

Woman, Woman.

I remember you well,  
Even as I try to forget you.

Your face comes out of every wall  
That surrounds me.

Why, in every face that walks  
My loneliness, you are there:  
Sweetening, in the whirl of my teacup,  
Like a mockery made at truth, smiling.

Woman, Woman that you are.  
Woman of all women in my life,  
You never leave me.  
I remember you well,  
Even as I forget you.

I hear your dreams in my head,  
Rumbling barrels in your belly  
Where I rest.

I still kiss the nipples of your breasts  
Like the child you dreamed for - my child.

I remember now as I try to forget. Still,  
When I erupt volcanoes in my mind,  
And my body aches like parched mud,  
I bathe in your river of tears.  
Man and Conquerer I am!  
Shivering epileptic between your blood-stained thighs.  
  
Your breath crawls in my ears,  
Writing your kisses, light  
As stealthy draughts  
That bring the song of your love  
To bless my face, where you saw a god  
- Undefinable.

LeRoy Clarke  
1968.