

Prostration

Let me subjugate you, Time.
Stroke you into servantry.
Play suprasensuous games with you.
And then kiss the bruises on your flesh, purple
on translucent white.
See, I'm desperate to feel
softly about you. You,
with your appalling dominant will. You,
spoiled daughter of nature's mechanics,
puppeteer of all points ,
coddled and cosseted and used
to being obeyed.
Let me command your stubborn spirit,
seduce and subdue,
until you lie tied in spun strings of caterpillar silk,
tacit in surrender.

When you are on your knees,
licking my feet, dirty from you,
when you rise when I say
Now rise
when you stay down when I say
Not yet
then I will look upon you
with tenderness.

But you are an untameable beast;
each whip is lost on.
Not made to be mine
but anyone's
you pace just the same from cages.
Not even bars can confine your rhythm -
I blame the instincts of the law.

And as the caterpillars keep cocooning,
I watch them weave
endless ropes

never strong enough
to bind you.
They will keep weaving
and I will keep watching,
dreaming of my dominion,
until I, too, have disappeared
under their silken web
of opaque white
that is you.