

Epithalamion · *Olga Broumas*

Our mound of earth dug up
 for a new sidewalk
is as graceful as the dunes we drive to see
 The seen
dwarfs our scale we feel it
 tugging at our brow

and bow
 like guests in it yet we
for bending are allowed to
 sing
some blond dune's surface
 We believe what we see

through the image is the song
 at its source
and so assume the world
 love shares our intelligence
of heart the natural
 hug the quick kiss overturned The smug

like their smiles more than what makes them
 smile
white cows in November meadows
 in the galactic ravines
Venus enters the Bull at birth and again at will
 A door shuts twice

The twelve rings of the night outposts
 reefs pockets of great abandon what
we expected poetry to be
 as children yield As women
we are beautiful for remembering
 how to relax all force

in an unmeasured field
The moment heals
Out past where the shale you think is
going to hold and doesn't
silverfish leap from the water
Tears are worlds not seen