

# The Lianas

A Collection of Poems  
by  
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for  
those  
whom  
understand  
why i  
write

## Somehow

Still,  
somehow, where  
the glass  
covers  
the heart,  
he  
finds  
a  
way to  
separate  
himself  
from  
his emotions.  
Still,  
somehow, he  
continues  
to die.

## Soft Calm

It's the sound of voices.  
It's the soft whiteness.  
It's the spreading shade, naked.  
It's the sweat against the eye, placing.  
It's the soft calm.  
It's the curve of her thighs.  
It's the colour of her skin.  
It's the breadth she breathes.

## The Letter 'S'

Shaking.

Suffocating.

She turns away.

I hold her face and ask her

to look into my eyes.

Shaking. She feels alone.

She looks.

She sees.

She looks down.....

There's a reason, there's a feeling.

She hides.

## Young

In the deep of my heart,  
the perfect beauty,  
against you,  
moves in silence.

Mauve,  
and dim,  
my touch,  
on yours,  
breathes.

Pale.

Quill.

Fair.

The unconsciousness,  
in its gentle stillness,  
sets in your eyes.

Listening.

My name.

Adolescence.

## A Naked Girl

for Leslie A. Jaeger

Suddenly, as if talking to herself without  
listening, she briefly touches  
my lips.  
I blink my eyelids slowly.  
A pause holds her shape, but comes apart  
as a light sound encircles her body.  
Changing skin.  
Indifferent.  
Slow hands, slow thoughts.  
I close my eyes and think about tomorrow.  
Identical.  
Dry. Withdrawn.  
She squints.  
With its opposite side, she turns and takes  
me to another space where the colors fade away.  
From blue, to white, to grey.  
Insubstantial.  
I call out her name and wait.  
A pause. Another pause.  
Waiting.  
She touches me.

## The Water in Her Eyes

I close my eyes and hear time  
pass in slow pulses.

Anxious.

Waiting.

A small finger touches my skin and  
remains silent before dissolving into a clarity  
that rearranges the vague answers left  
behind my day.

Tender, appealing.

Delicate, passionate.

I slowly open my eyelids and see a  
small girl against the shape of a wall.  
Her figure is scarcely drawn but the  
question narrows itself into a descriptive  
darkness that whispers curses  
into her ear.

Tied.

Unable to move.

An emptiness passes over me, beyond  
what I thought was once possible.

Dizziness. A flash.

Subdued.

Her pale skin becomes pink in color.

She kneels.

She looks down.

She looks up.

She closes her eyes.

## Enfolded

White and delicate,  
in death, the difference that separates  
breathes another breadth against  
the sky and lays idyll.  
Its eyes, still fixed on  
the break of day, wait with retreating softness.  
Intimate.  
Unavailing.  
The senses begin to tense.  
A cold and desolate air, abstract in form, slowly approaches from the right.  
Dismal, and slow, it moves by standing in the rain.  
Pale.  
Indistinct.  
Uncertain.  
From the dead, the last dawn unfolds.

## Falls Silent

Over the black and white of their  
nostalgia, the liss came into the meadow of my soul.

Numb.

The absence of my legs prevented me from moving away.

Strenuous.

Two colors. Yellow, and mahogany.

Long heavy hair.

Olive skin. Hands.

Her quiet shade softly lightens  
the background.

The black replaces the yellow.

The air falls silent. Listening.

Quiet.

Saving.

Your eyes have their silence.

## Slow Night Air

On a slow night air,  
beneath the soft caress of her touch,  
a sense of grey in the black  
of night rounds into a  
blind stillness that transfigures  
itself through an unknown space beside me.  
I hear a voice lowering in the distance.  
Deep, pair, by pair.  
The scent of her body takes shape  
in gentle movement.  
Kissing, slightly with each fold.  
My voice whispers into her heart, displaying  
the pulse that runs between us.  
Lank hair. Short eyelashes.  
Tomorrow, in the full silence of knowing, I  
will tell you I Love You.

## Less Alone

Another beginning ends as the  
shadows fill themselves with  
an innocence that whispers faintly into the dying day.  
Calm and distressed, the voices touch.  
Less alone, but still silent.  
Unformed.  
Unreproved.  
Indifferent.  
Without knowing where I was, I felt through  
the darkness and anticipated a response.  
The lines enhanced the absence.  
Dry.  
Pale.  
Death is living me.

## In my Sleep

Listening,  
your absence comes to  
me in my sleep.  
Fair.  
Under half-closed eyelids, you  
transfer the colour of  
your delicate skin  
onto my body.  
Phosphorescent.  
Young.  
In the deep of  
my heart, I can feel  
your every breadth.

## Young, and Naked

With you,  
beneath the stillness, on your green eyes,  
a word appears, and falls into your name, ceaselessly.  
Seen, touched.

A formless dizziness uses its intricacies to color  
her nakedness, but hangs suspended under a  
disturbed consciousness that refuses to let go.  
A blue stretch repeats itself onto a pink wall.  
The colours are obstinate.

Its lines and configurations,  
uncertain waiting, senseless sounds, June 21st.

A pause.

Your eyes flash open, and close.

Breathing.

Another sound walks over the silence to  
see myself without shapes that sharpen themselves  
beyond the visible distance. Hurt.

I turn my head, look toward the sky, hear a  
resonant song, and turn nothing away to deny you  
your stillness.

Today is yesterday.

You are you.

Nerves.

You repeat my name.

Motionless, and using your discreet little laugh  
to make me hide inside circles against the wall.

Entering you.

His foreskin.

Into another being.

The female body is a pause.

Her face gave nothing away, but  
her fragrance and its turning ways  
revealed the cruel intentions behind  
the ways she uses her voice, she sees  
herself without me, or my copying ways  
of feeling what I need to feel.

She comes away.

Adolescence.

Gypsy eyes.

You're a good looking guy.

Seeds that wait.

Her lips taste my eyelids, continuously.

Long black hair,

fine eyelashes,

soft tongue,

small ears,  
modest hands.  
She hums me an emotion through her body,  
shaking,  
balances her legs.  
Sucking her fingers, grabbing her head,  
and pressing it to mine.  
Escaping through her.  
Than lips.  
Shouts.  
Let you choke for hiding me.  
Pulses.  
Few words, just feeling.  
It ascends into something we can't describe, but  
can only discuss, it's a way of putting things in order.  
She hears us.  
Slow speech.  
Kinky conduct,  
flattering smiles,  
paper kisses,  
prevailing sighs.  
Young, and naked.

## Open Eyes

The silent waters of my soul  
extend into the infinite calm, withdraw  
into the lines of the diaphanous sky, and  
retrace the hue of evening.

At the last, there is no pause.

Of the deep, nigh.

With the promise of poetry, with life expiring, I  
gasp for breath as the feeling leaves my body.

Vibrant, and rejected.

Solemn.

The void, in its silence, invokes your name and softly touches my face.

Hesitant.

Afraid.

Not knowing.

The pain, sleeps with open eyes inside my soul.

## The Breaking Day

Near the dawn, in the sapphire  
calm of bloom, the Sun ascends  
into a fitting climax that leaves the  
morning walking naked through the mind's eye.  
A flash of light moves into the red depth  
of the sky and disappears.  
A pause, without waiting, opens in the length.  
The desolate scream of a butterfly eases through the lineaments  
into the deep expanse of air, enveloping the morning foliage.  
Silent.  
The butterfly, deep in the onyx of its own serene lining,  
slowly touches the dense humidity.  
A sound of music sighs with the approaching air.  
The shade retreats into the light.  
A pause....  
The world, illuminated.

## Silent Breadth

Without knowing, she comes into my body  
and circles my soul before releasing  
a mild sigh that leaves me feeling faint.  
A great silence covers me.  
Myself, from you.  
She looks into my face, and whispers.  
Breathing. Only breathing.  
A confusion of sounds and voices reach  
through the disciplined silence for  
the nakedness of her skin.  
They mix, and rise, and separate again.  
Waiting.  
The muscles in her back tense.  
Expanding, after contraction.  
Overlay, to another.  
Together, in motion, we keep moving.  
The sound it makes.  
Thick air. In silence.  
Wetness. I can taste her inside my mouth.  
A pause.  
One color. Breathing.  
She closes her eyes.  
Another pause.  
Her soul lives there, in  
silent breadth.

## Arab Ballad

As I open my eyes, I see a tan body  
dancing to the music.

Arab eyes.

Full lips.

Skin.

The air, as if mood, pulls me closer.

Tense.

She sees me, and with a slow ease, extends  
her naked waist in my direction.

Absent.

Moist.

She encircles my body with her  
soul, and kisses me while moving with the sky.

I close my eyes, and wait for her next breath.

## She Sees Me

Thoughtless days pass outside the basic needs  
of what I thought would one  
day become what I believe.

Candles.

A midnight lament calls me to a  
lost child that waits with a mistaken  
sense of identity, and leaves her  
restlessly ascending into a place where  
intricate pauses hide within their own subdued skin.  
She watches me, and cools her green  
eyes with an open hand.

Reflecting lips.

Inviolable.

The sounds of a repeated day dance  
toward her body, masturbate onto  
an absent gesture, and spins its  
colours through a flaccid bedsheet.

Champagne.

Cocaine.

Transparent faces.

She takes my hand and pulls  
me toward an empty wall,  
and with a quivering nakedness, moves  
across the ceiling with an  
unknown name that leaves its  
complexities in quiet stains along  
vast clearings.

Losing shape, uncertain red.

Naming it. Patient.

A shadow moves across the paint as an  
inverted confine recognizes my long  
hair.

She covers her body.

Slow.

Dark.

She has a piece of me inside her.

With variations of shape and  
the serenity  
of color and order,  
an unending body moves  
slowly into a delicate  
place where the Angels  
both love and cherish the  
nearness of a thin pretence.  
Nostalgia.  
She opens her eyes.  
Not believing what I see.  
She moves her lips in  
my direction.  
I beg to understand.  
Sightless.  
You killed yourself in August 1938.

## Profound Touch

Standing there, with my hand uncertain  
of itself and its quieting silence, the lamp  
somehow moves forward.  
There is no longer any sound.  
I am no longer able to speak.  
Rhythm.  
A sense of warmth sets in.  
Taste.  
Smell.  
Silence.....  
Words that appeal to God appear  
before my eyes.  
Precious.  
A sharp pain drives the upward side of my hand.  
Uncertain, caressed, timid.  
Voiceless.  
Another sentence appears before my eyes.  
The light ascends into my skin while  
accidentally blowing a false sound into my ear.  
I am afraid.  
Eyes closed. I am afraid.

## Stillness

From a distance, beyond an inextricable shadow, a serene tenderness takes shape and reclaims a tentative caress that disguises revealing eyelashes. Separate.

As thin as it was.

Overwhelming colors cut through the low temperature and reveal her descending features to my world.

Irrelevant.

It burns bright.

She slowly eases off my shirt and gently adjusts my body toward the warmth of her own, before biting the naked skin on my back.

Yours is the secret.

Dense.

She dances with me, and spins.

Relaxed.

Feeling her from the inside, and escaping through a rhythm she chooses to keep me with.

Context.

Another chance that would rather cry catches a glimpse of what she sees, but loses the moment as she closes her eyes to feel through me.

Numb.

She wraps her legs around me.

Your body, in my body.

Stillness.

She brings me closer to God.

## He Refuses to Live

He never opens his eyes.  
The shouts have him lost inside  
his own obscenity.  
He thinks they can wait for him, but he  
fails to realize how quickly things can change.  
His blistered hands start to bleed.  
The hair on his neck grows at a rapid rate  
and reaches the tattoo on his back.  
The Devil beneath turns his head in curiosity.  
Afraid.  
The crucifix on his back temporarily takes him  
to an intimate place where evil can't be found.  
Dry puddles.  
Holy water.  
He's familiar in his own way.  
The Devil approaches to see how far  
the child can go.  
The boy can feel the Devil's breathing.  
The Devil tears the clothing from the boy's body.  
Naked.  
The boy's inner eyelids become red and lucid.  
He shuts them tighter.  
The boy whispers a sincere confession.  
'I never believed in you.'  
The Devil breathes into the boy's face, and grabs  
his ankles.  
He's a liar.  
A secular existence runs through the boy's blood.  
Love, and wine.  
The Devil rises with a seaming ease and  
shamelessly sinks his finger inside the boy's ass.  
Silence.  
The boy gets closer.  
The boy cries.  
He finally opens his eyes.  
He never wanted to live.

## Full Silence

Little by little, the memory persists.

Dry, and arid.

Almost glowing, almost not.

Full silence, complete stillness.

I can still feel her, can still see her,  
and can still sense her.

There was nothing there, and yet her sustenance  
took shape within me.

The green of her eyes.

The patience of her caress.

Tranquil, and calm. Her face.

Already there.

She listens in silence.

## Sheer Poetry

The silhouette of a form slowly eases  
its way into the evening and onto an empty page.  
Between hand and hand, while half asleep, she  
lays down beside me and follows time's beat with a steady pace.

Lost. Desperate.

She grabs my hand, hesitatingly, and pulls me toward her.

Facing each other. Impassive.

She opens her lips amorously, leans in, and  
begins biting my neck.

Subdued.

Dreary. A sense of warmth brushes my closed eyelids.

Yielding.

The gentleness of my hand encloses around  
her neck, caresses her face, and slights her mouth.

The taste of her closeness makes me go faint.

Retouched.

Delicate.

Had. Having.

The vision dies as she disappears into the words.

## Lilac

Where  
the lilacs  
grow,  
with  
a naked  
balance,  
I  
will unfold,  
and  
hang myself.

## Allay

Lowering my head, I look at the uncertain shadows on the wall  
and stare into the concourse of the blind.

Inept. Unmoving.

The thoughts in me, although incoherent, tell  
me to turn and leave....but the sands, against you, refine  
the absence and leaves its imprint on the air.

Dark lips.

Long eyelashes.

Olive skin. Small hands.

Green eyes.

Brown hair.

Lost, I enter the silence and lay silently  
against the dark depths of her nave.

I trace the lines with my fingers.

Scant. Sly.

Beneath the opal of her body, the rains whisper.

For a moment, a brief moment, we stood  
facing each other in the Hell of my belief.

## Another's

The rain, without me, assumes the day  
and lays across the sky.

Lashing. Unmoved.

Covered with lilac heat, a light, half  
gone, approaches from the right  
and assumes the evening.

Damp.

Nauseated. Suffocating.

One another's life.

## The Lily Folds

Through all the changes, half  
dressed in the absence of  
not knowing what to expect, I  
look at your pale lips and  
anticipate a touch.

Anxious.

Unsure.

The lily folds, grows deep,  
and whispers a lie into my ear.

I reply with a kiss of  
my own, but can sense  
the forgone release  
of the distance between us.

Saving. Inhaled.

Drawing circles into the sky, and  
guessing at you, subtly.

## i remain

At the closing, the same shape endures.

Down, after you, I remain.

This, only this.

Fained.

Abstracted from view, within, her body  
moves with a sadness and passes silently  
into the dull air, almost blindly.

To know you, is to love you.

Fragrant.

Vying.

Massed.

## The Sound of Silence

I touch the sound of  
silence with a  
limp hand  
and realize where  
I am.  
Less alive, but still breathing.  
Laying on my back, cold.  
Motionless.  
Numb.  
The air moves  
slowly  
between the  
sight of a woman,  
and the reflection  
of  
a child.  
Dense.  
Without knowing, I  
begin  
to  
see the definition  
of  
her body.  
She stood there, waiting  
for me  
to move.

## Delicate in Colour

I  
thought of  
your  
beauty  
today.  
Delicate in colour,  
fine in shape.  
Alive.  
On you,  
I  
know  
the imagination  
of love.

## body

Sleek, slender.  
Deep set eyes.  
Woven hair.  
Long thighs.  
Quiet, moist.  
The pair, itself  
tied, encloses  
my shape.  
Tense.  
Waiting.  
Our bodies touch.

## Voice, and Presence

With the secret  
of  
God in his eyes, and  
the patience  
it contains, he  
rises in disciplined  
silence to  
touch the next  
soul to die.  
Between voice and  
presence, he selects me.

## In Silence

In silence, the shadow runs  
from itself into a space  
where shape and colour dissolve  
into a dim fading.

Still there, but  
not the same.

Warm.

Dense. Content.

In languid ease, within the  
loneliness, the  
day's last breadth  
carries through my body  
and pulls me toward  
the cold sky, and leaves  
me slowly pacing beyond  
and beside the beauty  
of unavailing love.

Her wet body approaches.

Alive.

With the violet air on her face,  
she tells me to come closer.

## She Releases Me

A responsive warmth settles  
in as I struggle to remember her face, slow classification,  
a dim semishade of  
blindness, dreaming.  
Here, too, are eyes that no longer see, hands  
that lose their feeling of sense.  
She remembers me.  
She sees me, she yields to me,  
I let her touch me.  
Dark hair, inky lashes, green eyes.  
Deepest pink.  
Line by line -- stanza by stanza.  
It is night.  
A sensual whisper shifts sides to recline a presence.  
The walls begin to recede.  
Doubt, uncertainty.  
Sleek, slender.  
Come closer.  
The line.  
A bird.  
My soul.  
With every breadth, and every  
word, I hear her name and  
see her face.  
The precise night rhythmically  
repeats itself onto my naked back.  
Come closer.  
She stops breathing and slowly  
eases her hand to my neck, before  
softly waiting for a sound.  
Concise.  
Fixed.  
Fragile.  
She tells me to open my eyes.  
Waiting.  
She moves her lips in silence, reaches  
down my soul and asks me what I live for.  
Waiting.  
She stops breathing.  
Waiting.  
Without knowing, she became my life.

## There

There, in the deep and innermost  
recess of memory, where the gentle shadow  
moves from side to side, an open hand  
loses the reflection in a soft caress.  
I close my eyes and hear time pass in slow pulses.  
Occasional, and thin.  
Uncertain in withdrawal, I awake into a  
life I do not understand. Celestial.  
The light rises from the silence to touch me.  
Delicate in shape, but violate in texture.  
She begins by telling me her name, and moves on  
by recreating her own way of understanding.  
Identical.  
She is there, inside me.

## Skin Moist

Over silence, in the deep expanse  
of air, a flower explodes into the night.  
Unheard.  
A slow discussion ensues.  
The instant dies.  
Music, without measurement, resonates.  
The sky laughs.  
A pause.  
The Sun has fallen asleep between your breasts.

## Mother's Day

Smoke rises from the water  
and shows itself from within a kiss.  
Nothing else matters, besides this feeling.  
This moment.  
This sense of hesitation.  
So young, and yet ready to die.  
The boy slowly walks forward.  
His bare feet brush against the sand.  
His toes begin to feel the coolness of the water.  
The sensation quickly travels through his blood.  
He is now known.  
The will is gone,  
but the tears still come.  
He will never see what might have been.

## Seamless

As if they were different, the sounds move apart.  
An eventual passing consumed by varying images  
becomes bleak as the seamlessness of knowing  
each other's name shapes itself in the back of  
a disorienting shade of grey.  
Its echoing bounds corner the filial deference.  
Somewhere, beyond the base of sadness, on  
the inside, he turns his soul.  
In a dim and quiet space, I sit and cry.

## Themselves

A breadth, yet as still as a drying kiss, comes in at the eye  
and languishes in the manner of moving.

Alone, as unknown by itself, I look at her and sigh.

Here, and there, she moves.

Unable to define the sense.

Waiting, for the touch of her fingers in the darkness.

Watching.

Leanness, she undresses in the dark.

Opening, onto another with deep set eyes.

Placed.

The sight of her voice comes, and shows  
her full nakedness.

Soft. Moist.

Shy.

## Seasons

Falling light.  
Warm water.  
Pink butterflies.  
Yellow roses.  
April came, and went  
with a restlessness all its own.

## Gentle

Suicide.  
An  
interesting word,  
an  
interesting  
sound, a  
gentle choice.

## Still Beautiful

Lured by a softening eye, I feel the  
quiet of her body against mine and slowly  
close my eyes to feel through the beauty of her soul.

Curved with the new moon, her  
unchanging look tells me to continue  
down her chest and onto the nape of her navel.

Unseeing.

I kiss her waist and turn her over, forgetting  
myself and the undying darkness that has become my life.

Intimate.

She tells me to taste her moisture.

Tense.

At the sides of her thighs, the water is solvent, and dry.

I place my hands in hers, and squeeze tightly.

Warm.

Unaccustomed.

Without knowing what it is, she breathes  
a new life into my body.

## From You

She begins to turn  
and tear her spirit.  
In disciplined silence,  
she tries to keep me from asking.  
Myself, from you.  
The shadow is a rose.  
Every instant, is you.  
Fragile.  
In another way, her body became mine.

## Someone Speaks

Her presence enters silently, and with a colour  
all her own, shows herself as someone who  
can be touched, instead of only seen.

Breathing.

Amid the feminine whispers, I remain  
silent while the restlessness of her body  
moves in sensual motions.

Calm.

She moves her lips slowly and eases my apartness  
from the remorse that fulfills my being.

Low sounds.

Resonant solace.

Emptiness.

She is tired of her name.

A seminal thickness waits for her to move  
through the silence of this changing place and  
grab ahold of the pale denseness.

A gentle sound, very near, becomes closer in touch.

Delicate shapes.

Tenuous sight, precious lips.....someone speaks.

## In the Rain

They go by me, one, by one.  
In that solitude, from  
    shape to form,  
the quiet shade comes and goes  
    in the rain with God's last breadth.  
A piece of heaven, with hell,  
    rises beside the quietude  
        and onto the pale dawn.

A circle.  
Unresting. And easy.  
While staring at her face, the  
    indifference to the ineffable names  
become apparent and clear.  
Compelling, and shy.  
A man's image comes slowly from the setting sun.  
His body,  
in mine, uses the subtleness  
    to get closer.  
The sad. The insatiable.  
The lonely.  
There is a woman to die.

## Amid This Death

What should never be  
has showed itself as a hand I have kissed.  
Seen as the same, it seamlessly presses its needle into my arm.  
Unreproved, and ailing.  
With unmixed wine, a steady pace closes the circle.  
I feel the hazels move around me  
for a better look into my hollow eyes.  
Both halves spread, use my skin for penance, and  
consume my naked body.  
Shaded in delicate beauty,  
I stared into her eyes and felt myself fall from her touch.  
Death, is watching me from across the room.

## The Remains

With or without you, in  
name alone, the silence breathes into a field of sound.  
Four voices, together, mix equally with  
the balancing of a single word.  
The disorder of my mind withdraws into itself.  
Unconfined.  
The ambient air, with the shadows of night  
in its background, appear ensconced with incandescent light.  
I open my hands.  
I know what I see, but can not  
understand its body of colour.  
Losing my sanity, and feeling the remains.

## The Sun has Died

Inside a parallel, from  
nothing, the moonlight spreads itself  
over the red desert sand.  
You raise your eyes, and look.  
The shadow advances.  
Rhythmical, and slow.  
Under the glowing skin of imagination, the  
Beginning and the End trade places in the languor of the afternoon.  
Obscure.  
A black flower appears in the hollow shade.  
In the slow coursing of the sky, a patient  
rain sets itself in a circle of infinite  
sorrow.  
Again, it fades.  
The very death of every night has  
reached its own beautiful perfection.  
Timeless.  
Indistinct.  
The Sun has died.

## Living Beauty

I

saw a  
sadness behind her  
eyes and felt what  
it was like to be  
alone.

She

does not believe  
in life, but when  
close together, can  
recognize the sound of

rain

as it

moves into the

narrow beauty

of

a perfect circle.

Beside the impulse, she knows patience.

Faint.

She wants to die.

## Loveless Woman

A dingy light fractures the tempered dark  
only to find a reflection.  
Hidden there, behind her heart, is a  
profound silence that hides an indelible kiss.  
She cares less and less as  
each day passes.  
Her body recognizes me, and anticipates a touch.  
I pull back the bedsheet, and use my  
fingers to write letters onto  
her naked skin.  
She opens her mouth, and whispers  
with a Spanish quietness.  
Thin cries.  
Her sexuality is pink in color, but moves  
in circles of dialogue.  
Every second page turns itself into a  
wet moment, and fits me inside her  
womanhood comfortably.  
She takes my hand, and slowly  
eases me forward.  
We thought it couldn't happen twice,  
but it has.  
Secrets always find someone to listen.  
The saliva falls from her mouth, as  
a brief hand brushes her breast.  
Her husband's wine begins to come to life.  
She tries to resist her orgasm, but can't  
contain herself while within my skin.  
Deep velvet. Material kisses.  
Her hand reaches into my pants and  
feels the wetness.  
Her fingers move through my waist.  
Curly hair.  
Soft lips.  
Passionate eyes.  
We are not as lost as we think, as  
I move between her legs.  
Release.  
My semen spreads inside her.  
Her sweaty face is picked in whispers.  
A pillow falls to the floor.  
Cold eyelids.  
False lies. Wet dreams.  
The silence falls over her sleep, and keeps  
its indistinct dream in a mysterious way.

## Amalia

An image of my heart opens  
in the distance as she presses the needle into my arm.  
The lens extends, retracts, and disappears into the humidity.  
Lavish.  
Dense.  
Closing my eyes, and waiting.  
She runs her fingers through my hair.  
Second by second, they change.  
Lightly spoken, and softly touching.  
Young, and beautiful.  
Slowing.  
She unbuttons my shirt, and tells me to relax.  
The brightness in her eyes tells me what to do next.  
Sensitive.  
Alluring.  
I kiss her neck, slowly ease down her  
chest, and unbutton her pants.  
With the contours of my hand, I pull her closer.  
She sighs.  
The tension slows the heat.  
Beautiful.  
I know her dreams, I know her body.  
Breathing.  
Sweating.  
Moving.  
Sensing the next touch.  
Pulse.  
The air was firm as I moved through  
the depths of her body and into her soul.  
Breathing.  
Sound.  
She gasps for air and moves her  
thighs to bring me closer inside.  
My body tenses.  
Vivid.  
Resounding.  
I touch her moisture with my hand, and  
feel her escape through my body.  
Shaking.  
Balancing herself on the air. Shaking.  
Vague.  
Blind.  
Indifferent.  
With a sensing ease,  
she lays her hands onto my eyes

and tells me to never leave.  
The instant danced into her name without looking.  
Minute by minute, they live.  
Two souls.  
One night.  
Alit.  
Dreamed.  
Found.  
Her thighs are wet, and warm.  
Set down.  
Renewed.  
Anticipating.  
She tells me to cum inside her.  
Tense.  
Nervous.  
Afraid.  
Transformed.  
The world, inside her.

## Strawberry

She placed a strawberry on my chest.  
I turned my head to the side.  
She slipped further down.  
There was not much to say, or do.  
She wanted it that way.  
The pleasure arched my neck and opened my mouth.  
I felt her long hair on my navel.  
She began whispering in Spanish.  
I couldn't save myself from what was about to happen.  
The thought of trying didn't even cross my mind.  
All I could think of was the nakedness of her body.  
Such a beautiful body.  
Tanned and soft, and wanting.  
Her lips climbed my chest  
until it reached my neck.  
There, her scent became overpowering.  
I couldn't think at all.  
She ran her hands through my hair,  
and pulled.  
The sharp pain only heightened the pleasure.  
It was for all.  
It was for me.  
It was for us.

## My Child

He was my face.  
He spoke to me in obscene codes.  
He found his own way through  
    an unsatisfying existence.  
He played without touching.  
He said nothing, and then jumped.  
He couldn't possibly feel  
    what happened next.  
His body was there, but his soul was not.  
He breathed, just for a second.

## They Did

for Fiona Apple

A soft call glances  
at the curve of a  
voice, and laments in  
anguish to keep from  
moving with the beat.  
Weaker, moving weakly  
with every gentle pause.  
The feeling grows vague.  
Again, with a slow  
ease, it gives off  
a white color. Lifeless.  
Formless. Arid. The  
lowering of her hands  
dim gently into the  
shadow of silence, beyond  
my eyes. Simple. Pure  
shape. Her eyes glance  
in my direction. Set  
apart, set through sound.  
A sad and long  
density eases beside  
me and feels the  
contours of her face.  
I move closer. She,  
and I. The curve  
of her back stretches  
to the very end of  
me into the humid  
air, and breathes lightly.  
Long black hair. Olive  
skin. Blue eyes.  
Opaque.

## Mine

A faint scent of jasmine slowly reflects beside  
a vague question that keeps us beautiful and  
stares from underneath a secret that could  
easily recreate its own way of understanding.

Delicate.

She begins by telling me her name.

Shaking, in confusion.

A sadness transfixed by disturbance.

The same.

40 nights.

Compound voices were left behind along a  
space between lengthening changes and wasted eyes,  
inside the mixed process of night.

Her body lays there -- still beautiful.

Keep breathing.

She knows that in you, neither your celestial nudity  
nor your pale skin could hurt her purposely, or take  
shape within your own illuminate anxiety.

Her love comes and receives me in a kiss.

They comfort myself into knowing.

Slender.

My hands cover her back.

Still tepid.

They are.

Mine.

## Saving

In a man's sight, amid his  
quiet hands, a saving gentleness raised  
his eyes for a closer look.

Vale. Apart.

As its own image.

While slowly moving forward, the  
sound of his own sorrow leaned  
softly against her warm body.

Painting, with shadows.

Her long dark hair hides  
the softness of a calm he can not touch. Languid.

His fingers move.

Saving.

## Disappearing Away

At each instant, under its faint rhythm, a  
low sound gets lost amid a restless kiss.  
Resonant, and overshadowed.  
Another lie remains silent, but rises  
from the incessant movement to touch me.  
Feminine.  
I picture her naked.  
Withdrawal.  
An air leaves my chest.  
Overshadowed.  
I read her lips and  
clear my mind but  
can't find a way to feel  
her voice, or her nakedness.  
Deep purple, at an ease.  
She gave me her soul before disappearing away.

## Maybe

for Cynthia L. Blandino

Eyes that saw pink cried in their sleep  
and took a part of the pain it tried  
to hide in its heart. Crying.

With a slow love, she took my hand and  
pressed into my soul the way I've always wanted to be touched.  
Crying.

Every time I look in the mirror, I  
see her answer.

Tenuous, sightless.

You, and I.

Her sensitive shape spoke in fragments and looked  
at me the way I've always wanted to be seen.

Turned from tomorrow. September 26.

When I held her, my body repeated the  
same lines and bled in ways that left  
me with nothing to give.

With me.

The relief that came with hearing her voice  
slipped away, losing itself in an uncomfortable temperature. Maybe.

Precious lips, whose most  
sincere emotions were left naked by a varying name,  
came and went with a silence that remains unlit.

I feel her at my side.

With me, forever.

I see her here, and now.

## A Dancing Image

A sound of dancing vowels running in the night with eyes closed  
feels its way through a dense heat  
that leaves unknown names behind a faded silence.  
Little by little, another space recreates  
its own way of understanding behind its own  
transparent length.  
A diffused light takes substance.  
It rises to touch her lips.  
She criticizes the humidity, and asks for  
nothing while irascible images cover her shoulders.  
Fixed and featureless, they spin.  
A feminine void takes shape, but keeps a  
stillness all itself between her condemned questions.  
I, body.  
It has two names.

## The Desert

The day grows light, breathes, and then moves.  
With a slow love, she watched as the  
scattered colors of the afternoon  
disappeared into themselves.

Time, lost in an obscure image of the desert  
with measured gravity, transcends her humanity  
into a hallucination covered  
in the scarlet coloring of her own blood.

A fragment breaks off.

The humidity reaches her skin.

Frail.

She moves uncertainly into the transcending light,  
under the varying moon.

Slow, in the darkness of night, she explores  
the gloom with the helplessness of a reflection.

Everywhere, descending.

She lifted her eyes, and in the darkness,  
saw a figure approaching.

That day, her soul left her body.

## She is my breadth

Against a background outlined in sound,  
the slow progress of night moistens  
itself onto the nape of her skin.

Delicate.

Agile.

Between them, her tiny  
body moves.

I kissed her lightly on the cheek, and stared.

She is my breadth.

She is my voice.

She is my life.

## The Open Rose

A repentant shadow passes me in  
the darkness as I move my body  
to the music, knowing Death has  
again entered the room.

Invalid.

As the uncertainty of knowing approaches,  
I lean backward and blow a kiss into the sky,  
a diaphanous space that falls in sprays of willow.

A cold breeze seamlessly eases itself  
into the lining of my skin beyond the  
contours of my opaque soul.

Initial.

Unnumbered.

I know what I see, and know what  
I feel, but can't explain why it returns day  
after day, night after night, and lyric after lyric.  
Its gaze fills my eyes, as well as my breathing.

Unassumed.

Impending.

The open rose remains somnolent, and alive.

## This Naked Place

In a dove-coloured twilight, where  
color fades away and night abstracts and  
simplifies those which sense,  
fingers from inside a dream divide into  
a different side that blinks.

Distracted. Caressing.

She senses my pulse.

Shown.

The shapes, although obscure and  
vague, encircle every instant to  
touch his voice.

Her hands meet in disbelief.

Her eyes search in anticipation.

Sightless.

Naked.

Tiny.

The shapes. The shapes.

## Unassuming

The fatigue sets in.

Unassuming.

Inlaid.

Disquiet.

In the sky's blue close, the soul's opening  
impends the heat in the recess of night to  
recreate a space beside a midsummer's lie, and slowly  
breathes in silent song.

Opalescent.

Unseeing.

The humidity covers her back.

She stretches her body over mine, and tells  
me to remain still.

Lyric.

Remote.

I move slightly to the left.

Adoration.

Somnolence.

Love.

Voluptuous in body.

Moist in soul.

A feeling of sharp pain  
fills my chest.

I open my eyes, only to see  
her place her hands over my face.

Again, she tells me to be still.

I feel the warmth of her naked body consume mine.

Dismayed.

She climbs atop me, spreads her thighs,  
and enters my soul.

Moving.

Rhythm.

Moisture.

Doubt.

I open my eyes.

Mist.

Blurred.

I feel her lank hair on my chest.

Moving.

Breathing.

Feeling.

## Unbound

Of having reflected you,  
the prolific calm closes  
its petal of skin around  
your moving form,  
leaving behind a  
trace of flesh  
that envelops me.  
On my touch, you  
appear, hide, and  
fold with an illusion, giving  
away the unbound shape.  
Upon your eyes. Upon your hands.  
Near me.

## Lament

Slowly, with an ease  
that collapses and conceals itself  
as a relapse, a puerile shadow,  
hidden in the depth of my body,  
maneuvers its way through the darkness.  
Watching. Doubting.  
I close my eyes, disclose  
the absence, and stare into  
the day along drawn lines.  
Deep inside, you live.  
Rising, I adjust myself  
and withhold a sense of remorse, whose  
veil of illusion seals the  
gap between her, and I,  
despairingly.  
Sephulchral.  
Naive.  
Silently between her eyes, and a touch.  
Useless.  
Dull.  
Rescending.

## En Masse

Here, and  
there, within  
the heart,  
the rhythm  
of the  
falling  
rain takes  
shape.  
She turns,  
looks to the  
left, and  
crosses  
her thighs,  
uncovering the  
division beside me.  
Night,  
and day, you  
make your  
way  
through  
the discoloration.  
Of beauty,  
in ease,  
living for what  
I  
know.  
Turned low.  
Less in view.  
Broad eyes.  
Narrow body.  
She was.

## Gentle Leave

Here, and there, clear  
in its depths, the line  
of thought keeps  
warm by staring into  
the dead. Of light, and  
motion, a shadow of a  
dream darts back and  
forth, coming into a  
reflection unbeknownst  
to life. Breathing hard.  
Wearing thin.  
The senses impart.

## Of the Void

The softest call, at length,  
unfolds itself through what use  
to be me and recreates  
an unsatisfying life of soft dreams.  
Standing, I close my eyes  
against the silence, and pray.  
She leans over me, listlessly  
whispers into my soul for a closer  
look at God, and sighs.  
Sight.  
Touch.  
Lips.  
Eyes.  
Day, by day, I feel the pain  
of knowing her, and her  
body of love. Disquiet.  
Lost, I search for you  
in the making.

## Untitled

I  
am  
what is  
secretly  
changing  
inside  
of  
you.

## Rhythm

Pulse, for pulse,  
breadth, for breadth.  
Softly exceeding.  
I live, and die with you.

## Closes Together

Over you,  
with me,  
a night that  
waits with  
dull flesh  
soundlessly parts  
and turns itself  
inside a circle,  
slowly disavowing.  
The tension brings me closer into the enclosure.  
He holds himself.  
Undone.  
He draws me  
away, looks at  
himself in the shade,  
looks at me,  
tears his skin,  
closes together,  
looks back,  
shuts his eyes,  
and leaps into  
an unseen pass.  
Warm, moist.  
The pain is brief.

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