

## An Enigma In Brine

Code

We are lost within the flesh  
Led by the sloping of an inner arm  
No face outside these eyes  
No past outside tonight  
We are as we paint us  
A vision installed  
In many ways stunned  
To say it would be to sing  
As green meteors swim  
Gently up to him  
Mirrored surfaces  
Who is within them?  
Hands in water peel my skin  
My teeth and my hair  
My eyes move like lunar seas  
The mirror moves and I jump in  
To catch my breath under the sky

Wash scars and use this eye  
Roll it from the navel to the pubis  
Circumnavigate (the) wet hip  
Turn these bodies around  
Dash them on the shore  
Watch their slender centres  
Spark and burst  
And slide their tattered skin  
Between barnacles and limpid  
This is where they want to lie  
To love the wind and the tides

...And remember what still  
Grows and thrives  
An enigma in brine  
Past this daily decreasing horizon  
I am image I