

A bar, a seat
A glance.
Our eyes,
Those eyes.
Everything
Is changed.

Chapter 8.

I Want to be across you

beside you, above you

behind you, inside you

over you, beneath you.

I want my mouth full

Of you, your lips

full of me, your legs locking

my neck, your hands, your...

I want your wishes and dreams
to be ours, your happiness
and sadness to be shared,
your children to be mine.

I want my nudes to be yours

Your face to be mine

your cameras to frame me

your heart to warm me.

I want your face to be

mine, my hopes to be yours,

your dreams to be mine—

no yours, no....

**I ache with want. I ache
with not holding you. My
eyes cry for the sadness of
joys lost before we met.**

You are wonderful.

Words are wonderful:

In the mirror I see your mouth form

them, like shells in the sea.

They say: brightly

"There is much more

to life than

passion!"

But only you can prove that to me.

i

"Do it!"

"Well?"

"Well, it's what you do, but another

way. ". how could I ever leave you....?"

Quietly, one stormy troubled night.

You could call that blackmail..

"I love your hands.."

"We'll be together forever.."

"I love your hands .."

"*Want you inside me forever..*"

"Because your body is *Like music..*"

"..and I need you near me..."

"... your hands are marvellous because-

"You have wonderful eyes and always.."

"Think of me..."

"...and I always think of the way..."

"You touch me..."

"You see I need your caresses..."

"Your tongue..."

"Your mouth is wonderful..."

"You see, I need your.. touch.."

"*Oh, please hold me!*"

"You're part of me."

"Of me."

"*No, of Me!*"

Now these things blow away clinking

hollow, like tinsel in the wind....

The Other Side Of The Mirror

I fell at last
between two clouds
while, **the**
music of that space
(**veining** small **rivulets** of water
upon *my skin*)
played lullabies.
And in the half
light, half dark, then
I glissando-ed along a road, finding
there only
sand, stones,
perfect dark, quiet.
And then somehow, you.

Were I rather like
A leg: lost: its
owner parted, his
hair sundered
the distance- whining
wind in all the
wires; long lost music.

For there we were:
Ah! The jangling

Airs of air: and as

I turned and saw

Your hair, I knew

that it was in

that geography I

lived: or at *Least*

in my mind's eye.

The chorus of wires
then: conjured by
mere charm: the
anti-matter moment
frequented by
transcendentalists:
adds brightness and
Sun, to your
Rebecca, a story.

Thoreau, Emerson and Brooke
Farm. 1830 and
Yesterday: the perspective
Of years means

Nothing to me here

In the cradle, in

your hair, your

your knees your ankles,

the blue Sky.

We to fulfil,

Occupy, the empty

Hours of idleness.

Equitation is

Dressage: control

Of winding airways:

A steeplechase of

Winds: the shelter

Of a tree.

No! Can it be?

Are we here or

Am I distanced,

Feeling your

Arms, Like oaks

Your hair in

Ashes, a stroll

In White Flannels

Like T.S.Eliot.

I eat a peach

I wear my trousers

Rolled between two

Trees, and dream

My empty days

Away for you.

If there is, they
say, hugely massive
movement lying,
down in the intimate
hollows- of these
hills; great grey
moors tousled only
with restless green
and winter gold's. . .
(it could have been
a life away that
all the vaporous
harmonies of these
hollowed rocks
stepped into day)
and then it was,
in spite of deep
winter darkness
that as I turned
a corner my arms
a-laden I took an
endless step...
For once in these
old damned Cumberland
hills I know I see
the speed of fall.
No, not that once I
was precisely a
stone though I, like
such things could
not rotate, but
then rather that
stones of their
nature are small
hills and all the
huge rocks as they
flex the soft loam
of their muscles
but only gently turn
and then... down in
those runs of shale
and burn the sexual
hairs of nature lie.
No, not nature itself
not lying, but the
memory in my hands
and nose and mouth
(not ears) had felt
and sought the ever
changing seas, seen
foam and tumbling
weeds, and turns of
flexing stones amidst
the memory of your eyes.

One day I knew
despite your eyes
and seeking round
upon your sighs :
blue corners and
brown hair. Could
that be? (She said
she) . Then wind
tore the words as
my lips uttered
them. Could *they*
fall and tinkle
like glass? For
despite your eyes
(those knees I feared)
where not darkness
laid, because while
I forgot I see the
sound was not like
A gasp or even words
which fell not sounding,
but sound which was
more a feeling upon
your face in the
darks and patience in
your arms. No, these
pieces I patch together
with tattered sky
can't fit though all
the thoughts I leave
like litter in
the silence underwhelm
the trees and drown
gasping like flies or
swans in glass.
No, we cannot be
apart in our arms.

It happened that
"In order to go on
without you"
I learned not to
Forget, but really
To forget
forgetting

are those pains in
my shoulders
that told me that
you weren't there,
anymore- no, that
was unspoken.
How can I think

Such things?

Secrets are part of
our shrouds-

we slumber in our
secrets-

We love and drown-

Our eyes sparkle-

Our limbs (were
made

To) mock us.

How could that be?
You said yourself
with your eyes, you
said-
'Oh, I want you'
never merely meaning

want-

and now I hate you

just as much as...

you twist my
fingers

when I kiss those

other lips, taste
another mouth-

Ahah! There's the catch!

Shadows chase us

Even in Summer we
know that Winter
makes

shadows cruel and
deep. (And so now hear
me say:

'Try to remember-

Keep taking the pills-
Tomorrow you will be
Strong -Alive, like
me.)

The wind
Blowing
over the
Trees,
green like
the days.

The place
soft and
quiet: the
flesh
under the
pressure
of a
hand.

Then
quickly
the obsession
like an
illness
which we Shared.

You know we are
all immensely
young when I see
these things that
time has not
changed while
the ultimate permanence is
just a stone.
For then I walk
and find a
mysterious trace
of you, a road,
that knew your
feet while time
had not claimed
you before a
thousand times I
had not signed
all life away,
with foolishness never meant to
mean the loss
of your breath
from the glass
in my window on
a cold night
one June.

Before we
Virtually met
Magnetism
Had never
Barnstormed
Through the
Silvery
Night

After yesterday
Before tomorrow
We sat
And talked
Of our dream

How was it in
That lonely night
That we found
The last moment,
The first day?

Kiss Kiss Kiss
Kiss Kiss Kiss
All the lips in the world
Are for our kisses

You freeze: then
fingers of frost
from my
heart turn into
rays of bright
Sun

On the beach
a wave is breaking
and all the palms
are minutely shaking

How much do I love thee?
As a wave that would miss the lonely shore?
As a bird that sees no sky?
As a light without the dark?

Blue sky
sun
sand
chrome
light
glaring
in the
light from
your eyes

We met in a shadow
amid life's bright clatter -
I wish you Lol
watch blue sky deepen
overhead
kiss kiss kiss

Thanks anyway,
Sweet...
She wrote
as I slept in
her arms
in my mind

Down deep in
our electronic valley
of sighs
I've found a Datcha
to adore

I hear him purr
he thinks about
your scent
and I scent
you through
the wires

Lhasa fights -
new moments
frame our
way - we are
one - a
universe
of silence

and

I adore
your eyes
while we
find the
luscious
shade of
springtime
dreams

you dig?

A dove
floats, fixed,
perfect,
in clear air
like a
finely
turned
portrait
of
this
feeling

I need
to lie
next to
your skin,
to see
stories
of love
in your
eyes

This hand
has a special
shape, to
cup you
there, where
Heaven and
Earth meet

Life and
your scent -
traces
ancient as
stars -
spur me
like distant
moons.

From here
I watch
your arms,
your elbows -
each part
of you -
moving -
over there

How lucky!
This March
I found you
you (*ideal
everywhere*)
- including
my dreams

Living is
easy when
love is in
your
thoughts.
In my
heart?
A sweet
caress!

Palm trees
make
arabesques
as sunlight
dapples the
darkness
of a kiss

You
inspire
me
to
want
you
naked,
for
both
our
skins
to
become
just
one
skin

just how
to explain
the feeling?
My happiness
that we
are lovers

Early,
I never
cease
to marvel
that
when
I wake
there
will be
you

Once upon
a warm blue sky
I laid my weary head
down
and saw you

Describe:
wind,
the *Levante*
a moment,
a sigh,
an indrawn
breath

Okay, smarty pants

there is
nothing
for us
but
tomorrow -
our love
not fleeting
like
that
cloud

There are things
rare and beautiful
but none as
secretly
special
as you

dream of
me -sun-
empty sand
-wind stirring
glisters of light
falling

