

THEODORE WOROZBYT

*How I Love You*

The dust in the throat of the flower the breath inside the water the invisible hiss of rosewater breaking from the yellow petal the spot of radioactive paint hidden in the red box the beaker bubbling with elixir the star blown lavender bar in the dish the clock against the wall that looks unbroken the honey spilled into every cup the puffs of cotton in the dark the way Kora puts cheese on fine green spinach the little essay by Coleridge that no one else will ever have the ten thousand tender weeds the nearness of the sound the chocolate crumbles on the stair the old folks by the shore the squash in their baskets the teeth in the leopard skins of my shoes the coat in hiding the bed with its numbers the kitty kat the whole sky on my fingers the smell of the sun where you stand the smell of bones borne away the dresses black and white the gloves with hands within and without the bucket that carries the breathing into the water.