

NOEL JEFFS

Moonlight as djinn

I resolved alone, in imaging

Fled it when I wanted to have you in my bed,
Courage now to take it on again and my friend

; climbing a burning mountain, fire mountain I said.

Exploiting these others, crassly at first interjecting, but demanding,
their chirrup, resisting for distance and conversation, a falling between my legs

Pissing into exploding, in a charmed moment of excitement not just
holding my voice revealing or reclaiming another, companions
of nakedness where each might be

the horse becoming a saddle for
each other; to ask what is silver and what is gold.

I have the confidence to make silver chimes with your verse
Just as the point de capiton?
Is watching moonlight's leaves falling, enough to leaven my nudity