

The Lateness of the Night Lies Dreaming

by Tantra Bensko

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Are we one, then, dreaming we are two?
But in my dreams are colors moving,
Colors from your dreams
That should not move.
When from the darkness then my room
Is sudden light, the scarves
And pillows, drums and crotons
Quiver, vibrate back and forth
From you to me, shimmer
For awhile as they caress
Our thigh, your neck, my amethyst
And voice, and lift themselves
Into their place upon the walls,
Upon the floor, and then stroke gently
Your life distant
Once again, then shimmer back
Until they grow
So saturated
In their forms and shades
That they contain what you
There is in them and then
They leap inside me, scarves
Around me, drums beneath my hands,
Pillows sliding down me, crotons
Painting me until I know that I am colors
Speaking through me
Answers that I have to ask,

And colors have to move to speak
Through you. They sling out
Through your heart and circle round
Into your life, to someone whom you love
But may not know, and lean themselves
Inside you from below.
But left inside you they grow dark
And then your thighs don't shimmer
When caressed. My hand now
Against the paper, and my fingers
Tangled in the pen, touch you
And will touch
You when no longer there, and so
Your finger quivers as it writes
Upon me words in water,
Words I cannot read nor drink
But feel them as you drink
Them with your tongue
Across my wrist, and down my back,
And swelling curve into my leg.
You grow thirsty as you drink,
The water being thin and light
Upon me. And you want
To wake and hear me say the words
And with that, lose your thirst
And your desire to speak because
I know your words.
We will speak in colors
And our dreams will breathe together.
We will breathe against our bodies
Words that heat then cool
The skin. Words of lettered lines
Of breath, but of no sound.
And we will listen to the body
With an ear against it. Then we will

Lick and eat the ear.
The words entrance us, and we stare
Into each others' eyes and tunnel
Back into the pupils, finding
Something closer there than sight.
I kiss your eyes and eat
The distance found in sight.
Distance shimmering on the walls
Where you are, where I am.

