Sting, Morning

Naked, you are simple as one of your hands, smooth, earthy, small, transparent, round: you have moon-lines, apple-pathways: naked, you are slender as a naked grain of wheat.

Naked, you are blue as a night in Cuba; you have vines and stars in your hair; naked, you are spacious and yellow as summer in a golden church.

Naked, you are tiny as one of your nailscurved, subtle, rosy, till the day is born and you withdraw to the underground world,

as if down a long tunnel of clothing and of chores: your clear light dims, gets dressed - drops its leavesand becomes a naked hand again.