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Blindness

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Blindness

Tonight you open the soles of my feet And rise in the capillary tubes of my bones The grains of years drawn on them like circles You keep rising to the deserts And blind silken winds meet The woman under your iris Slow stones turn on their backs And blood from an elephant tooth Filters past my tissues into the four chambers The first has a blue baby licking the molten thumb of fire A bird flies in another, with surprise grating its wings, Into hollows of unknown nights Smouldering fires cook my blood in cauldrons of straw And it crackles in the straight capillaries you rise in To lock your eyes into mine And we go blind