



On the outside of the wall —  
a photograph, a line  
of camels. In the centre  
a man walks (I know it's you

I follow him out of the picture.  
I see only sand, this man,  
you are,  
the planter of phosphorus.

You see landmarks.  
I follow your voice  
so closely I begin  
to see who you are.

Behind the wall  
let me plant a thing small and green  
You stop to help a camel beget  
two tender young ones —  
a difficult birth,  
'I'd ...'  
(like to stroke them.  
But you've disappeared.

I pick up a handful of sand to see  
if you've left any seeds or  
bits of blue behind,  
but it blows into my eyes  
obscuring my vision  
(I don't even see where I stand)  
alone I gather  
peppers & sand

*March 1976*

## Words, going

Streams, your worn body, articulate to oceans.  
And the danger of wanting a single source  
words, clear as fish, rise from.

Rise,  
dart from the hand, shine  
in sun before they fall.

Or love  
your many, unfolding as the world  
goes. Not  
to protect you: they tear wanting one, you  
hold and go.  
Not to mend.

But to wash  
seaweed and salt from your arms.

Slip from caresses, ride  
waves: fish at your fingertips.

*whole and gone* in waves.  
I search for you in words.

your  
whole mouth, your cock, these  
are clear, one, wanting you simply but  
hearing more.

I learn  
articulation, turn  
to see my faces rise  
with fish.

And swim clearly or.

As the stream goes  
As the world goes

*October 1976*