

XI

this cigarette is extremely long,
i get them by the indigo box of 10.
And then, you were sitting across from me:
and my blood silkily telling i was, how wrong!
(i thinking to have remembered how
you were beautiful) this cigarette, when
inhaled, produces a mystery
like scented angels joking in a sharp soft row
(i buy 10 of them in an indigo box.)
Wrists. Elbows, Shoulders. Fingers.
the minute amorous stirs
of flesh invisibly visible (this
cigarette, exhaled in musical shocks
of kiss-coloured silence) by Christ kiss me. One kiss