

FRUITFLESH FOR RAINER MARIA RILKE

As quick as a camera closes its
Shutter between light and darkness
As for you Lazarus rebirth passed

Lingering scent of putrefaction,
Decays fresh aroma confirms
Renewed life your arms once

Stiffened by rigor mortis limber
Again oblivion recoils a man's
Voice retreats soon you will

Have the courage to embrace
A woman sniffing her scent of
Old wombs peeling like a spent

Cocoon the uterus you kissed in
The passageway forgotten/ in
The Tibetan Book of The Dead

Few possess the courage
To follow the white light in the
Darkness it burns dilated eyes

Myriad prayers seldom enough
Sacred and cursed for fruitflesh
Life remains desirous even as

Anxious pain anticipated returns
Only then you'll know Lazarus
You are alive.