

love poem

maureen i love you more than modigliani
loved his lissome models as forever
as the crescent of a swan unsevered
as the curve and morning color of

your body. in the way that jeanne elvira
beatrice preserved their unblind painter
from the modern measure so you teach
me to combine my work with pleasure and

to always rhyme our wedding with our bed-
ding our playing with our everydaying
and to always make the world go 'round with the
creation-praising sound of happy bedsprings.

my love you are a child of urban nature
surface hard as hollywood and
quick as freeways but as lonely as
a streetcar lonely lovely free as sand.

your seaside face eludes the strictures of
the painter's hand. it is as calm as yest-
erday, resigned to all of now as simply
pretty as mad modigliani's pictures.

The Naturalist

E. A. Robinson continually aspired
to be death's gentleman; the task was tiring.
For one thing it precluded his expiring;
for another, it damned him to be a weigher of words.

He early learned his fate: to be of those
deprived of love. Not that screwing around
is guaranteed to heal the original wound:
but it's a remedy that many choose.

He might have caught his second wind from fame,
but by the time of his limited acclaim,
he couldn't have cared less. For he had seen
what lurked beyond the brink: the cosmic inane.

No doubt there were the dilettantes to offer
him the haven of the ineffable, the Sublime.
But his impeccably gray matter
abhorred illusions: his absolute was quicklime.