

Timothy Kelly

TWO LOVE POEMS

1. Seven herons, slate, shin-deep,
stockstill, staring into what's swirled
by them on the ebb. This is how

I knew I would never leave you:
the stab, blink, the stilettoed head tipped
backwards, the quick, coiled neck stretched
skyward, to swallow.

2. I dreamt the kids gone, and you,
careful, reaching through the apple trees
with a long-handled torch,
burning caterpillar tents. My anger,
great mystery, was gone, and I flew
forward twenty yards with every step.

I had a rainbow on a stringer,
still kicking, to show you, grabbed him,
lost him, grabbed him, lost, etc. You,
laughing, the pole-end, flaming.
I wanted every remaining day to be
with you, slow as surfacing, slow
as the last inch of honey, slower.