

Poems for Lili

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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

again and again

I drape my heart
like a make-believe ghost
and keep going places
unexpected

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

reflecting the sunlight

fatal icebergs
always
float in a world of silence

always
shortchange the suns
ninety percent

below the surface

Her dangling arms
abandoned to the wind
like lianas

gently beat
to the rhythm of her steps

oblivious to the choir
of the forest around us
whispering

staring
at the divine pendulums

waiting for a sign

as I do

know 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

Away

birch trees
bathed
in warm sunlight

Close

your white fingers
combing
your golden hair

Blinded

you guide my hands
to the clear waters
of the fountain

Thirsty

from your lips
the gulp
eclipses the sun

You used to hide in my books
like in crannies and nooks

I would find you in Neruda
sieving my favourite pages
for a bit of my soul

But metaphors whispered
in ways I could not
in ways I dared not

until I found a curl of hair
you left in a margin

Suddenly

a prod to the brass spring
has my heart palpitating
like a broken watch

Bent over those pages
on the corner of a table
the words fade to white
like a film overexposed
to the halo of your blond hair

only leaving behind
the offbeat heart
of a blind man

Tonight
you open for me
an alchemy book

Flickering
by the oil lamp
the mute book speaks
in crucibles and symbols

of wild roses blooming
on lovers' grave

of a split pomegranate
under a full moon

of bellows sighing
over furnace anew

of the mystical union
of water and fire

of the celestial geography
of your beauty spots

a secret zodiac for all senses
on your body of soft amber
where I die and am reborn

Do you remember
how we used to play
winter in spring?

You would furrow my hair
with the tip of your tongue
and the fields would shiver
under the plough

I would sit behind you
and embrace you like a coat
my breath sending a frisson
down your spine

I would pretend to sled
my hands on your waist
and your nervous laughter
would melt my heart

As exhausted as the day
you would fall back on me
and our breaths like geysers
meet the night immense
and become one silence

Once
through a window
of the log cabin
at dawn

we caught
the shivering world
transfixed
watching its reflection
in the dew

In a blink
the round mirrors
of iridescent water
had formed
a boundless kaleidoscope
and showed each other

your dreamy eyes
and vision wide

and wondered

Already the avid hour
swallows
the shores of the world

Towards the horizon
shadows pursue whispers
lost amongst the graves
along the walls

From his skull
the poet sees everywhere
ink flooding him

Yet you arise
in the still second
illuminating the doorway
of my vault

your bright face
smiling down on me
simple and elegant
like a blade

In a sarabande
you seem to say
come outside
in the fields of blue

and let your heart
slowly beat the drum
of another day

let this long night
surprise you
with a blue moon

The dying day shrinks
between the clouds
and the rain starts drawing
mirrors in the mud

until darkness drowns
the match of eloquence
and needles start piercing
the firmament
in suns uncountable

They blink leagues away
like you used to

when you stretched over me
like a constellation
and kissed me distantly

Now on my knees
my lips still reach for the stars
but the gulp is dirty water

Every morning you prune
the small rosebuds

You keep saying to them
if I listen to you
we would become ordinary
and who would love us then

They echo the many lives
within you that ask
something always refused

Sometimes at night
they grow back and bloom
to make you divine
inspite of yourself

before fliting away
cut short like a dream
leaving you so beautiful

and yet