

Sonnet

Love is
like that
the endless nights
looking out
for that one blaze
of light occupied
in destiny, acquired
by day

when years later
the shooting star, or two
races through the sky
as if marked by fate,
since knotted there in the lover's
palm, two fingers tracing the fall.

In the Voice of Ovid

I treat the wind and the space of this love for her
in so much to believe the green tulip stem of bend
my beloved's lean into me, in which the stamen

of yellow to purple petals blends the moon and sun
to those lips beyond the ellipsis of stars or spotted light,
almost the grief of earth, as if a middle or even

divide the one feeling of divine joy, lightning without
the sight of varicose twilight, as if not thunder growled
the first and lonely bolt, perhaps in love this branches.

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We are all well watered fed for months by the rain
with the nutrients we will need, to grow and sprout
strong and long, to push through with our loved trunk
we have been watered well, it is only later
when it is our time, our season to let our dried petals drop,
a canvass for the cold, allowing all to see our naked,
exposed, bare and dull, seemingly too weak to ever hold
green, or a blossoming bud—

we all have been watered well—it is only when it is
this time, a trunk turned to stick and twig, we think
we are faulty, ill equipped unwatered, or in a drought
and through—all of us have been watered well—
for it is this time the forest will surely grow.

Untitled

Love never was said
on the stop
or the go