

(untitled)

Where she's touched
of Nature's hand,
in wit and whim and walk,

And where she's nourished
more of world,
in scent and setting,
and in certain flourishes of
semi-nervous talk,

merge in such a
tender center
as to render
that most rarefied
of dispositions,
one that seems
an apparition otherworldly,
borne of ether,
yet at once
a figure firmly fleshed out
in the world of man,
a resident exemplary
in each dimension,
but too shimmering for one,
too primitively rousing
for the other to be
designated singularly
as a form of either.

Radiana

At a minor loss;
Brimming at the lip-line
to mirror-sing your glare, but
afraid to shine a light upon
your coy, sweeter gestures,
for fear that were you made aware
you might employ them
less by grace of nature,
But yield to pause
or wonder insecurely,
or pander them impurely
with contrivance, affectation,
or ration them too hesitant,
or worsen still, wield them
as manipulative weapons;

The slight diminuendo
and corresponding upturn of inflection
when you have a tender tidbit
of some trivia to mention,

The crinkled nose disclosing
a demureness
typically obscured by
interposing sureness of demeanor,

A lean awry of
head at such a subtle tilt
a gilt seductive subterfuge,
A timely rush of rouge
across the lacquered porcelain
of marble-taut but silk-soft skin,

The parrying the eyes away
a feint, to swing them in again,
plant a plaintive haymaker
to make sure what is silent
gets its say,

And the flippant fawning fondness
found in how you witness
without cynicism,
with never naïve innocence,
a world so often pitilessly witless

So, chomping at the bit aside,
bitten tongue abides
where indulgence of these
small and secret wonders
must be undertaken mutely

Odd how it can dead its life,
blind it of its incidental brilliance,
sap its very essence
when we vie, however lovingly,
to shed a dotting light
upon a beauty

Opal

- 1- The russet of your hair enshrined
 in fleeting morning meetings' fame
has gusseted the blood
 a starker variant of red
- As your opalescent air sublime
 suffused into my being,
 struck a match for light and flame
 to warm and lumine what had been
 a frigid, pitch-dark head.
- 2- Like the silk-white milk alights
to blanch the coal-black coffee,
 your opalescent skin allays
 one shade the ebon heart's entrenched,
 unebbing melancholy.
- 3- Oval face and opal-pure complexion;
Tresses blent of burgundy and phosphorescent pearl;
Gamut run from earthly unassuming
 to near-regal elegance,
 from sultriness of femme fatale
 to innocence of blushing,
 adolescent girl.

Incarnadine

Just a paltry brush of pupils
up across the visage
of your incarnation

Just a flashing coruscation
of a silhouette in transit, taken
like a snapshot by
enraptured corneas

Just a corner-eye fantasima,
a flutter in periphery
Technicolor strutting down the
achromatic, TV-static-grayness
of the avenue

Just a windswept tinge
of comet-trailed aroma like a
lingered aural residue
embedded on the breeze,
nebulous and ebbing,
but etched ineffably in echoed
recollections sedative

Just a flickered negative
impressed against the inner eyelid,
hidden quietly until
the dark room dreams illuminate
the rumination like a
Lite Brite still life
electric on the marquee

Just a gleeful, giddy glance
At charms' eclectic taste,
an oaken mid-arm bracelet
And Silken ochre scarves
in over-shoulder tangles,
dangling like the
satin-irised, mile-deep guileless
gaze's whimsy

Just a glimpse
of flimsy brim of sun hat,
under that,
a beaming oval beige
delicately dotted by the
shaded lilac eyelids,
graded like a twilight sky
from nude till deeper violet
into black and
lengthened lashes settles

Just below, set against the
 opalescent glow,
 like water lilies lazily
 nestled on a pond,
sensual and brazen sit
 the horizontal petals of
 your lips incarnadine

Just such flitting watercolor flickers
 set the mind, as much the heart, afire

 the latter in a labyrinthine and
 convoluted chase
 of chaste incarceration,
the prior in a seething beeline
 straight through swiftest synapse,
 a carnivore directly for
 the jugular
 in carnal hungered
 thoughts of cardinal sin.

Arsenal of Charms (or All Nights Are Days)

How saccharine I feel
in reeling you
so long a line of praise,

Baited, neither, hook
to snag in flattery
for secondary motive.

Lit by flitting
images of you
throughout the middle night,
penning until
dawn's fatigue
wearies all that's votive,
Steering finally
the dozing body
bedward for the
black of sleep,
where, closing eyes at sunrise,
after darkless night
illuminated under
thoughts of you ablaze,
dawn it does upon me
that within your
arsenal of charms
is to,
sheerly via rumination
of your personage,
redesignate the nights as days.