

Barrenness occurs in the absence of deserts

Bed pulls canopied.

Full big thing of permanent thinness, it stands

in the middle of the room. In it, women

clink their rings metallic, hoops loose

around their wrists, their biceps saturn with golden bangles.

How could their gassy bodies form these sheets? To mountain chains, churning,

folding, drapes of momentary impeccable spines. Brief bulge against the gauze

each vertebra a wandering dune, a blow in the curtain, a mermaid's speech

bubbled up. And you too cup your hand over that fabric

which initiates all your fabrications. What do you feel?

A warm changing thing?

A silhouette of rose quartz shoulders?

Some form sculpted yet soft?

Cotton?

Cotton skin.

Ah.

Are you also palpating their spines, how some

are sharper than others? I remember

touches of earthiness too, of pull,

of affectionate reversion

like an unkiss

between concave lips. The contact

is vague but the women are not,

they osmose through the pores of the gauze where they emanate

as a humming. Sometimes

from the angle of the spine and the quality of hum a detail

of your fantasy's anatomy emerges to your hand, and suddenly

the cat brushing against you dents your mind like a baby foot the belly.

This touch-image of their bodies behind transparent beige tugs like opium,

like bright night and herd calls,

or swampy poppy fields.

Ridged topographies as traces of former tearings, silk stitching, but the inner eye
already saw

creamy powdered chamomile gas

and the like. Something soft that both

flickers and flows,

the world a moth

dying in a misty river.

And the women breathe their round mouths open for you,

inhaling against the gauze, hollowing

it for the return

to the ground, inside the slit of the gauze you smell

chamomile and breasts, metal-swords?

One of them says velvetvoiced, tender-coolly:
Welcome, Naked one,
Everything is in this circle.