

On Elizabeth Barrett-Browning

Aurora
Down the
Fibres of
Being-
A poem wants
Agitation
As
"The firey sap
Dilates the bark

...

Rough with scale and knob
Before it strikes"
In honeyed oenomel
Spoil the drink.

I am dropped as salt
Into the liquor of
The very sky-
Kisses the sea
In blood.
In honeyed wine.
Saturate one with the
Other.
Wedding night.

"To sit so
Close
My
Garments crept and thrilled. "
She writes
Down the wine cup-
I linger on his face
Shadow-rose.
A flower on his mind
He parts
Over-brimming wine

Vital in her
Sap of
Summer foliage.
Deepen into me, deepened
Radiant
In his lips
Full-veined.
Slip into me
A heaven
As red
And still indeed as any
Rose
He drinks-
My cheeks are burning.
Their anatomy the
Ravenous
Writing as pleasure in
Her-
Long on the sofa.

Girls tread lightly across the bridge.