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All That Is Needed

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(in the wrong place),
in emphasis without logic,
the shaking that slowly . . .
A woman plants herself gently
with the movements of a fish;
she gets inside your feelings and words;
she leaves an open book between your sheets
and a camellia
of fire between your legs.

ALL THAT IS NEEDED

We are alone in never-ending exile,
alone, like a bottle in a sea
without a name.
Without friends,
without echoes,
without sounds.
Silence, mirrors,
dreams.
My touch kisses each former lover,
Vallejo, Pound, Borges.
While I ruffle Dante’s hair,
they return
and see that I await them,
that I was waiting for them;
that we are alone,
alone, as ever.

LIKE THE DANCE OF THE DOLPHIN IN THE OCEAN

If I could appear
naked before you.
If I were brave enough
or maybe lucky enough . . .