

Blindness

Tonight you open the soles of my feet
And rise in the capillary tubes of my bones
The grains of years drawn on them like circles
You keep rising to the deserts
And blind silken winds meet
The woman under your iris
Slow stones turn on their backs
And blood from an elephant tooth
Filters past my tissues into the four chambers
The first has a blue baby licking the molten thumb of fire
A bird flies in another, with surprise grating its wings,
Into hollows of unknown nights
Smouldering fires cook my blood in cauldrons of straw
And it crackles in the straight capillaries you rise in
To lock your eyes into mine
And we go blind