

FLEET-GRAS
SONG

Love bid me wake this morning
Alone, flashes of faces and words
Revolving on a misty illumined
Cylinder of hearts and curves and
Eyes; the silent alarum clock
Negating the jump into winter.
You -- I never met, pulling me a
Last time, my nose in perfumed hair
Intensely straightening the back
Longingly flexing abdominal sheet.