

8.

look
 my fingers, which
 touched you
 and your warmth and crisp
 littleness
 —see? do not resemble my
 fingers. My wrists hands
 which held carefully the soft silence
 of you (and your body
 smile eyes feet hands)
 are different
 from what they were. My arms
 in which all of you lay folded
 quietly, like a
 leaf or some flower
 newly made by Spring
 Herself, are not my
 arms. I do not recognise
 as myself this which i find before
 me in a mirror. i do
 not believe
 i have ever seen these things;
 someone whom you love
 and who is slenderer
 taller than
 myself has entered and become such
 lips as i use to talk with,
 a new person is alive and
 gestures with my
 or it is perhaps you who
 with my voice
 are
 playing.