

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 light

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

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

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

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

I would find you in Neruda
even Valéry
sieving for my soul
in my favourite pages

Metaphors would murmur
and talk about love
in ways I could not
in ways I dared not
until I found a curl of hair
you left in a margin

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

Bent over those pages
in 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 heavy heart
of a blind man
hidden in a book