

UNREQUITED

I WANT TO SUCKLE YOUR WET BREASTS

TO DIE IN YOUR ARMS

PIETA IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

I AM A WAIF STARVING ON A BUSY CALCUTTA STREET

YOU HAVE ALL THE FOOD IN THE WORLD

I AM FREEZING WITH WINTERY LONELINESS

YOUR FRIENDS COVER YOU LIKE A WARM COAT

I AM LOST IN THE HAZE

YOU STAND IN THE FULL LIGHT OF THE MOON

THE FRAGRANCE OF WISTERIA FROM A SMALL TEA TIN

IS TEMPTING AS A PILLOW ON A TIRED BED.