

P o e m F o r K a t h y

Shade me with your kindness  
Love in your forest make my bed

Let the greening grasses grow  
in the Gilead of my head

When you touch me Love  
how true Goodness breaks my heart

in two You're the image You're  
the stillness You're my eye Love

You're the need Fluent brushstrokes  
breed those songs which from bird

and silent pond make a Hokusai of me  
Tartar queen and mountain prince

strutting with the sun are One in  
me Love gladness rumbling for the kis-

ses of Cathay I have heard  
in treeless halls sun-haired drumbeats

fall from reeds stark with thread-  
like discipline You have taught me

what I know of the rockbound Barbary  
Love and Love amalgamated

in a long march to the sea When I  
taste you Love I know rolling laughing

tongue in cup that a god's son I must  
be God I am of Joy and Free.

-- Christopher Perret

Roma