

Love Poems: 2

*I have thought of our coming,
The wheeling of gold tendrils together
In a white place, star-circled,
The moon bleeding the pine's amber,
And the blue odor of brooks.*

*I have thought of our coming in dreams,
And the black light of the sea was there,
My hands passed over the pink shell,
And touched the sand's violet, smoke
That pushed the belly then, and legs
As I crouched down over the embers
Of the shell, in the dark breeze
Where magic is, and the sea moves,
Were moved closer to the sinew
Till it crushed gold, and I fell back,
My arms white branches extended out,
Exquisite pain by the rattling night-grass.*

*I have thought of our coming
And seen silences in the sea-clouds
Far away over the water,
And refracted in the prism of the lost,
The coiling down sun, me, shaped
Brokenly, still through the shell blown,
The pink-rimmed horn in the grove,
The bent-backward on the pool's rim for sheer
Joy of that pure echo, alight
From the whip of my hair in the dark,
In the sweet touch of the ripples,
News of our coming to the sea beyond this,
News of your coming and mine to the brook,
The odor of amber the wheel of the moon revealed.*

-- Mark McCloskey