

I want to paint you poems full of fire,
you who I do not know.
Now my mind is tested with love which
twists and wavers from side to side and which
some day soon you may see...
I want you to cascade through ten thousand
rainbows with me and dredge mount
ains
from the sea:
you who I now begin to know.
But emotion is pent up inside,
too scared of dying again to live,
and meanwhile I must endure your
red-copper hair screaming like a
water-baby black eyes stare
from my ceiling:
you who I now truly know...
Now I cannot see too clearly
and already my trellis stands bare...
How can I break free of these overclinging
arms which entwine and enfold me?... And reach
to the clear blue sea?
I want you to know, but how can I
tell you? I want you to see
but my o
wn eyes are blind...
The Octopus now enfolds me,
I know you too well...
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