

And you want to know

What came before you

While the angels sing in words

And whispers are there for me

Night has stranded in many different ways

Startled by my own self

We slipped into the shower,

Surprises were not any more amazing

than the truth

holding those secrets

hidden between your red pants

I smooth down my hands

Where courage allows a name to be pronounced

And where the dark blister of the room

Allows dim licks of yellow lights

Over the conspiring walls

There lies a picture of what we expect

As wishes are usually scattered

as glasses atomized in vertigos

when encounters get bigger

than our very ideas of them

and so,

lie serene, Ann,

because, as I tell you,

everything just comes and goes as the snap of two fingers,

or just like seconds

flowing over the eternity of minutes...

