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Night Feed

The TV before us is silent.

Planetary and darkling, you are
like the first-born human waking
to the light of a fire on his skin.

An evangelist weeps on a polished stage,
offering us his tour schedule:

Luanda, Rio de Janeiro, Rome,
faraway landscapes,
damaged like the moon.

Then a choir of women materialise
with red telephones,
their lips lustrous as enamel.

Greetings, they mouth, from modernity
to the time traveller at my breast,
who closes his eyes, drowsy again
from the pleasures of mammalian flesh.