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To Myself [1]

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TO MYSELF

When we're always alone
And when we're never alone
We share our genitals
With my penis you wage worlds
To break the silence
Of kisses strafing themselves in an open hayfield
With your clitoris I reign over the snowy steppes
2 hussars on a seesaw
Duel for my favors

TO MYSELF

The way the world is not
Astonished at you
It doesn't blink a leaf
Leads me to grop
That beauty is natural, unremarkable
And not to be spoken of
Except in the course of things
The course of singing and worksharing
The course of squeezes and neighbors
The course of you tying back your raving hair to go out
And the course of course of me
Astonished at you
The way the world is not