

Full moon.

I could see everything at the pool.
I wasn't alone.
I wasn't physical.
I went upstairs and I was physical upstairs.
Then across the low cushion
my torso is a freshly-ironed
physical blouse.

A fountain before me flashes its wetness.
I lifted my shirt and doused my horns in it.
The water was physical in my intention.
You have to give the garden growth
there to balance out the sky
where light is blackness.

The intimacy between my index finger and the atmosphere
is physical.

“COME UP AND GET ME!”