

My hallucination, every drug that I need.
I love you for your beauty. I love you
For the books you read.
I watch you laze in the sun,
I watch your head come undone, you smile ;
The man and child with bee-stung lips
Where my tongue trips and curls and you kiss like a girl.
It frees me, frees me from the freeze.
And with the liberation everything's
Taken higher ; and every complication,
Another spark for the fire. you're nothing
More than eighteen but you are more than
You seem to be.
You'll win me with pale
White hands and soft demands and ways
To set the days ablaze.
It frees me from the freeze
You're like a favorite saint kept
Alive in prayer and paint.
One looked a lot like you, saucer-eyed and stoned
And out of the blue.