

LOVE POEM

for Khu Saht



it must have been august on a shiny day
the kind that fools you into thinking alls okay
except if you're noticing there's ice behind the wind.

it might have been some starry night, individualities blurred
by stardust -- the kind Frank Sinatra et al used to threnodize --
or even a harvest moon drifting over a cloudy sky.

whatever it was it occasioned love poems and hands clasped
tight and childhood lips pressed together amidst fiery starfall
as if remembering our original creation from a parental asteroid,
80% clay, 20% water crashed before the oceans were born,

those oceans we sail and surf and sing about now. whenever,
it was too long ago to remember properly, to construct
primal time when love came into a heart I might claim as mine
supposing I knew there was an I, an eye, an islet in the salt salt sea.

it must have been dawn when the face of beauty first entered me
and made the first child of god, child of glad, daughter of sunrise,
of yellow corn, of soft wind -- still chill but with warmth behind;
or after midnight when the velvet dark was starry-eyed --
who knows? who could even care over eons so vast the mind staggers
derelict down the slummiest, most sacred streets of forever.

it might have been fantasy born of longing, loss, regret, anguish --
the kind that time and fate bring to everyone -- cats, trees, worms,
you, me --as if a longing so sharp could last 4.5 billion years or so,
as though memory ever clear could outlast glaciation, global warming,
a million years' rain, and millions of years of thrusting fire.

who are you I love, I need with all my being, the one I cannot
forget, lose sight of -- for all my whining, sighing, joking around?
what is that flickering astonishment of tiny blue lights stabbing out of
a deep black veil that breaks my heart?
some call it god, but I know it's not,
he's not you, you're not him....not so great a mystery as that,
but so far, still.