

20. When I Sleep

When I sleep, don't let me recline on sin-soft downs
For I want the sinewed strength of your slight hands
To prop so I bestride my recollections one more time
That light and the colours you so garland at nighttime

The pebble-coolness in the toast of your fingers that
Smooths the day, yet can regale a phoenix out of ash
O you know well when my lover's heart is worn out
Ever watchful while the brooding shadows are about

I follow the mystery beneath the arch of your brow
The dainty flex of your feet as we race for the stars
Your silence is precious as the wandering moonbeam
That paints the red in roses to a smelt of silver gleam

When I sleep and do not wake, I want you as my mouth
Feast on the wild terrains that ripped and blew us down
Sing the song of winds that we and the little thrushes adore
Drink the pant of sea by our pavilion before the rains pour

While I sleep and wait, I want you to live our memories
So my love for you is still alive, not shuttered in dreams
I want you to breathe, go on walking where we walked
Listen and laud the wind as she sings our song and talk

Taste the salt of our love where we sheltered together
Under the frenzy sky that rumbled on as the heat rose
We closed our eyes to the world and its glorious beauty
Heed your fate, as in the hereafter, 'tis only you and me

5. Desire Me

Look

At seeded grass flung wild by the wind

The paired swans by willows that weep

Hear

The whistling in the bower sprigged in spring

A sweet dawn chorus by the carousers of tweet

If they send you straight to me know that

I am yours, and yes, you still desire me

This flower that the heart of winter begat

Lives forever in the summer of your light

In the heart of fields she gladly takes root

As she shears her winged petals of flight

If you see or hear me not know that

You desire me not, and I likewise have

Already ceased loving you, just like that

I shall take to seed and disperse

In the breeze to another garden

By the frontiers of the universe

But if each second, I am that breath

Each day I am that rose you tend

To cleave limpet-tight on your breast

Smell

All that is me until everything that's mine

Elements, air, scents—rages in you, unconfined

Feel

The core of my love in a million suns' fires

Oh my beloved, as long as 'tis I you desire

44. A Continent

I think you will never be truly mine
Even as we rock and toss in our ship
Of trembling limbs and fevered cries

Overcame with thirst, we open wide
Drink the rivers between our shores
Let our hungry mouths love and bite

As the sighs of sleep stir your breasts
I lie in the ocean of your feminine tide
Inside the waters where mankind rests

Now your eyes pool in secret repose
I see the cliffs of your closed cheeks
A shadowed precipice of a bare throat

I think you will never be truly mine
The naked continent that by me lay
Of folded valleys in contours divine

25. What's in a Name

Your namesake Serene
Isn't you; nor is Selene
As I see no moon nor the
Goddess about you, a
Mother's fancy as ever
A complete misnomer
'Cause you're a blaze of saffron
On course for collision, head-on
Into grass-greened prairies
Amid a sea of pale daisies
Now beyond the hothouse
You surface with a bounce
Into a golden flower
My sunflower

16. Fashion

All hail to the queens

Their majesties, Armani and Chloe

From the streets to movie screens

Sing hosanna to our kings

My boss and yours, Hugo Boss

We want all his lovely things

Let's have only the best

Prada rules, ok?

Don't bother with the rest

Women as do men

Worship Victoria's angels

Let me be and have. Amen

Oh, Coco Chanel

Three thousand

For a bag in flannel

Carrie Bradshaw said long ago

A down payment in Manhattan

Is what you blow on Manolos

Dior will always thrill

Haute couture, Baby and Lady Dior

But he doesn't pay the bills

The mortgage is scraper-high

But never mind

You have Louis on speed dial

Bless me Yohji and Givenchy

Nice to meet you, Tom

Cover me in Gucci

What's Fendi without a Bentley

Nissan carries as well as Mercedes

Like Chelmsford and Chelsea:

CM3 and SW3

W is a smiling M

S, a slithering C

I wanna be bad

Like Usain but

My Nikes say

I'm a wannabe

I won't make history

Not like he

On my plastic

Black and platinum

A tonne of credit

But I wake up alone

Reach out

And you've gone

As I dream and sleep

You crawl in boxes

Up to attics that keep