

Pearl in Darkness (*An English Kasen*)
September 2004

Black trannie!
A happy sun tastes
Bright red lips.

Sweet, dark tree – swaying
Sunlit. Street-willow.

She is wet
Against the need of
His kisses.

Girl! From whose ears do
Golden rings dangle?

Two brass moons
Within her autumn
Carve his heart.

Her smile turns his face
To a field of stars.

Her young man's
Hardness, unconcealed,
Remembers.

Her legs in tight shorts
Are wheat fields grazing.

Damp delta,
Where the boy-cock sleeps
Kissed by dew,

Longs to be treated
Roughly by his mouth.

Sweet gazelles
Are her hands, lithesome
On his ass,

Mountain antelopes
Furrowing his back.

She upbraids,
With her snow-capped teeth,
The white moon.

Her breath is cool in
His hungry mouth-cave.

Sweet fern moss –
Whose hair leaps, a dark
Waterfall?

Rushing cataract
Seeks earth's cleft and laughs.

Pressing hand
Against her cock-bud
Yet to bloom,

An unopened rose
Grows at the river.

Long hoping,
The fig-tree still waits
To ripen.

He wants to screw her
Here on this sidewalk.

Her thirst yearns
To drink a torrent
From his thighs.

She is a black cock
Scratching in white fields.

Where sun breaks,
She is a hillside.
Breasts gleaming.

They are not modest,
Who challenge daylight.

Briefly, he,
Hungers for pears to
Fill his mouth.

Night waxes, humid,
Dreaming of soft plums.

He loves her,
Because she's a pearl
In darkness.

She fucks him. His salt-
Sweet ass, an oyster.

The moon drinks
The dark waters of
November.

A woman looks up
And evening blushes.

Flocks of birds
Still envy autumn
From above.

She eats his song, her
Mouth a turtledove.

Black heron
Against his strong neck
Leads him home.

She is a grape-vine
Sure in his sunlight.

He tastes her.
Night blooming jasmine
On his tongue.

She'll spill like shadow
On their soft, white bed.

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