

Love Poems: 1

I raise my hands like black wings and feather my hair:
There is nothing I can do to make Catherine Wheels
Or anything, or anyone else beside break you smiles,
A linger like a pearl between me and the sea
Waving, spinikers of sun, a wind
Suddenly up and clean for every coming hour -- not
At all for more than shadows in the moon's door.

The daisies in the window-jar bend to listen
To his guitar played in the dark, and someone else's
Head banged up and down for tunes to get you laughing
On and on, and running out of steam, to say,
'Oh that was wonderful,' and say 'yes!' with your look
Long afterward. But what a crazy time it is
To have you flicker up and down, snow on the surf.

Oh, but love is a great thing this way --
To know I cannot kiss you even a little
And have a fire spring in you and stay, high,
Oh high, melt down like a stick of gold, or give you
A hat with daisies on it, or bring you
A glass of water with a cherry in it,
Or pick you up and throw you out the window like a kite.

Where does love go moonward from here? No,
I think it beautiful to play the game,
To be looney in the window with a daisy in my mouth,
And look at you like seas, like grass in a wind,
And high blue breaking out a silken acrobat of gulls --
And then shrug my feathers, arch the failed clown,
And sit down in the window, waiting in your eyes!

--Mark McCloskey

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