

A Love Poem

The kiss of a fall in a river forest night.
To the ground they go down together
his arms around her middle,
with akimbo arms and legs,

a lovers embrace.

They lie together a mounded pile
Glassy eyes behind lids of gold and
sapphire strands of melody,
soft hymns of sealed fate
sound a space
between
their whispered breaths.

The length of a day they say is but a second
to this ring of distant mountains. But
it will take epochs of time to cross
the plains between their minds
as they in silence lie.

Their foreheads
almost touch.

Love may conquer what love remains
but happenstance levels all. Sounds
of the forest night return as tragedy forgets
and the world will carry on tonight
in benign indifference.