

Almost All

Wings I see
In dawn's blue light threading me
Through tapestries green, aqueous,
The light of our limbs weight,
The radiant fringe, skin's edge,
A peacock's aura, those haloes
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 seas 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