

Pomades, southern latitudes, vapours, caresses,  
The warmth of the weather (and January that opens  
Like an October chrysanthemum), perfumed candles,  
The torment of incense (water that gurgles  
Between nettles and hops), the tea rose in  
A metal container, salts  
Scattered, abandoned ponds,  
Petals in pots (acidity of  
Kisses), pores which dilate  
And purify the crime, the tranquillity of rice, the water meadow  
Of hot springs, bridges in bubbles, comforting soups,  
Strong oils, the trembling  
Of buttocks, fermented palm  
In ginger and in the earth, a breach in the fence, the  
tiger  
Sinuous, contrast of light, the hole that takes in  
Traacherous filings, the sponge so warm,  
Jellyfish in the placenta, the blurred mirror with steam  
Protective cotton, the illusion  
Of stones, the worm that devours  
The faded orchids, resurrection in self-analysis,  
The blessed tragedy, the force that surges  
And ennobles the hair, imperfections of  
The skin  
(and glass transparencies

Reappear), the belly's expanse,  
Smell of terracotta, blossoming of screams  
That defeat pain, kisses' clay (filth  
Of earth  
In the vulva  
Which opens up), the pubis decked out  
With bygone flowers (exquisite garden), bread  
So white, the softness of milk, that flower  
Of flour, that tremor in the midriff, that circle  
That closes.

Poem from the book *Neve*