

The Wish of the Butterflies

*I speak to you across your veil of sleep
Of fragile, golden wings.
I impart to your dreams
The thrill of a child
Who closes his eyes on a swing.
I lend you the sea and all its fishes
For your lovely, naked skin
And I order for you, high above the earth,
A solitary gin.
I murmur into your unhearing ear,
And kiss your peaceful lips – And all the time you toss and turn
Because I am your temptress.
It is I who whispers to you in the night:
Your only fervent Wish.*