

Penetration

Tom Verlaine

All afternoon gazing at the moon
Well, I'm forgetting things before I think them
The stars are out; they're writing on my brow
Your names, your qualities - I could drink them

Deep, deep pulsation
Deep, deep penetration

You say, "okay, please, get me what I need."
Well, I'm sorry; I can't find it; please, don't hate me
You glow in the dark, whispering in sparks
You say "I'm dripping wet..."

You build a ladder and you lay it on the ground
Then you move away, you move away, you move away
Without a sound