

AND YELLOW BURNING WILL BE CANDLES

We will sit face to face,
Across a sea of multiplied white,
We will sit, and the two of us
Will stumble over words,
And scrape, and allow
The other to go first,
And the conversation will explore
The colours of the map, and fix
On a point of reference,
We will start with talk of mutual friends.
'And yellow burning will be candles.'
And a jewel tear will fake
At the corner of your eyes,
A twinkle smile will shine across
The bloodless thread of your lips,
The freckled dusty face
Will be lined with the effort.
There will be wining
And smoking the night away,
But perhaps there will not,
'And yellow burning will be candles.'
And we will remember,
Two vast and absurdly grotesque dwarfs,
Behind gesticulating eyelashes
We will both know what must be said.
You will rise and smooth
The hollows of cloth into rigid neatness,
And our lips will brush quicker
Wary of what it could mean,
And we will stand a little relieved
And mime our goodbyes,
The words will be tossed off
In the glow of future passions.
She will trip away,
I loved her.
I touched her white sweet flesh.
The elixir-red whore is pale
In the little mirrors of the brothel,
But she is paler still, like the dead.