

it was not your hair but sleeping  
butterflies lay across the sheet  
Tragic Beauty i called you  
you answered with bells in your throat

what's wanting now is dancers  
flowers in the waterglasses  
the house full of your laugh

your friend and mine  
she wanted to stuff him into her bed  
so we might go home and  
"talk things out"

we drank some more beer con-  
vincing him it was all right  
then skidded home and  
fell asleep instead

the hot springs

high and so softly happy  
with lots of moon and pickled figs  
our velvet heads rubbed the sky  
while down in water's sweaty hold  
i thought we would never come apart  
these poems are arms stuck in the sand