

Down by the Fairy Pools

You led me
into the
woods.
Your epic
palms, criss-crossed
with rivers,
floods and damns.
(I had on the wrong shoes for this kind of thing.)
Gurgle,
burble and foam,
intrepid stones,
your hands,
swelling at noon,
ripped
my knickers
off, tongue
of leaves,
mouth
of foliage,
bent
over
readily,

pieces
of sky

pierced
the tree,

blinding me.

Woodlands

22 July - My Text

All around me—
the hollow
of your body.

Waking in sweat
at 3 a.m.

My breath,
still

caught
in the wild,
mountain wind.

Where are you?

23 July - His Text

I have not left your body
and there is no time.

Plait Me in Plat

We stood,
on the balcony.
Neither of us spoke.
You inhaled.
I turned
to see the
glow of the tip—
a ship
in midnight blue. Plait my hair, you said.

I took it
in my hands
and twisted
the strands
down your
neck—
solid
like an
oak.