

**Mick Raubenheimer**

**On Pessoa's idea of her.**

The idea of her  
wondered at the idea of my cock  
its girth and thrust  
My idea of me  
fantasized the fragrance of spasm  
between her thighs  
the scent of the idea of her calves  
the textural moisture of her tongued  
mouth, an idea

The idea of we  
anticipated curious, primordially  
distracted conversations  
silly laughter  
and waking together  
to the idea of morning,  
stirring oneother  
back to flesh

The idea of we  
entwined  
is transformative

**Craning time.**

Outside  
a Jurassic breeze  
updates  
floric lawns  
while we  
perpetuate  
the ceremony of skin..

**Recipe for evolution.**

Sky in the eye

Blood in the mouth

**Synaesthetic.**

I was reading  
The Ecstatic Jungle  
the other day  
I couldn't finish it  
Too many  
of the words  
smelt of you

**Beetle.**

It traversed mysterious cascades of sky-blue  
to reach you

Sat on your knee  
fauning its coppery wings

Faintest clicker

## **Talita.**

Her name was something  
of the shapes  
of her skin  
the cranes in her flesh -  
her erotic skeletons

the time in her breathing body  
its metres and motions  
its gestures of my positions her name was  
somewhere  
of her coded sounds  
the scapes of her expressions -  
coated electricity glint of her laughter  
little storms  
her tears nature blushing

and something of her navel and mine..

Her name was the air she touched  
the where I breathed her –  
and magic moments  
tucked  
in the greater time  
her name was simply myself.