

*Jalapeño Wharf, Venezuela, December 31, 1989*

## **WATERFRONT DREAM**

*Harbor glow and a distant beacon  
slip the black into night fog blue.  
Bar neon, flashing red, splashes rouge  
in a rhythm on your cheek, blushing,  
igniting the mist, shaping your face,  
your resoluteness, the impulse  
to dance with electric flesh  
on the edge of stirred water.*

*Drizzle born breeze tips your breasts,  
tosses your hair in an airy passion,  
frantic to penetrate the hot hum  
of desire that webs your eyes,  
streaks purple across your thighs  
and the wetness of this sailor's alley,  
coloring us like cuttlefish  
in the thickening sea of our embrace.*

*Knock of boats, creaking ropes,  
black water lapping at my brain,  
rising with the taste of smoke,  
licking at your lips, your redness,  
the fire plumping in cupped hands,  
the perfume drip on your skin.  
Fireflies lift us in white neon swirls,  
spill me, flood you into sparkles.*

*We crackle in the dampness, glisten,  
molten figures welded to cobblestone,  
cigarette hung faces propped on a wall,  
smolders flicking in a funky blue haze,  
love and sweat that fades as memory  
in the dimming beat of a samba song  
and the glare of last call lights  
from the oyster bar.*