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The Library of Babel

Ariel Olson

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THE LIBRARY OF BABEL
Ariel Olson

Thick-skinned
Rolling, watch me
slide—snaked around your
eyes, across the small
of my back and then, right there,

Into me, you,
wind-wild tempest,
thunder-struck my Heart—
thrashing in a shrinking
cavity beneath my breast—let's

Call it Supernova, we both know
why. Timing is everything. My dear,
the syncopation
of your slow cigarette burning
brings to mind such

A beautiful time;
Beginnings, there were still
epochs and hours before
we had to say goodnight--
oh, stay quiet love,

We hasten toward a place
atemporal, and shape
morning into night into
the china-cup of sunrise,
dance the edges, settle

In the blood-red bowl of sunset,
of the earnest Moon.
Golden, she loves the sky, loves
her stars; we tell her to go home
but she is implacable,

And she is infinite
and cyclical and so am I so
go, my love, be true and walk on,
a slow-step with your
moon-shoulder-shine on.