

## Twenty-Four Hours of Love

Twilight had sensed our need to seek out a hiding-place  
somewhere,

It melted everything down to the color of chocolate,  
Silently giggled, seeing the red-hot blush on our faces,  
And chanted a secret prayer for us on its way out.

In nature, naturally, we made love by nature.

In the meadows early we sweated the first dew of the dawn,  
With the silky tresses of night, we wiped the chest of the  
day,

We ripped up the flowering fields like a bolt of tapestry,  
And found the newest, freshest smile of the Milky Way.

Naturally, by nature, we made love in nature.

Damn! the people who dwell in the wind had all somehow  
got word;

Mercury left the sky and dived suddenly into the sea,  
The sun put his hands on his hips and stood there to gawk  
at us,

And to the earth's old muscles revealed this mystery.

By nature, we made love in nature, naturally.

Unconcerned for the desperate comets panting up yonder,  
At once, like a flowery honey-drenched dream, entered the  
bold

New evening, and undid the top two buttons of her black  
shirt;

And for us she hung on her neck the moon washed in gold.

## Dusita

The planets have lost nothing vital  
in their semi-intoxicated revolutions.

From man's quaint standpoint,  
they seem equidistant, indifferent.

Majestic like the pyramids,  
they are nonetheless overwhelmed  
by your candid nature,  
and cast off the weariness of age,  
like a fine nylon décolleté eager to behold  
themselves in the mirrors of your sunrise eyes.

The planets are like beads on your neck,  
luminous with your wholesome beauty.  
Looking out from where I stand,  
straddling the gap between being a man

And elected by fate to be you husband,  
it's odd that on earth,

humans don't identify you with the wish of Vines,  
don't like you to the lights in the sky.  
They send up astronauts, satellites  
To find life in other atmospheres,  
Unaware that something magical occurred  
With your birth,

And that all those lights are aligned  
And hang like ornaments around your neck.

## Self-Portrait

Marlowe graced me with Faustus; now I perceive  
more exactly the value of spirit, the cost of knowledge;  
more clearly, I see now the curved line of the equator  
and the human-animal graft of the centaur.

The vision of the culture of suffering,  
the deconstruction of the atom's secret nucleus,  
the chemical explosive, and the results of the explosion—

these still remain my offensive strategy,  
my defense system against the gas's detonator.

Exhausted by keeping watch on paper alone  
I have built myself out beyond the bounds of my body,  
beyond the holy water squeezed out of Philip Sidney  
that made him murmur "Thy need is greater than mine."  
With irises written less densely yet than their whites  
my eyes drive the world into logic's antipodes,  
around the dangerous balance of love and pain.  
I rise and fall with the planet Kicelev,  
careful not to desecrate the moon-footprints of the astronaut.  
My atmosphere is a thin layer of life and death,  
its hemisphere's core remains one of sweat and blood,  
its biosphere guides my neurons to connect,  
helping the lithosphere guard my face from shame.  
I have nothing to confess to the dark laws of chaos,  
I abhor the effects of any prelude to invasion,  
The destruction of even one person for the good of another.  
Forgive me, Milton, but it was better  
To serve in heaven than rule in hell.