

The Sacred Altar of Lovers

If I could speak a thousand languages,
Talk to aliens even,
Then maybe, I could put into words
My adoration of your personhood, the
Boy at seven, and the man who will die old.

Your black hair, sprinkled with gray, curls funny in the rain.
Your big brown eyes dance when you play, and you play so often.
The heart of a gentle person, reminding me of deer in the meadow.
A man who recycles, listens to Sam Harris, who prayed five times a day,
Because that is what the creator wanted,
Now traveled enough to know there isn't a *God* to save his *imaginary* soul.

The day I got the call that my friend died from
Covid—everyone is dying from Covid CNN warns daily—
But that's a *tangent*; remember I taught you the word,
At the park, where we sat by the lake and watched the sunset?
You sit with me and share how death haunts you too.
You are a man who watches the sun lie down,
Holding the hand of Woman.

Being Pisces you're always late, directionless, unorganized and there's

Empty boxes strewn in your house.

The tea kettle screams!

You smile and ask, 'a hot beverage?'

'Dinner is almost done, too,' you say with teeth too straight.

Cocky and *coy*, gentle as a doe,

Whose mastered the art of sex,

Take off the belt! Speak to me in your language!

Istanbul, Turkey, where you played like a street rat, before Allah made you *decent*.

We play cards; you're so kind that you grieve when I lose, but I'm distracted by the
music,

Lyrics you barely recognize because you prefer the text of computers over that of

Poets and songwriters.

We drank wine in the bath, the water so cold, but the warmth
Between our hearts, and legs prevent freezing.

We put our toes together, laughing at the contrast of our colors.

You're brown, and I'm as pale as the ghost that haunted your childhood.

I've been called to prayer:

I beseech, knowing that this *too shall pass* (as the Buddha warns), and so I

Savor every moment,

Every strand, every

Crumb and drop with complete and utter reverence.

Reverent;

Completely bowed, in worship of our Lover's Sacred Altar.