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DON'T EVER COME WHEN I CALL

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Forsake day

Wrap yourself in night and turn to me

You must choose

Night doesn't plunge and cling smiling-brittle

between us I can push night aside or

slide through its loose perfume I can't

cross streaming moats of hot-icy brilliance.

Shaded and packaged, illumination is still

the betrayer Even here we won't escape diluting

feelers of light Blind I can smell it feel

it hear it know its frequency like a pulse

The destroyer impales us on vivid points: you in

your narrow layer I cannot enter, mine the end

product of lightyears of ugliness you should not

Forget we almost met I see too well

my hand would sludge your whiteness