**Lullaby**

go to bed, my love, and dream of ice cream and money

the stars will come closer

and speak to you in tongues of slippery passion

sacred things will crawl from holes

lift you up and bless you with long-traveled light

sleep well, my love, and know you are sleeping

where your will is a dark mistress,

where the vision is yours, to have and to hold

and i will come to you

shod in grace and silence

to touch your unfurrowed brow

say to you:

i cannot enter here, but by your desire

i hold moons in my hands, but they are yours, not mine

and what is the final question

that will slip fluid through your mind?

it is the one i will answer

when i sleep beside you

close your eyes, my love, and marry me

behind your jeweled eyelids