

In dreams I hold myself  
into the neck and cheek of a panther,  
its kind eyes a deep augur full of nothing.  
I nuzzle the side of its long nose.  
We are one another, yet I know  
I'm not its only child.  
This play, this contentment,  
is not its whole nature.  
I know, too, its reserves  
held for my wider keeping, dark to dark.

