

To be myself with you, to know you; show you me,  
And be, or let you see, each thing, reduced to We.

Unknown, how soft is silk, and hard is gold, off screen:  
Two mirrors glass to glass, opaque they must assume.  
Just shown between those walls, in lost unwritten scenes,  
A dance for only two, of silk and gold, displumed.

Long cuts; small bites; sweet air; that look, eyes sharp and sheen.  
You smirk and taunt and dare; of course, the price is free;  
I'll pick a fight with you, you'll poke, I'll push, you'll lean,  
Our eyes will join, our lips, our skin: you'll dance with me.

With each adornment – eyes on eyes, and souls exhumed-  
Lips blush: I'll never see your silk, nor you my gold, resumed.