

Points of Light on A Pearl

Line 1

by Peter Erich

**1.___ He proves himself
a deity from the flatteries
that had you sprawled out
like a panda on the deep
seams of his comforter.**

**2.___ The air was willing
until it heard him sing; a bouquet of
prickly coral sitting
in a deep frier. The war of romance
in his tongue.**

**3.___ He nests his legs
and sits in the center of your dream.
He spins a disco ball on his finger,
it glisters across your face
like white champagne.**

**4.___ Jarred piano carbon and
tucked it in a scroll. He wrote lifted
verses until he sank in liquor
and tied himself
to the terra firma sofa.**

**5.___ Chief Serious, a combination
of everything, he understood
the New Orleans harbors yawning
over itself. Oh how the explanation
never added up to the newspaper headlines,**

just ink on a tire.

**6.___ He approaches the bed with
nerves clutched into a bouquet.
The conclusion of war,
breathing laughter,
ear at his lover's breast, listening
to his lips through the chest,
two petals rattling in a bush.**

