

THREE sunlight was over
X our mouths fears hearts lungs arms hopes feet hands

under us the unspeaking Mediterranean bluer
than we had imagined
a few cries drifting through
high air
a sail a fishing boat somebody an invisible spectator,
maybe certain nobodies laughing faintly

playing moving far below us

perhaps one villa caught like pieces
of a kite in the trees, here
and here reflecting
sunlight
(everywhere sunlight keen complete
silent

and everywhere you your kisses your flesh mind breathing
beside under around myself)
by and by

a fat colour reared itself against the sky and the sea

. . . finally your eyes knew
me, we smiled to each other, releasing lay, watching
(sprawling, in
grass upon a
cliff) what had been something
else carefully slowly fatally turning into ourselves . . .

while in the very middle of fire all

86 the world becoming bright and little melted.