

Quiet place—our almost-
Impossibly—effortless human
Embrace the thrill of my life—
Till the night like the poem
Of the space between our lips
Comes smiling to a close.

THE LOW-LYING COUNTRIES OF DRAGONS

For ten years running
You've been beating me
To Scotland, but I'll take
The high road any day over
Graying at the temples like
Hera in eternal smolder.

Upon a time, my jawline
Turned heads on a dime,
I ate my heart out
Of Swarovski bowls
Quite unlike Ugolino,
And rusty nails didn't bore me.

I thought mercy would come.
I thought that above
(If there were one)
The saved wouldn't
So much be singing
As saved by song.

Maybe you'll find
In the low-lying
Countries of dragons
Your damsel's hopeful

Braided rope of hair,
But not in these.

From lesser towers I witness
Aspirations fall like Icarus,
Like alder leaves into the swift
Potomac of my apathy,
A not unfitting backdrop
To our Heraclitean marriage ...

Last night I dreamt
That I was young again
And you were faithful.
How waking changed us!
Though into what
I'm not entirely sure.