

September 1, 1995

Awakening early, another morning,
after a night splurged away in phrases,
her wild hands scratching her arm restlessly,
or swafting over such Pre-Raphaelite skin,
in soft Italian, *doucement*, of saying,
while stars insisted I was forgetting
that instructive dream of desire,
all the time wanting, undiscovering
(for how much longer?), how to escalate
from conjecture to actual joy.

GEORGE ELLIOTT CLARKE