

A Sort Of Love Poem

*Maybe, I thought,
if it weren't for thinking,
love might stand
a chance*

*and the afternoon
turned yellow and green
and grew a stainless air
and everywhere there was
laughter and sun
and the whisper of sudden shells.*

*All days, I thought,
end in darkness and sleep
and only the heart
knows the love-beat.*

-- Charles Shaw

New York, New York