

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