Poetry Has To Be Read Very, Very Slowly

– which is the reason why
it takes him a lifetime
to follow with his fingers
the words moles make
on my naked skin,
reading their swaying desires
as if they were
spiralling incantations
on some Persian porcelain ware.

A lifetime has never seemed
this short before,
as he – like an ancient augur –
dissolves it into drops
that fill the water clock
of my thirsty longing.