

Invitation.

*
 I too stood black against the milk-white moon
 and all the noises of a silence near within
 my ears,

and all the kisses of a thousand lovers
 mingled in together in that one long kiss
 burned on my lips.

You, the uncatchable - who squelched only
 the milk-white splendor of the moon
 combined with that dusky - velvet depth of
 Tress at midnight
 had captured me.

You - untristable -
 fathoming depths I little knew I had,
 caught me & held me.
 I, who had always thought myself
 uncatchable.

Domesticity.

*
 You frightened me that day.
 You were not you, but the thousands like you
 So many millions had melted into you being
 You sang a heavy song
 with heavy wooden lips;
 you formed mere words - prison meanings