

Outre-Mer

Yesterday I had a dream of swimming,
swimming in a body of salt water,
ending up on a beach in Benin.
In Benin I buy a gold ring.
When I give you the ring, you tell me
this ring is too big. And so back to Benin
where I buy a small ring.
It fits and I wake up smiling.

The Belt

Since I respect you, I'll tell you a secret.

—VIKTOR SHKLOVSKY,

Zoo or Letters Not About Love

Well I tell it at the start:

This is not "The Exstasie".

Tongue and hole are terms of art.

This isn't a poem about you and me.

The buckle is a kiss, although

This is not "The Exstasie".

Loop and buckle, tongue and hole,

Like you and me, are terms of art.

Girdling you, I am not free.

Girdle is a term of art.

This is not "The Exstasie".

Well I tell it at the start.

 This isn't a poem about you and me.

 This isn't a poem about you and me.