

## 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  
about 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.