

entwined horizon

swimming fingers ride sweat tributaries
threading down your primal spine
equips these lands fertile for planting hands
like skin-touch landmine eruptions
on this entwined horizon

percussive breaths birth morning shadows
sent early to bed, but earlier to writhe
each glance weaves perspiring continents
whose drops land light as leaves, on
the pillow-grass, the bed-stems and bud-posts

she-flower in the sun sugar-pollen spinning
like the rain we make our own perfume
that rides parallel, before erasing
wistfully diffused on the current
of this entwined horizon

underneath the supine sky, where
night holds the moon in some regard
range reach fumbling to caress her stretch
their embrace finds me vicariously satisfied
skewing perspective past the point of my vanishing

better to blossom as one, meandering
'til once again the sun burns out like a flag
beneath the rampart of her sigh's combustion
while her hair unfurls the colors of my real nation
undivided, in this entwined horizon.