

Any Altar

Purple darkness hummed—I followed

its fantail and passed through tunnels
and chambers. I wore the night's crown:

a Kingfisher's feathers in blue and green.

I took any altar and made it mine.

In your room a coiled radiator hissed.

I surfaced there, a diver grappling with you
slick. Stripped of armor, I dove deeper, lost—

you lay like a jewel, wildly refracting light.