

## 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.

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.

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

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.

From this mute book  
I read the celestial geography  
of your beauty spots,  
a secret zodiac  
on your body of soft amber  
where I die and am reborn.