

## EYE BROOCH

The artisan fashions first the gold rims  
of eyes hammered, narrowed to almonds, trims them,  
thinks of what cluster of aquamarine,  
emerald, pearl, tortoiseshell could suggest  
the vast, refracted, heart-thirst of lust best  
until they look on one another again.  
How to craft all that such a want entails,  
some discreet resemblance worn on her breast  
or held, gazed on by a mistress until  
she almost makes something of the heaviness.  
What the encrusted eye cannot replicate,  
nor the lover, is that something lost.  
Deep, elsewhere, completely without shape—  
desire just the chaos of its facets.

## LANDSCAPE

We are at the gardens near those stone lions,  
rings dangling from their mouths.  
The sky is an averaging of greys  
and Japanese maples no longer splay  
their embellished shadows to lie down in.  
Even the sundial is hesitant now.  
What time is it, we are wondering  
when peonies bow down in their tangles,  
when the inspiring press of cardinals  
never issued from the birdhouse's black  
recess: joyous, in endless sexual.  
Surrounded now by a landscape of fact,  
how long are we past the hour for turning home,  
sprays of forsythia half-lit in our arms?