

His words were birds

He leaned closer
told me
his name was
'Pythagoras'
but I was drunk and
his words
were
birds
in Pan's bath

All things are numbers
he whispered,
laughed
when I said
he amused me

(had tried
to scratch
logic into his skin
like a tattoo
but it left
him with
permanent scars)

He disappeared
somewhere in
the rhythmic sky

(all night I saw his
black eyes dancing)