
From a Lost Poem

Mama,
I'm sick.
My soul is a leper.
And maybe more:
Yellow madness.
The balm of your kiss —
Too holy
To breath
Into my wounded abyss.

But if it is true
that you love me as ever,
Next to God —
My last plea and commandment:
— Strangle me!
Strangle me with your Mama fingers
That played
On my willow cradle.

It will mean:
Your love is stronger than death.
It will mean:
You trusted me with your love.
And I will go back
To before-my-becoming
And be and not be
Like a star
In water.