

ERIC MILLER

Cara

You were drunk. So was I. Yet lightly drunk
 As cabbage butterflies around the wild carrot
 In their vintage clothing vortical, becomingly.
 On your glass heels you tottered. "Tottering" isn't
 The right word, you were levitating as though
 In surprise this gift came to you. Taperingly
 You seemed in danger of falling, in the safer
 Folly of lifting. We were runny and glassy
 With circling wine, white wine, and behind
 Plate glass the café goers saw us in green
 Dusk light as those in a zoo realize at once
 There is no enclosure. Glass is all the membrane
 Between our joy and their exclusion, their
 Voyeur's consolation, as between the diver, the fish.

The green light flooded us gently. Our
 Bodies swam in that wide lapping lightness
 Of June twilight and of wine, your kisses
 Washed over me warmly as when your kisses
 Half in the caressing surf, surrendered to an ocean
 Blood warm, spit warm, and white wine
 Charity is a tidal pool of the same uterine
 Threshold. Sea's long kiss of coast, twilight
 The lovemaking of day and night, and the city itself
 Is love, parental, filial, fraternal, amorous
 Of strangers for strangers, for who building
 The oppression of that stacked, cracked factory
 Could imagine the sequential charities of its
 Kindled sumac- and fox-coloured bricks?

Our pollutions are purifications. Nothing, Cara,
Can be soiled. Violation is not possible, my love,
Though it feels real. It feels real. As gulls
Against a white wall, as crows in dusk silhouette
We were lost, foundered in concolour congruity,
Pleonasms of good fortune, 1983.