

## THE 25<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL REUNION

I lie with you,  
Tasting your tongue and exudates.

In a cool cavern that savors of the sea shore  
There is a crystal of salt that  
Will be brought to you in a grocer's package.  
    (How many sons and daughters  
    Will shovel and toil!  
    How many horsepower in the mills  
    Will turn and grind to bring that crystal to you!)

You will sprinkle it from a crystal saltcellar at your table,  
And you will think, "This meat tastes good tonight.  
I was hungry."  
I hope I lie with you that night,  
Tasting your lip's evaporated residue,  
Or, if you are sad, your tear.  
Or I will hold you and listen  
To your heart squeezing your blood around  
To living, thriving parts of you,  
Laving them with nutriments.

Cleopatra whispered a word of love  
To Caesar,  
And her breath grazed his cheek  
Such that a molecule of her carbon dioxide  
Kissed him  
And sails now at sea in the rains  
And alone in the winds.  
Perhaps that night it will hover between us.  
If so, I will blow it to you with my kiss.  
I hope it enters you.  
I hope you embrace it.  
Already I know how it feels to be Caesar.