Serenade

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When in evening cool you love me
and we sip away the hush-starry hours
in jingle bell laughing gulps
and your lips have no need of a
no on them
for my heart has no want of a
please in it
I am I think a god
when your lips touch my fingers.

We are then real I think
not feces real
not headache real
not nausea real

But moonlight real
but purity real
(which is most probably
the least likely real)
but Ithaca real
Penelope.

And love is real, my love.

When in evening red you love me
and I love you like hate chewing ashes
then my lips peruse
and sensually discourse upon
the trembling, loving, fearing
and maybe
(I hope so hope not)
yielding skin of your beauty.
My red reality is a song
which will sing in my mind
as I sweat in my sin
but will sing shrill off-key
when your head lies in shame
upon my shoulder.

Sing a shame into my cooling veins
and look back upon the
lust of my love
but do not doubt
the reality of that love, my love.

III

Forever there are evenings
for never are there days.
The sun would blind me
as the world is blind.
But in the dusk
I can see you and love you
and I need not be troubled
by the glare of hallucination.

There is green in my heart
there is blue in my throat
there is gold in my brain
there is pink upon my lips
there is scarlet in my loins
but within my love there is no gray
the gray sunbeams of pretence
which seek to pierce
the honesty of my evening.

I am chained to life
and I can not break the chain
nor can the chain break me
if you hold my hand.
so hold my hand, my love.