

## Blindness

Tonight you open the soles of my feet  
And rise in the capillary tubes of my bones  
The grains of years drawn on them like circles  
You keep rising to the deserts  
And blind silken winds meet  
The woman under your iris  
Slow stones turn on their backs  
And blood from an elephant tooth  
Filters past my tissues into the four chambers  
The first has a blue baby licking the molten thumb of fire  
A bird flies in another, with surprise grating its wings,  
Into hollows of unknown nights  
Smouldering fires cook my blood in cauldrons of straw  
And it crackles in the straight capillaries you rise in  
To lock your eyes into mine  
And we go blind