

Like a cup of tea  
overflowing

she keeps going places  
unexpected  
beyond will and power

drawing silhouettes  
of sweet fragrance  
on the white morning

and I can't help but clutch  
at the burning tablecloth  
and drape my heart  
like a make-believe ghost

haunting every cup of tea  
with a trembling face

Without a thought  
you hand me a second jar

Without a thought  
I open it and you smile  
in profile  
at this intimacy  
like a wife

I wish we were them

Hidden in plain sight  
secret delights  
that can touch  
and be open  
without a thought

Among the guests  
beaming and laughing  
at brilliant jokes  
we share a drink  
with two ice cubes

Side by side  
complicit and beautiful

fatal icebergs  
float in a world of silence

short-changing the suns  
ninety percent

Her dangling arms  
abandoned to the wind  
like lianas

gently beat  
to the rhythm of her steps

The choir of the forest  
around us  
murmurs while staring  
at the divine pendulums

waiting for a sign

Hear the wild deer  
invisible yet so close

Hear its deep chest  
darkly drumming  
an untamed song

about you

What a waste  
I tell myself

This whole bread  
stale  
which you forgot  
at the back of the cupboard

I remember the loaf  
warm and tender  
like a promise  
of young love

and

— Let's make French toasts!  
you say

When you go through my lines  
with me

sometimes  
I slip in my own words  
and you want to slip too

with me

a blank page

In this waltz  
of oblivion  
and regrets

I step forwards  
and I forget  
all the lessons  
I swore to remember

You step backwards  
and you regret  
learning so much  
about me

Come

The third beat  
is not here yet  
we don't have to repeat  
the same mistakes

spinning  
against each other

Let us stand still  
like that afternoon  
in the pouring rain  
when I warmed you  
in my arms

Blinded

you guide my hands  
to the clear waters  
of the fountain

Thirsty

from your lips  
the gulp  
eclipses the sun



Away

birch trees  
bathed  
in warm sunlight

Close

your white fingers  
combing  
your golden hair

Those clear eyes

clearer yet this morning  
to have loved another

A clearer sky

whose rising sun  
left two puddles  
where I seek my reflection  
amid the dew

Life asleep under the ermine coat  
offers to the cristalline air echos  
scattered away

on the snow field sowed  
with crows where drops anchor  
the night flooding the horizon

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Under the shroud and vermine  
the yearning soul cries in echos  
scattered away

on the blank page sowed  
with full stops where the inkwell  
overturns like the horizon

streaming meltwater  
carries faraway echos  
— I soak my sleeves

Sleds rushing down a hill,  
each bump threading a note  
to the braids of their life lines,  
to the necklaces of their laughter.

Like them,  
I draw on immaculate pages  
invisible parallels  
that conjure up your silhouette.

Hide and seek in the mist,  
your white hands over my eyes,  
your panting for breath  
sends a long shiver down,  
blending with that of winter.

I caress the blank pages  
of a book open to the invisible,  
invoking your pale face  
under my fingers trembling  
from soft and familiar hills,  
naked under the ermine coat,  
my breath taken away  
at each descent,  
so impatient at each ascent!

Exhausted, lying on the snow  
we watch passing clouds  
and I quench my thirst  
in the calm stream of your words  
lest they drop into oblivion  
like a frozen cataract.

Beloved phantom,  
was it a word too pure,  
a heart too warm  
that made you evaporate?

You only left,  
in a margin  
of the white grimoire,  
a golden hair.

A prod to the tiny spring  
has my heart palpitating  
like a watch.

Bent over those pages  
in the corner of a table  
we used to admire... what?

The smile erases the memory,  
like an overexposed film,  
and only remain these verses  
in braille  
where I feel your steps  
towards the white paradise.

## Perigee of Mercury

My eyes wander in the firmament,  
that same sky that separates lovers,  
and I ponder with gravity a detour,  
like a winged thief without return.

I lower my gaze towards the earth.  
Will you forgive me  
after this season in hell?

With the tip of my tongue  
I used to carve furrows in your hair,  
like a ploughman sowing wheat  
in the shiver of dawn.

When the quicksilver descended  
you swallowed tears of rage  
for not being free to follow me.  
You wanted to write  
but your ink spilt on the page  
and became evening  
on the frosted fields.

But the time has come and I am back.

The alchemy between us is not dead,  
only asleep and frozen.  
I will revive the fire under the crucible  
until the terracota cracks.

Already  
mounts arise, springs gush,  
continents smash into each other!

Already  
you sigh like bellows  
on the furnace renewed,  
on the origin of the world.

Finally  
our lips join and I taste  
the vermilion flesh  
of a pomegranate  
under the moonlight.

You lay hands on my head  
and crown me witness  
of the mystical union  
of water and fire.

I lay hands on a mute book,  
on the celestial geography  
of your beauty spots.  
Like braille I decipher  
a secret zodiac  
on your body of soft amber  
where I die and am reborn.