Goodbye to the Bay of Naples.

It was, we thought, blue.
I thought. One would have said.
A great slab crouched the centre of my soul
Or where my soul would be if
Souls there are. I ached all over
Truly blue. If you were numb
Or if it's pain that travels light-years
Mapping a cold stellar distance
Where we guess at origins
Not to tell beyond invoking &
Nameless
Right up to the funny-bone
- I do not know.
You should have seen the way she held on.
Such torsion and such teeth
Beneath the abstemious gift of eyelashes.
One cannot but admire, or so
They say.
Curious how electricity works.

They pursue space
in tatters of a kingdom
colour begs the shadow
falls precisely on Zait
at its apex
for four thousand years

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DAY

make of us what we will
that may be red glowing green over me
blue shields my eyes
horizon trip the night-stocks scent
last shreds of light lazily
damp smoking through
the difficult art of being

Egypt:

DREAMS

the world full pelt backwards
never lets up its hatband nostalgia
goodbye to creamery
flowers the major feeling
calling home speak to yourself
red about the shoulder-blades
I could have given you a million
wants
Ripplerace

Don't touch peaches
then your face
at ...... shoo!