

angels of mystery
a mistreated mistress dorms on my bed
as light goes by
in carpets of shadows and goldening tracks
for one more kiss
I will shape it down
to a story
which fingers the pleasurable
edges
of your dignity
growing sites
in our melodramatic trust
go ahead burning samples
of God
we are headed to cliffs
from where the view gets oceans
and sparkles
over the waves of this blue
there's only a way up
climbing the soft surface
of these spikes
blink an eye
throw me a rope
over which you will fly

