

**George McKim**

bouquet of cubist raindrops

i fell asleep  
in the tidal pools  
of your breathing, where

like a bouquet of cubist raindrops  
or a violent slur of cerulean  
in a reckless soutine landscape,

a bloom of phosphorescence  
shimmers in the falsetto  
of our electric skin.

if i were a bird, or  
with metallic voices  
or cascading sounds

or inside my broken eyelids  
or in a slow architecture of twigs  
or an awkward swirl of chimes

on easter island  
we were glyphs, archetypal  
no,  
we were paul klee  
on stilts