

The Girl. Thirteen. And the man, Greek, speaks.

Είναι ήσυχο, ή αλλιώς θα σας βλάψει

It is quiet, or else it will hurt you.

That man,

who, later, visits.

So young. How do i tell it?

In the temple, snakes licked her ears.

She

heard

the calculus of what was *not* desire, but something else. Jugular,

a hasp, opening.

She dressed afterwards, as if.

She will go her way among dim shapes.

The glue the granular.

Enunciation; lapis-colored dream, wrecked, as a ship might be.

Alchemy anguish; the cargo her.

She is. Flayed. Flume of fire. Vinegar soul; gristle.

And this:

She was the bride with beautiful feet.

Ruinous god!

Hammered mirror, cold heaven:
memory.

Aegean

Saltwater.

Cloth dripping

Warm , sudden flush, the forgetting.

Like the *hyacinth the shepherd men with their feet trample*

O Cybelle, o terrible sweetness

quench

her thirst. .

Leave her

as archipelago. Pelago.

Island within Island.