

*iii.*

You and I are co-original  
I know now by your

lacquer odor's drift  
into flower blossom.

It is incredible. All qualities  
are opened up; I sense  
you full in pheromonal mandalas,

can count how much  
you are like "fire", can avow  
your smoke sounds like a quiet hillside goat

and I can hear the charcoal smelling sharp  
of licorice while I count  
as though that fire were happening right here:

I have imbibed  
every single possible truth about you.

You seem okay. Continue  
what you were doing.