TO THE GREAT LITTLE ONE: KORE

A nimbus of black fire fills the summer of Your breasts

With hot evenings.

Under Your hair, golden grasses lick the ribbons of light

Wound about slack bronze knees.

Kisses of night have darkened Your brows.

Copper rims of distant cliffs waver in the tremulous throb of Your belly.

I light nine torches under nine gates of squandering skin.

In Your terrible smile there flits the seductive threat

Of another death to strip life of its limits.

In Your arms I plunder Eden, and the God of wrath smolders in

Blue leaved delight.

Your viscera, Your heart, Your foaming liver and Your gluttonous

Lungs sip the dews of fierce millennial excesses.

Peace.

In hollowing waters Your face fractures and surrenders the Sun.

A vast palace of vines and ferns spreads through Your body

Bubbling with objectless laughter.

EVOEEE KOREEE !!!!!

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