

Do You Know How I Want It
"...the final agonies buried under blankets of
morphine."

An Oracle, Edmund White

the silence,
rain fading like the sound of applause
on leaves when the audience stops coughing,
finally swept rapt to music or
yes, of course I babble too much, full
of allusions, usually asinine, while under
this quilt of codeine &
each layer throbs
as I find sight failing
like a flashlight in fog except
your face tunnels through,
breath stirring the sheet
swirls until I think your spirit is
back and, in any case, would like our two
bodies close, your head on my chest as if at an opera
with us cremated straight out to the sound
of rain and Verdi roaring
to one softer rush, yes,
yes, a celebration of private love
suitable enough for the public
but who are they?