

# The Lateness of the Night Lies Dreaming

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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.

