

To Dream

To think of you is to dream.
You stand in the arch free of any wall
at the top of the crumbling stair
cut in the cliff side. Beyond you
the field returns heat to the sky
transformed with musk, men of foam
leaning on their elbows float
in the perfumed water, a go-between
light continually promotes desire,
and none of them are as naked as you are.

To look closely at you reveals
nothing but blood floating in milk,
the reminiscence of repeated disaster
delicately nursed. But this
is hard to remember, for your essential color
is the pale gold fountain
that leaps between your fingers and your look,
permitting us to receive the sun.

"In the morning," you seem to say,
"you will find me in the woods,
asleep at the base of an oak tree.
At first you will catch a single gleam
and think it's a fallen sapling stripped of bark."
But when we reach you, there's only an empty doorway
on the verge of everything.

— *Albert Frank Moritz*