

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