

Marty Willson-Piper **"You Whisper"**

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Thunder opens it's throat
Lets out the roar of rain
Soaked I clench my overcoat
And come up to see you again.
Your smoothly sculptured neck
The trapped curving tongue
Your cage of a mouth springs open
And throws out the seeds of a song.
They grow and flower
And hour after hour.
Blessed velvet.
You whisper
The world a slave to your look
Your shapely almond tears
Your marzipan skin in a crystal stare
Your chocolate box of fears
The load off my mind
The pointed beating pulse
Stabbing instead my thumping
Head
This famousness is false
You glow and glint
I blink you winked
Ice polished silk
You whisper.

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