

Love Poem

My love is like a well-paved street
When the traffic's thin.
Her posture is a fresh-picked beet
Tossed on the vegetable bin.

She walks with all the clarity
Of a diesel engine's drone.
Her calves have such alacrity,
You'd think the cows came home.

A strong claw hammer are her hips.
Her lips are like good stock.
Her breasts are like two freighter ships
Sitting in dry dock.

Her cheeks are cells in a lovely jail
For genteel, friendly cons.
Her neck has the flair of a Maine coon's tail.
Her knees are government bonds.

Her spinal cord is a solo flute,
Her fingernails Prozac.
Her manners are an American salute
To the Union Jack,

Her hands quadratic equations,
Her mind an anemone,
Her breath a special occasion
For relativity.

Her handshake is a capital gain.
Her eyebrows are two crows.
Her company is a walk up Main
When the stores begin to close.

She's an innocent bystander.
Her arms are false compare,
The tale of Hero and Leander
Suspended in thin air.

Her language is the leaky roof
Above the old town hall.
Her wit is aged, two-hundred proof
Pure grain alcohol.

after Auden