

Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright

*"I put your naked body
between myself alone and death."*

Kenneth Rexroth

*"I will never have enough of you,"
I said.*

*Though more was meant
that what we did,
our doing was enough
for praise.*

*The well of my remembering
spills over. I recall you
all my length,
and that idiot willow-weep
of hair that teased.*

*What splendour flesh!
No better man,
no sweeter taste of love
than such as was in
forward flood between
your mouth and my own.
Had we been damned to death,
no darkness
could have overwhelmed us
lit, as we were, by love.*

*Nor even now
with memory spreading its fire
through our bone.*

-- G. C. Oden