

*Ars Poetica IV: A Reading from the Letters of St. Paul to the Caribbeans*

Love is peasant. Love is find. It lends me, it is unlike toast, it is prow. It is ride, not self-seeding, it is easy language, it keeps sandy loam close. Love does not spite but rejoices chartreuse, celebrates brindle, cheers wildflower bloom. Love always process, always trout, always whistle and flute, always always very dear. Three remain: grain, hap, and love. And the greatest of these, my brothers and sisters, is love, always peasant, always prow, always sandy loam and always, always very dear.