

MEETING AT HIGH TIDES

And again the high tides are washing her the hair, grown
under thousands moons.

In slate coloured waves it falls at her feet, interwoven with
golden threads, seaweeds, in which scaled and silent fish
tumble.

Their necks elongated, beaks in the air sharing the threads
with the stars.

Their necks elongated, beaks in the air sharing the threads
with the stars Where is their innermost being and ultimate
destination? We all see the flowing shiny feathery light we
know like no other.

I take off my shoes walking on tiptoes to her, touching her
with the tips of my 10 fingers. I stand up to my neck in
water. I do not weigh much anymore.

Far away the heart senses rain and the remains of hoar
frost and ice. The wind brings the orchestra with the clouds
– drums and timpany, trombones, horns and trumpets.

Her weaving eyes are seeking me. She loses every shyness
towards me. From her the light speaks. Do you see me?

I am easily able to be stone she says. I know of frost and of
foggy yarn. Kiss my mouth so that we may talk the same
language. Kiss me softly, sharpen your gaze upon mine.

Let us dive. Let us dance softly. Let us read of life from the
inside.

My tongue licks granite and spray, licks chapped words
from her lips. At the source of her veins crumbles the salt in
the light of the moon.

It floods in my ears, it surges at the ground. Syllable by
syllable we grow into the night. Naked and ablaze.

You bring stones to life he says. We are beautiful from
exhaustion. I comb me through her cold, wet hair.

My fingers are scratching notches in her body so that she
remembers me. Before the low tide I swear to her eternal
loyalty – like one who knows what he is talking about.

