

Message

A red mouth stamped on an outdoor
over the bridge
creates the possibilities of saying
(say it) words ignored because
unspoken.

Why do you run away from me?

The woman I can't stop thinking about.
The promise of a desire which persists
and affects my perceived notions of time.

The wind moves me in the solitude of a fantasy.

I walk to the outdoor pool certain that this love
investment will cost me more than I can pay.

Earlier, I read:

*castration is the name given
to the experience of lack in the other,
without the illusions or ambivalences
of completion.*

In reality, I don't even know her name.
She arrived and departed like a sailor
in a ship.