Loneliness: so loved
that she doesn't need a mirror
to know her soft albedo.
Why should anyone write
poems before or after?

In the metaphor's darkroom
mud and intelligence meet.
If a princess and prince enter it,
they might invent a way of wearing
pearls without piercing them.

After glow should they lick
the chocolate from their fingers,
or commit suicide by inhaling
the scent of the flowers
he has cut for her?

Loneliness divines herself
in the window pane: growing
into a pear tree under
the mercury sky in which the gods' peephole has become visible.