

Mist whispers "I love you",  
"Write me a poem," she says,  
But it's already done,  
Begun in light racing backward  
And forth across lines tied to  
Rainbow-found clouds,  
None but the boldest stars aware of  
Your nymph skin enchanting the  
Whole night, each subtle curve  
Delighted as nature chants the  
Names you have yet to reveal.  
Perfection is each drop of water  
That laid across your body before  
Brushing your suppleness in slow  
Return, desire, the wind whose  
Steam caught the twilight in subtle  
Jealousy of your delicate charm.