

Amor & Psyche

That day with you at the house
was like being in an ocean,
becalmed and still, without sound,
except for the passing of those
great dark creatures below, gently twisting
as they slowly surveyed their dominion.

You were not a lover that summer morn
but as a lover might be, near the joyful end,
finally released, naked and singing,
making the bright flowers shiver in the sun.
But there was no comfort in that brightness,
nor in dreams or even in the edge of a shadow.

What was there to be cherished?
Complacencies of the boudoir
overrode past afternoons of lusty passion,
sunlight on tanned skin and too much wine,
with a ripening sweetness that burst
into old dependencies, inescapable,
that left us both gasping for solitude.

By evening's silhouette, against
the isolation of the florid sky
stands our empty house, as the hidden
creatures of the night creep forward,
disregarded, perishable, and free,
filling the landscape with their lonely hunger.