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The Slink of Night Wetly Luminous

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The Slink of Night Wetly Luminous

James Anderson

in the bent, fibrous sheen
of subtleties of sex and body,

whirling
wet through the whispered touch,
whirling the blades sing soft
while the night whispers through the fan
and I touch you I touch you
into you and the world is made

stark inceptions our eyes are javelins
made of the sun

we are distance into the light cracked all coal smoke
and lavender, we mean
the size of it.

We are privacy and moment
we are the soft of skin and the wet
lips licking us;

we the depth everyone
refers to, obliquely,
as they are otherwise unable;
we are the touch the whisper
through the blades.

I move
into you and the night
moves

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a funnel of stars wetly
in my mouth crawling
into the wet to the soft

and the thigh
we each clutch
my thighs as strong
as your neck feels to me.

We are the terror
they smile brightly about
on bright days, smiling; we are
the deep of dark and the satin.

We are the force of vowel and voice,
we are mouthfuls of air and my tongue
through you
gives us
you

immaculate

You will be afraid into all
the referent realms, perhaps,
when I tell you we are
animate flesh ex machina
--perhaps that seems too enmeshed,

that I have superimposed too many
shades of created upon shades of experienced
actuals, but, my love,

I am building us
and nothing, not even the machine of time,
or the motion of the mechanisms and mincing meanings
of logic, which is the world
according to the crudely woken,
who are dreamless,

not even their faith
not even their delusions
of an eternal deference
lifeless as all hell they call
normal, not even that

can cut
through this which is
physical and holy
and our sacred right.

This, my love, is the beginning
of an anthology of unreasonably revelatory
love poems which will
never apologize.