

MYSTERION

Light's branch across
your breasts
and your thighs
dark
with the leaf
of its falling.
Fold yourself
in your arms and legs,
conceal yourself
with four wings; recline
on these sheets
as in the ether
of Thrones.
Close your eyes –
two petals
turned
into their own light;
close your eyes.
Empty
moon,
empty moon.
Though your thighs
are a dark gaze,
more dark
than eyes.
Fold yourself
in the rays
of your limbs;
make day of your night with
four wings,
lovely finality,
rose's
eclipse.

John Nijjem