

IV

upon the room's

silence,i will sew

a nagging button of candlelight
(halfstooping to exactly kiss the trite

worm of her nakedness

until it go

rapidly to bed:i will get in with
it,wisely,pester skilfully,teasing
its lips,absurd eyes,the hair). Creasing
its smoothness—and leave the bed agrin with

memories

(this white worm and i who

love to feel what it will do
in my bullying fingers)
as for the candle,it'll

turn into a little curse

of wax. Something,distinct and. Amusing,brittle