

I am writing on your legs,
while you feel the orgasm of these words
coming down on you,
like rivers flowing across mountains
like drops, secretly wiping your tears out,
like rainbows, blowing away your last breathe
like bombs,
exploding over the skin of your dreams
as glances
which pierce deep into your soul,
which come, and find what you are,
then turn it into dust,
wipe it into smiles
that widely resemble eternity,
like that,
I open you up
and I see your truth
as over the edge,
over the line,
right over the night,
there is one last word to be said
one last prayer to be done:
it is the sentence
which will say it all
without mentioning it...

