

## Spring's Torment

1

Tonight on, we'll speak without speaking  
The unearthed pages of jealousies now shut.  
Diminished like the earth, we feel  
What orphans, lowlives, trees, dogs feel.

Why do we return to a room  
Where nights beat the day sadly?  
Why did derelict clocks stop at midnight?  
Photographs begin wearing mouldy jackets?

Neither apparition nor living,  
Something under the cover of hills' night

Goes to your street in quest of lips.

I should have sucked you in me,

I'm lost without your fingers,

Your healing oils,

My terrestrial hours inhaled without

A thought for the world.

But looking under sheets

Of twilight, for the left anklet

You misplaced, for me to search each time

And find its owner.

I long to hear you moan again

In your native tongue,

Slashed across my night's skin.

With birds whooping spring across treetops  
Green days taken away from us  
Will be divided among blue lovers.

2

Another dawn your smile conceives  
When stars tousled your downcast hair.  
I recovered from your lips what I knew to be  
Constant as midnight water  
In the thirsty glass.

When you put your mouth on mine  
I turn blind and deaf, earth must wait.

Even as we speak, we become wet

With dew.

The day returned

With all its intrigues,

Its streets and smoke as our lips separate,

With schools of resentment,

Renewed hunger for space.

3

If only you would walk like spring

Before my window's heart, before

The blinding rain which drowned

Your ankles and keep us divided

Between dark latitudes.

The sky is a slow throbbing lead,

A juvenile fluttering of watery wings

Begin on my foreboding panes, chandeliers

Of pine sway drunk, strewing a yellow radiance,

Fires which sprout green being doused

Only the faint cinder of hours remains.

And the day's torrent takes you away

In a submerged bus with broken windows

Running carefully with my remembrances.

Robin S Ngangom