

Eclipse on the Perfect Island

the information included the diamonds'
snow grammar of intimacy, the pebbled light that plants
can taste, the photosynthesizer's turning of oxy and bright
into sugar sweet specks of night.

we flock to witness the rare celestial event, currency
tucked in the sleeves of our neon eyes, a perfect desert
island with no names to feed the pores, just a fringe of
palm trees against the backdrop of a dense, unexplored
forest ocean

ask the right questions and the sky unfolds as a migratory
corridor for rays, turtles, pelagic fish, dolphins, whale
sharks and humpbacks (a thrilling place to dive)
this wide is still
a milky lilac,
showers us with lemon and timebefore curling out into the

drop and fly of darknessleaving only a skyline of
cashmere
hands soclose charge of waves on skin like
chrysanthemums painted in the
clearest
hues on earth, reflected on our patch of desert, we hear
things only meant to be touched by the
moon (just
broad enough to cover her solar twin) she offers midnight
as the perfect habitat for
our perfect mouths

