

Acros(tic)s from the Donau, watching us, in memory<sup>1</sup>

Zig-zagging through sun-speckled green to avoid open mouths

we run. For once, and to my mother's sure chagrin,

I am unafraid: to be far, to be naked, to want. A good lover strips you, too, of  
shame, quickens your pace; you'll win the race, but that's okay. I

catch up to you in glimpses: your freckled shoulders, golden  
hair. Your sure feet carry us down to the river's

edge. I am ready, hold my hand: *eins, zwei, drei* — I,  
new to jumping; you, a place to land.

All of the light the day has to offer is gathered on your temples and cheeks,

lingering on whatever skin has strayed above the water. Glistening and favored, you  
lean in. You don't really need to ask, but you do. The answer, just like  
every time before:

my mouth begs before I think to

undress me more / redress the distance

night / morning / night, I'd kiss the night, I  
dive and dive and dive

Nestled, as evening comes, from the inside of your sheets, you play a memory for me. We can call  
it even, now that I've made it mine to keep. *Kleine Feuer*

creeping up the curtains — setting light to unfinished ends. You tell me  
how you learned from love to love again;

the only promise you can make me, the  
sole attempt to make amends.

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<sup>1</sup> "Zwischen Allem und Nichts" translates from German to "Between everything and nothing".