

The typewriter

Itself

what a sad  
derelict, the gilt even  
of its trade-name  
half rubbed away

But sturdy and up-right  
the keyboard  
there before me  
a kind of cunt

If I might  
touch it right  
bring  
it to  
a kind of tumescence

Even

To lick  
with the tip  
of my tongue that small  
incomparable  
almost hairless  
segment of flesh  
between  
your lip and your nostrils

I must bring  
your photograph so close  
that your two eyes converge  
into  
a single one