

Octopus Ink

For her arms
were covered in wretches of the deep,
drowning men
clinging to her silken hull,
beasts of the deep that the octopus
pinned on a watery floor,
a flood upon the scratching rocks.

Offer me your poor,
your wild embrace
filled with the desperation of many,
who called you succulent,
who cast their anchor against you,
each one, an arm
on every side.

You fell like a shadow
in the setting sun,
like an apple from the bough,
in sleeves of wine,
you danced between my parents,
you even made my brothers and sisters
raise their brows to me. That night
you were pure to me because then
your long sleeves covered me.
At night your chest was laid upon me,
your mouth stroked my neck,
and you were pure to me,
because you gave me
your sleeves, your tattooed men.