

Albert F. Moritz / FILM IN AN UNKNOWN TONGUE

Bangkok.
The naked god of love,
adolescent, violet-colored, scarred,
in his stiletto boat
conveys two Caucasian women.
Skiffs careen in the wash.
Paintless huts.
Children on mossy doorsteps.

At the stone lions the boatman,
smoking aged engine in his hand,
delivers them.
The stairs come from under water
and beneath climbing sandals
the slime of another world,
lips exchanging moisture in darkness.

Who is that whitewashed statue
cracked and peeling,
in a toneless voice making impure proposals?
There is nothing in the human world
but women and that voice
seeking a living throat to speak it.

Nothing but women
and the sea swell at dusk:
the depths manifest in the surface,
bowels present in the skin
and its silk of light,
contentment in a motion as of hips,
a loose motion playing across
the day's rhythm,
a motion of breasts
molding eyes and hands.

Nothing but women and a vagrant light.

They are naked now
in the deserted garden
and their throats are pitchers.
Let us go down.
Nothing is moving now.
It is the freedom of which we dreamed.

O violation
 beautiful youth,
once we were you.
Again now we feel that first anger
and the surprise of floating free.
Now in this palace of wood above the river
the plants tend themselves
and hope is the air.

Wine created the vessel
and the full vessel
for someone to drink from it,
created man:
 even the man
who drinks from and refreshes
two Caucasian women
amid the gilding of cries and knives
and the cancer flowers.