

Seeking solace in the thrill of shadowed skin,
I culled warmth from eager necks, the ruder prey.
Such a night I cast my hook, and, love, you bit.
But your lips, your song, with soft arrest
you held me close. Glowing brighter than the moon,
and in your eyes two suns, you stole darkness
from me, blessed a prism of every tear.
What sweet catharsis, what burning bliss
to see my hands and find no claws, no scabs,
no leprous thing. You cast the devil out of me,
proof of the beauty I couldn't see.

I held you in my arms like God must hold the stars,
how they must tickle when they blink,
how bright they make the night.