This skin is discrete, red, and hot, that stretches to your remotest tender, elastic parts spreading listless fever. Our memory stills with fear secreted in your own mother’s dreams as dry as a mouth: your rasp of fever; my rasp, rasp of love. It is even in your shrinking eye and I move to remember the wheeled bed where my mother looks like a boy, legs akimbo with hospital apparatus, irises sliding in a crescent over wallpaper eyes, drawling gibberish; I wait for them all to leave, so she will stop it and speak to me, but the doctor is leaving directions with my father, who is, however, surreptitiously peeking down at the pages of an absorbing modern novel. So in childhood and youth, sleeping alone, we see what the truth is worth, but still it is sometimes gratifying to say it anyway. This skin is discrete, waterproof, and impervious to fever. Even moving in tender silence
like white whales heaving in play
imitating the lofty Klein bottle
and inside outside, we would be

just here
as the world is a white cave
in which

the red lobsters boil in passion
and grapple slantways, to find
their own remarkable parts.