

## **Stereopair**

you were magenta and I was cyan  
a narrow pattern repeated left to right  
our depth was an illusion  
we were  
points suspended in a plastic block  
but  
when we came together a 3D scene  
emerged  
two pepper pots in an embrace

after a while it was clear we were  
just a trick of the brain  
needing correct viewing for anything  
to happen  
and some couldn't see us at all

the toughest part was realising that  
beyond amusement we had no  
important use

coming together meant decoupling  
the eyes one direction or the other to peer  
goggle glass; and seeing something  
that wasn't there

## **In Morning I Think of My Optimism**

in morning I think of my optimism  
disguised as its own priest  
persuading to gatherings, as  
smoke in the room and every  
particle lit in its movements  
turning the skin's crosshatch  
close up  
it applies makeup the face wide at the  
cheekbones a Cadmus son in drag  
its substance drawn apart  
by the eager hands of daughters  
sometimes it is shaped, as  
encounters taking petals, in hotel  
corridors, those broad petals  
held by dolls

## **Opera**

the words  
become non pertinent  
plastic as they are

voice across the  
mouth of a glass  
paper cut

sounds of  
breaking links  
over turn things

at a given moment

neither you nor  
I opposed (when  
facing across tables  
I suppose)  
are the signs

and young

always you

are more

than any difference

## **Your Song Lifts Up**

your song lifts up  
on paper wings

meaning life, and laughter  
is the true expression of  
Desire

Desire = life  
and the imperative  
Life = present and presence

come to my city, make  
it your city to walk in  
with another song

## **Speaking of Texture**

speaking of texture

the moon is always

a cup to drink

the pattern of a night

dress

drops

falling into moonlight

where the day is

collected on water

the fabric

implausibly soft