

B E N S O N N E N B E R G

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.