

Sink Song

My dampened soul envies
The spirit insurgent
That defies to the end
Death by detergent,

That soars through the soapsuds,
Scales mountains of dishes
Without dropping a dream
Or drowning some wishes,

That through clatter and splash
And canary's shrill glee
Hears the nightingale call
From a far-away tree.

Estrangement

Your face is like a word
Known by heart, foreign now,
Gazed on too long
Until, an arrangement without meaning,
It is part of some other language
For some other eyes.

The Young

The young are pain to watch
 Stuff for stronger eyes
The shimmering of faith
 Streaked with dark surprise.

It hurts to watch the young.
 The gaze seeks a softer view
In year-dimmed faces where
 New grief is never new.

Weapons

The word

Behind the Trojan spears,
The fangs that sped a queen to Antony,
Delilah's busy shears,
The powdered tongue of Bovary,
The naked boy's eternal darts
Festering in nameless hearts

is Love.