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Answer

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ANSWER

Tonight the moon
Is tacit as usual. The crickets
Rub their knees to sing.
Rub my knee
And I will sing. Man has no place
In the fantasies of moths. Do I love you?
The answer must empty pitchers.
I know when figures are made of dust
They will be frail figures.
I can tell you that their fingertips
Will not be smooth. Perhaps
Broken, perhaps missing altogether.
I don't know what energy is released
In dreams, but let it nod.
Let it fall like a breast released
From its binding, a supple,
Rounded fall.