

My beautiful Rosario,

Your lips are a gateway opening on ecstasy,
To a heaven I visit breathlessly;
Your teeth the towering stalactites,
Whose rigid touch feeds my endless appetites.

Your face turns from me now,
Your name lost as you turn your brow.
But your new name is graced with light,
Like stars lightly tossed across the night.

If only one wish I might be granted,
As my mystic rites are loudly chanted,
It would be that your mouth might multiply,
So that I might kiss them as an endless lullaby.

J.B.