

## Collecting Night

Clover, this pungent basket  
Of sweetest taste & my eyes rise  
For Bean stalk Jack in the Giant's  
Harp of stars between catalpa leaves  
In moonlit lime.

I could swallow each like lozenges,  
Carry the twilit brilliance within  
& give you these dreams with a kiss  
Half of thirst, half of ravenous peace.

What myth is this, dearest?  
What fairy fable from an Aesop's painting?

I sleep on drop cloths full of illustrative hints,  
The sweat of watercolors, our sensuality's dampness.

At noon when I wake there are morning glories  
To baby, twining vines so the buds may ascend.  
Open like clover, a feast for the gaze.

Here, flower-mouthed, is all that I can give you,  
Such gratitude on the tongue & the longings of art  
From summer gardens waving with gloaming