HOW TO WRITE A LOVE POEM

for S.M.

You must not deny the body: Her lips flowered Around a beautiful word, her breasts Gliding under a blue silk dress like moons Through atmospheres of the equinox, The slight shadow of her thigh Caressing a September-red poppy as if water;

Because there you will notice within Her eye's hazel mire, a color caught Between those blacks and jades Of desire, a color you will hear Like one who watches the meadow rue bud Open during the April evening And claims to have heard a voice;

And when you have listened to that voice, When you have walked for hours Through the umbers and reds Of sycamore forests, through the first veil Of snow over the clover field, walked Above the frozen lake for hours, months, Alone, until Spring, listening to that voice

Which is all voices: the sound Of the mothered fawn, of the loon Searching for water, of the mud releasing frogs, Of the ice breaking and the snow melting Until each drop that falls from the lichen And the moss is also a voice, Then you have heard A single word: love.

Now begin.

