

Impromptu

Retranscriptions from the 'Song of Songs' (erotic poetry - explicit language)

by Iain James Robb

I.

When my lips mouth yours where they are hidden most-
Your voice bells into flits of orioles,
Capsizing all sounds heights hold as their neighbours,
At the scented orchid of your carmine touch:
A benison the tongue holds, folding nectars
More than evodias mold, full of more flowers
Than can cry the name of Lilith, if you let me
Speak of tongue-time: of all toxins, and all joywards
Scribe, of all that poisons softly at this needing;
For I proclaim your taste the subject of all wanting,
And all touch, if you were touched to make me *be*.

II.

Transcendent Ode you do not write, I only
Make of other majesties their lack your liars;
Your hair burns black for all they sense its spires,
But I would not care what dark our hearts betray.
And through the tessellated freight and foison

Of your carriage through the myths of cinnabar,
The redness of your lips themselves require no poison,
But the musk of you yourself, to cast my bar.

III.

So gatherest up into hush; 'orating plain',
Your tongue kneads bells from silences as sparse
As any I could wish in blinkered pain
To pass at last, in this white universe...
Unknowingly, that garrets into highs
That weep not for one flower's broken breath:
Or seeks to hear the dreams of dragonflies,
But deign me peace in transient swathes of death.

IV.

And I looked for you here, but you were not there,
Upon the heath or by the city limits, hardly
Seeking as a drought that nomads into wasp
For fluid, gently, gently:
Under waltzing cloud-sprockets irradiat-
 ing from a sea of cloudless eyes; the merchant bankers
And the fishermen afloat rejected me-
 Accepting
Though from Clyde through Thames-
The white wind's will may whisper John and James-
With myself the only witness. Hear no prayer,
You who lope, O you who slope so tall;
The fluid freshets of the unborn Fall
Will be the only ones who stand my chanticleer.
 Assemble
 Coverts,
 Strangely...
Once the wage is taken,

Once I seek my stranger who is loveliest-
Among the strangers hiding, 'Glide' eliding me
Into that hold I near and miss the most:
And nameless, wave my name in sway, O ghost
Away with skiffs that ride to me through 'See'.

V.

Your cunt breathes orchids that outlive all colours
Of the lips of roses; veins of dragon's vice
Bequeath their lambent gladness to the limbs of others,
And make the storm-paced morn a plastic paradise.
Into the lanes of reverie, whose flood-floats of things
One rise abandons, from sobriety-
That only comes from slumber, through the sapphire rings
That sated flash past our satiety,
Lend your flesh unphantoms and your ghosts of gladness,
And the things failed safe by in our flailing sights:
Towards the lampless lands and lamping lanes of sadness-
Saved in the paler sail-length of your midmost might.

VI.

My lady's skin walls whiter than a wraith of jasmines
Have come from Orient strands of whiter strains-
Than deck the merry chaplets of the greenhouse guardians
Winter brings to drown within its rainbow lanes...
When cyan harbours arbour'd of the sky's own pardons
Throng our folly, caught within another's glove:
In seek for one, supplants the Azure that foots through all
gardens-
That rainbows lordship-Light and lows of Love.

