

Pillow Talk

You of course will call it love and I
afraid to rope it in like a calf for its first branding
will say I don't know what to call it.

I will say there is something I don't know what
my words can only make it small and you of course being
more familiar with the heart will call it love.

I will know in my heart it is not this, not that but try
to please you with metaphors and similes: moonlight
cupped in the hand, flight that only exists as wings in motion.

You will point to the stars coming up each night, rivers joining
the resurgent tide, the ache of flowers to become fruit and you
will call it love.

I will fall silent wanting not to lose in a generosity of words
the delicate mystery of feeling. You will think me sullen, try
to tease me out of it and that too call love.

I will say it is like parallel lines converging at infinity,
the opposite sides of squares becoming round, not to be
confused with the flesh and blood that embodies it,
the desire of a moment, appetite that is satisfied and dies.

You will grow somber speaking of flames rekindled, the seasons'
rise and fall, life itself consisting of moments, calling it love
that gives each moment birth.

I will say Andreas and Marie having nothing better to do
would have delighted in what they would call this sweet dispute.
You will counter with Medb and Ailill, Penelope and Ulysses,

ask what better use could be made of their time together.
Than talking about it? I will ask, and you will say,
than knowing what they're talking about.

I will say I'm at a loss for words, the cat will have my tongue,
touch being the only language in which I understand
your meaning and you of course will purr and call it love.

from *re: Play*