

Friday 22nd February '22: delicacies, cosmic

Fed him thick fresh figs as moons in my mouth today
during another lunar eclipse (for the first time!) I did it, I mean
I made moonsparks myself, set that fire by feeding what mystics told us
to do all along. Fire to my eyes, I saw
my luscious lashes self-immolate in a deep relieving violet, a note of the
red-rosey
seed pulp inside at the flame peak, with a hue of walnut kernel.
More imitate than immolate but in my mode of loneliness
there's no way milkier than this. Botanically, the fig is
not a fruit but a multiple one.

Here, diary man, let me put a bit of mustard for you on top of the fig,
a creamy buttercup colour spread on deciduous purple skin-just stretch out
your tongue toward me.

I like the place where I can say this fantastical
fig is for me forever alone
to feed, entire
in my hand.

A pleasure to put into you all my rippled self, potpourri
of hay and wooden carousel horses.
When you squeeze with your teeth the sweet seed pulp deep onto your tongue,
can you feel the seedlings
crackle across it like poppy of sheer frequency?

Aftertaste is purified air
as I walk home on the deserted street.