

LOVE NOTES FROM THE SHIFTLESS

As the universe travels outward
so could a brick, inert
in the sunlight passed through
a window to a rubble-littered floor,

explode; and the abandoned house
for which it served as heart, assume
the centrifugal shape and spin
of a pinwheel, but a pinwheel

we couldn't recognize in its enormity,
the space between one pinwheel-unit
and the next continually increasing
as the house's hundred bolts shot

through the air; and we could live, make
love, and spend our waning days
unknowing we twined limbs in the interval
between two unseen quantum

of a pinwheel-pattern expanding
with ferocity through the cosmos;
and the whole phenomenon, like any
home-made bomb, innocently touched

off by a heat no greater than this
my erection in this your acceptance
of it. And so there seems to be
rationale for lolling, to do nothing

but siphon the vapor condensing
above a love-stained mattress—or, say, the meat
deliquescing inside a peach—
from somewhere out of you, into you, through

you: as if, or maybe really, re-establishing
osmotic balance in some neighborhood
ecology. And on this block
love works

this way, the deep kind, no
fireworks; but the passive opening
onto luminescence, lax to take
and give light, charged

not like a battery
—like a hole drilled
long ago in a board
nailed, longer ago,

to a roseate eastern exposure.