

Across the forest I can see  
the handsome whore in naked robes  
whose gestures I sometimes believed  
made complex what was one time plain  
and other times made simple  
violent chaos.

Through tangled fears I grip the form  
and tenderly embrace the ghost  
consummate the firm uncertainty of hope,  
grasped and grasping, hard and soft,  
asking am I giving  
or am I being got

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