

liquid glass lotus

Liquid glass filled her eyes.
She folded like a lotus, burying in
a cross of forearms her oval head.
I knelt beside that vulture's black feather of a girl,
my faculty of love in disarray
Like an oyster I produced the pearl of her name;
she raised her eyes and spilled a little of the glass.
She could not see me so far away,
she looked instead to heaven; no sign came.
I drowned and drowned before she let the moment pass.