as people
at the tips, but long, sensitive,
afraid to grumble.
The smallest are sort of pawns,
pulpit-less Jacks, curving
as if from bondage.
All ten together are a motley
loveliness, wriggling little but
given grass, a room of water,
they'd sing like seals, such
flips & thumps from being worn
rather flat on the bottom...
Still, miracles, each sole
bends, rounds up, the silk
that knows bones, that cloth
of duration which purrs,
sometimes moans, softly,
if given to fingers of instant
expertise. So much
grows from here, extends,
a cathedral & it's to worship,
forget the world for this world
that connection's centered
& thumbs circle out.

(Not in print, mp3 available only)