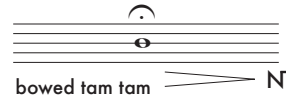


# Four Non-Existent Poems

Richard H. Bailey, Jr.

## what I need right now

lately I've been thinking  
about the love of insects  
sex like ether  
if your eyes where made of chrome  
they could not be more perfect

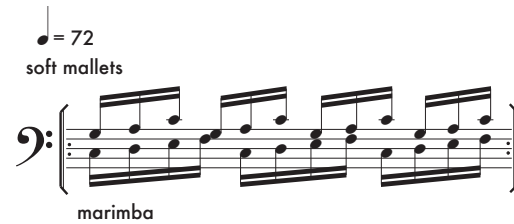


## Portrait

The  
at sunset  
a certain  
which  
is not  
That same  
I have seen  
in your  
and the  
of your  
recall  
of  
bamboo  
gardens

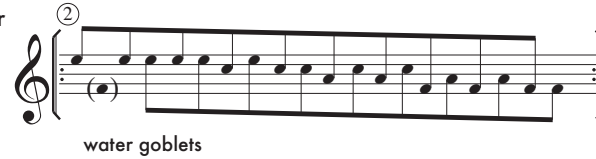
clouds  
exhude  
warmth  
I know  
there

light  
reflected  
face  
bones  
fingers  
memories



## Over Dinner

I see you now  
like a fly in amber  
glowing  
precious  
dead for so very long



## While you lie caressing my hand

my nose  
my cheek  
my mouth  
are cradled  
in the curve  
of your shoulder  
attending to the ritual  
of going to sleep  
knowing  
we won't  
sleep  
just  
yet

