Glass

in your being is a glass

a diamond pane etched with the cry of winter

and if i close my eyes just right

i see the dark of your heart

and read there the silent name

that no one else will ever know

perhaps one day

i will break that glass

swim naked through your blood

and carve the cupid’s arrow

into the flesh of your womb

here was i, here i am

i have given you my name

it was always yours, anyway