

if i believe  
in death be sure  
of this  
it is

because you have loved me,  
moon and sunset  
stars and flowers  
gold crescendo and silver muting

of seatides  
i trusted not,  
one night  
when in my fingers

drooped your shining body  
when my heart  
sang between your perfect  
breasts

darkness and beauty of stars  
was on my mouth petals danced  
against my eyes  
and down