

Love Weighs Me

*Love weights me
like July
whose elephant haunch
upon the roof
heightens the thick discomfort
of my room.*

*Summer adds mileage
to your absence.
Its slow freight grinds me
towards that point of desperation
in themselves
plums observe when
from green
bright skins fall
to burgundy-blue.*

*Heat conquers me.
And want.
By arc of outstretched arm and leg
I overspread the bed
a brown butterfly
whose wings of love
cannot lever air
for flight
nor lift the heart
out from its depth
of monotone.*

-- G. C. Oden