

## A White Oriental Flower

Momus

The life of someone promiscuous is unfocused, unclear  
Forgetting the crisp morning sun  
On the face of the young beloved  
The lines of her eyebrows so sharply defined  
Loving anyone else so far from his mind  
She is not unique, but seems so then  
But after five, but after ten  
When morning's gone and won't come back again  
Then carpe diem

One morning I crept into your room, Young Kim  
And watched you sleep for an hour  
Your face a white oriental flower  
So vast and soft next to mine

Your body, which didn't belong to me  
Still not quite ready for rousing, moved lazily in  
rehearsal  
While mine trembled violently in the sublime suspended  
animation  
Of my unresolved arousal

That hour took me back to something so pure  
That hour was, for me, transcendental

To long and yet never possess  
Is, as Rilke said better  
The best