



## A PROPOSAL

*(for Judy*

We have made a balloon  
    with our arms  
the shape of each moment  
but one of the four  
    felt discomfort  
holding up the rest  
the delicacy of a moist  
    tongue on the tip of my mouth  
becomes abrasive teeth

Our bodies are a constancy  
    we'll never misplace  
in the held spell of the instant

in light I see eyes  
take in my gestures  
like boarders signing leases  
& I wonder  
what would happen should we  
both keep control

Is this my  
your direction ?  
Inseparable ?

I guess I dread the ultimate  
diversion of an honest woman  
loving me forever  
having measured sincerity  
forever with the guage of youth  
I watched the concept plummet  
to a gulch  
full of thieves  
I'd not be ready to deceive

& the ritual  
constancy implies  
grows richer or poorer  
as the possibility  
of each  
life is busted

left to gather lichens  
decorative  
by tree foot

scintillant in fantasy  
    amidst the leaves  
our leavings  
moving  
    overhead  
between us & the moon  
weaving a fabric  
    constant cover of our auras  
from the burning sight of others

Our meat will absorb no light  
We must leave that to the plants  
which is why  
    I find myself  
standing in this opening  
of seed held  
    light in the palm of my hand  
looking for a constant place to sow