



Dalida

"Je me sens vivre"

*Garde-moi la dernière  
danse*

1961

Barclay

# Causerie

Athena Melliar

For you are unlooked-for magnetic force  
two times countless years older than chaos,  
inchoate for true love—excuse my hoarse

voice, out of choice

I have not spoken my mind for too long—

I look for you to hypnotize me more.

Our causerie, core insight into our need  
to feel loved, transmutes into all silence  
and gaze until ones eye color will bleed

into another's eyes.

How frightened I am of you.

You hue my eyes.

And as we wander, we streak—we enter—  
across each other's eyes. A cosmos is  
four holding hands with no chasm. We want—dare—

to curl them together.

They swirl one perfect sphere.

For love.