

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 a run without return.

Which of us went away?
I lower my gaze towards the earth.
Which of us will go to the other
after this season in hell?

When the quicksilver descends
you will swallow tears of rage
for not being freed,
and your ink spilt on the page
will become evening
on the frosted fields!

Then I hasten towards
the minuscule dot,
already imagining us.

Already, with the tip of my tongue,
I carve long furrows in your hair,
I am the ploughman of dusk,
the alchemist at its Great Work,
reviving the fire under the crucible
until the terracota cracks.

Mounts arise, springs gush,
continents smash into each other!

Dizzy at the brink of the pit
(is it the salt or the sulfur?),
I disappear in a crack
and there you are!

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

Our lips finally join
and I taste the vermilion flesh
of a pomegranate
under the moonlight.

You lay your hands
and crown me witness
of the mystical union
of water and fire;
I read from this mute book
the celestial geography
of your beauty spots,
a secret zodiac
on your body of soft amber
where I die and am reborn.