

## Poet's Protest

You do not let me sleep,  
instead you take its place  
in my eyes.

And then you tease  
by putting these words on my lips  
instead of a kiss.

My arms flail  
like these verses all too small  
to hold you close.

And these love poems  
are like postcards that you send  
from far away.

No, I do not want to be  
your poet anymore.  
I want to be your poem.

As You Left for Tomorrow

I never found the right words to say  
when it was time.

The words I spoke instead  
escaped like some obscure sound,  
irrelevant unless uncovered in its fullness,  
in its manifold architecture of meaning,  
but that, my dear, was a more hidden thing.

Like the dark side of the moon,  
an indescribable mystery hid behind  
the gentle light  
of our celestial fragment  
pulling the tides in and between our bodies.

I never found the right words to say, instead  
wrote strange poems many years later  
about pent up silences.

## That Morning Where I Found You

Sun rays pierced the room  
like a thousand golden needles  
knitting the crystalline air of winter.

First snow fell, softly and unexpectedly  
like words of prayer from my lips.

Separated only by language, we held hands  
in this very body, and this breath refusing  
to become an articulation,

sun-drenched clarity  
permeating the Silence between our warm embrace.

## Orientation

Love binds us  
like glue between two  
galaxies drifting in empty space.

We spin, each on axis  
of our souls, whose turning ticks  
the clockwork of our universes.

Each parallel reality is coordinated  
by the push and pull of gravity  
holding us in orbit.

We are each a singularity  
in ourselves. But together we grow  
greater and greater in density

like colliding blackholes  
in an invisible sky  
to human eyes.

In our darkest form, we are  
indistinguishable without  
the event horizon of our melted bodies.

Love is union.  
It orients the cosmos  
so that we may be together.

## Goddess of Night

She wears darkness like a wedding dress  
adorned with dazzling jewels of night sky

the light of every star, captured  
in the diamonds of Her necklace.

Ignorance – the fabric of Her clothes,  
concealing Her form, but just enough to lure  
the lover into endless games.

She plays hide and seek with my heart,  
revealing partly veiled glimpses of Her beauty.

She blindfolds my eyes  
and guides my life with unknowable certainty,

each effervescent moment  
illumined with Her vivid sensual quality.

O Daughter of Silence,  
teach me how to be free

unhindered by the tethers of the physical,  
unsullied by the dissonance of the mind.

Teach me how to trust fully  
in the authenticity of my Love.