

REVEILLE

An aakening embroidered with golden thread
Sunlight fastens a swallow in your hari
Transparent skin, the moon-thief
And rosy cloud, the hunter.

Violets on your eyelids
Green seaweed
Upon the accomplice pillow.

The pitcher, frosty and full to the brim
And the half-open palm of your hand
A promise of fever and dew.