

The body as heaven—

Soft curves

and locks.

Living lip to lip, breath to breath.

A white mist clothes the land this morning.

The stars as torches—

Out where it is

always night

Or else that impossible radiance.

It is only the body that's turning...

And earth as lover—

Artemis

of the forest

Chasing through leaves and the lifting mist

Playing the old game.