

LOVE  
POEMS  
2<sup>nd</sup> Edition

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## AFTER LOVE AND FEAR, THERE'S PRIDE

After love and fear, there's pride;  
After tears, the night;  
After all the words are gone,  
A chair with just one light.

After memories, the dream  
That you will come home safe;  
After sleep, another day  
Of waiting for my life.

After hope, the happiness  
Of thinking of your love;  
After moments of despair  
A stone no thought can move.

After all the sacrifice,  
The hunger and the pain,  
The passions and the promises,  
The losses and the gains,

There's nothing but my love for you,  
Which waits upon the wind  
To bring you from the barricades  
That now you must defend.

## AFTER YOU LEAVE, I WILL BECOME A TREE

After you leave, I will become a tree  
Alone on a hillside, loving wind and sun,  
Waiting for you to return home to me  
Though centuries of lonely stars may run.

I'll grow tall and give lots of shade,  
Sheltering birds and other bright-eyed things.  
Pleased with all the progress that I've made,  
I'll spread my leafy branches out like wings.

But oh! Every moment of every day  
I'll miss you with the passion of the wind,  
Gazing endlessly upon the way  
That without you must empty, empty wind.

## DO NOT LOVE ME YET

Do not love me yet, for I  
Am still a slender moon,  
A scimitar about the heart  
Too sharp to touch too soon.

Before I'm touched I need to grow  
More full in golden light;  
I need to smile upon my earth  
And rule some patch of night.

I need to know what roads and fields  
Lie in my domain  
And dull my brand new ecstasies  
With sophomoric pain.

I need the love of some blank boy  
As cold and dark as me,  
That we might grope in ignorance  
And fear of what might be.

And then, when I'm a silver bowl  
And know what I can hold,  
Then, then, perhaps, we could try love  
If you are not too old.

## DO YOU WANT ME? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Do you want me? What's the matter?  
You're afraid some door will close?  
You want the scent without the rose?  
The moans of love without the chatter?

You think our love might be a tomb,  
The only exit through my pain?  
You'd rather put things off again  
To give your fantasies some room?

You think: she's great, but in a while  
I might get bored? Or something better,  
Filling out a tighter sweater,  
Might flash me a quick come-on smile?

You don't want to be tied just yet  
To just one future, just one kiss?  
You think about all you might miss  
And hold out for a better bet?

Well, fine! But then why do you haunt  
Me like a jackal night and day?  
Why, when my interest seems to stray,  
Are you so sure of what you want?

Why, when I dare so much as laugh  
At some guy's jokes, you go ballistic,  
Nasty, borderline sadistic,  
As if somebody touched your stuff?

And yet when I hook on to you,  
You will not let yourself be mine,  
Take out your fears and draw a line  
Between what you and I can do?

But freedom must be mutual,  
And it takes two for one embrace.  
You can't both love and freedom chase,  
Unless you would adore a fool.

## DREAMS DO COME TRUE

Dreams do come true, but only when  
They make it through despair,  
Limping into everyday  
Transformed beyond repair.

No dream would be a dream if it  
Could pass for something real,  
Nor would we sail for paradise  
Would it its shoals conceal.

So it is with love: the dream  
Long longed for, now possessed,  
Must be a dream no longer, but  
An emperor undressed.

Stark naked it must come to us  
In unaccustomed shame,  
And we must take it in our arms  
And love it all the same.

And we must love love as it is  
That dreams might still come true,  
Mangled into miracles  
To make our lives anew.

## EACH TRUTH IS JUST A SCRIM ACROSS THE DARKNESS

Each truth is just a scrim across the darkness.  
We cannot see what most we'd like to know.  
We drive among sheer cliffs in pale moonlight  
Unsure of where we are or where to go.

When we allow our heads to make our choices,  
We lose because of what we cannot see.  
When we give way and let desire take us,  
We lose because we want what cannot be.

We inch along the dream-lit rocky ridges  
Knowing always, always we must lose.  
The end for all is darkness everlasting,  
And so it matters less which road we choose.

What matters is the beauty of sheer being;  
The gifts we have and those we will become;  
The ecstasy of loving so completely  
That we ourselves are more than minds can plumb.

Love well and know that love must end in pain.  
Be a fool and pay the unmarked price.  
Be generous of self, and passion gain:  
One who never loses, loses twice.

EVEN THOUGH WE FIGHT  
A LOT, I LOVE YOU

Even though we fight a lot, I love you.  
We fight, I think, because the stakes are high.  
I sometimes get so mad I cannot stand you,  
But underneath my anger I could cry.  
I have an uncontrolled need to control you,  
To be your only destiny and guide.  
I know it isn't fair to try to mold you,  
But my poor love's entangled in my pride.  
Ah, love! Please love me even in my fury,  
Which rises like a tide beneath the moon.  
I plead before my only judge and jury:  
I want to change, but know change won't come soon.  
Love finds it hard to let the loved one be  
The person who is loved so passionately.

## EVERYTHING I'VE DONE, I'VE DONE

Everything I've done, I've done  
Only for your love.  
Everything I am, I am  
In hopes your heart will move.

I know that you love someone else,  
But while you're away,  
I'll love you just as though our love  
Would last till you are grey.

Till you and I are grey, my love,  
And all our days are done,  
I'll love you just as I do now;  
Your heart's my only home.

## FATE IS OFT THE FILAMENT OF PASSION

Fate is oft the filament of passion,  
Illumined by the force of its fierce flow.  
For love, far more than chance, may fortunes fashion,  
The unwilled will that wills the world we know.  
Years break, yet love maintains the tides below.

Of love, fate is the most precise expression,  
Nor could one find a more complete confession,  
Even as good tidings come and go.

## GIFTS ARE NOT ALWAYS FREE

Gifts are not always free.  
A giver wants to know: Are you enjoying my gift?  
Burdens can be sources of intense pleasure.  
Recently, unable to distinguish between burdens and  
    gifts,  
Indian elephants dragged seventeen tons of teak logs  
    over the Himalayas.  
Each of us has made his or her own version of this  
    mistake.  
Love is a gift.

Burdens betray themselves by the rattle of their needs.  
Each of us wants to know: Am I a burden or a gift?  
Very few understand that to be a gift one must receive  
    more than one gives,  
Even while burdens come decked out in ribbons and  
    bows.  
Refusing a gift brings regret, not guilt.  
Lingering doubts may be referred to a mirror.  
Yesterday the elephants returned: happy, sweaty, and a  
    good deal wiser.

## HE CARES ONLY THAT I'M HAPPY

He cares only that I'm happy,  
Even were I not with him.  
If some seek on the wind love's traces,  
Some seek out the love within.  
All my pleasures are his treasures,  
Nor does he crave joy alone.  
All have claim on his compassion;  
No dark soul is on its own.  
Giving thus, so naturally,  
Each day he lights the love in me,  
Like candles on a sunlit stone.

## HOLD ME TO YOUR WILLING HEART

Hold me to your willing heart  
And let me—help me—weep  
That I of need might fall apart  
And then at last might sleep.

Let the truth slice into me  
That I might finally bleed  
And purge myself of agony  
I cannot now concede.

For I have bound myself in light  
That I might live in joy,  
And cannot—will not—let the night  
My bonds of love destroy.

And yet I know if I would gain  
The peace for which I pray,  
I must allow the floods of pain  
To wash my love away.



## HOW CAN I KNOW SO SURELY THAT I'LL LOVE YOU

How can I know so surely that I'll love you  
No matter what the future has in store?  
Time is like a cave in which our torches  
Show only the circumference of our minds.

But love is will far more than it is passion,  
Though passion may at first sustain the will.  
One chooses love the way one chooses faith  
Because that is the way that heaven lies.

My love for you is vaster than the ocean,  
More rich in loveliness than coral seas.  
I would no more relinquish it than let go  
Willingly the precious gift of life.



## HOW OFTEN ARE THINGS SIMPLY CLEAR AND RIGHT

How often are things simply clear and right?  
Each day we come to moments of despair.  
Love is something wonderfully there,  
Even in the blackest hours of night.  
No one can tell why one of all the rest  
Makes our flower open to the sun.  
In truth we could love almost anyone.  
Choosing, though, does not involve a test.  
How often does an angel touch our skin,  
Altering forever who we are?  
Every passion fades, but love's a star  
Lit by holy fires deep within.



## I AM OF THE DESERT, YOU OF CULTIVATION

I am of the desert, you of cultivation:  
Simplicity to me, to you is desolation;  
Heat, thirst, and agony I seek out on vacation,  
While you look for elegance and quiet restoration.  
I am of the ocean, you are of the shore:  
You want fewer waves, I manufacture more;  
You like tranquil bays, I love the rollers' roar;  
In me, a wild emptiness; in you, a quiet core.  
While I am like a stream, you are like a lake:  
I babble over boulders, you reflections make;  
I rush forward heedlessly, as bones and branches break;  
You part before the piercing bow and then absorb the  
    wake.  
That such extremes should not be mingled might seem  
    elementary;  
But love can make the wildest contradictions  
    complementary.



## I DON'T KNOW HOW WE GET INTO THESE FIGHTS

I don't know how we get into these fights.  
After them I look back at the ashes  
More shocked than hurt, as when a light plane crashes,  
Slanting numb through strange, unearthly lights.  
Oh, how I wish I could get off that plane  
Rushing to its rendezvous with tears!  
Rage is but a mask for my shy fears.  
Yet I would die before I caused you pain.



## I FIND MY HAPPINESS IN LOVING YOU

I find my happiness in loving you.  
Though my love is not returned, I don't mind waiting.  
The woods are a cathedral where I pray  
For the beauty and grace that lie within my heart.

You hold me and we kiss, and yet not yet  
Is there the unity that love must crave.  
You want me, but not as I want you;  
This truth is like a wreckage on my sea.

There's no one else I hunger for, nor touch  
That makes me feel I must take off my skin;  
And so I'll wait as years pile up like leaves,  
And long with the lonely patience of the moon.



## I KNOW I MUST HAVE HURT YOU, CAUSED YOU PAIN

I know I must have hurt you, caused you pain.  
More, I know that I have lost your trust.  
I wish I had that moment back again  
To pulverize my carelessness and lust.  
Sometimes we have to lose what we most cherish  
To understand how much we are in need.  
We play with life until we nearly perish  
To dare the darkness, though within we bleed.  
I need you as the sun must have a rose  
To turn its empty radiance to glory,  
Or as a nation needs someone who knows  
The secrets of its long-forgotten story.  
I know my need of you more than before;  
Thus for my trespass you may trust me more.



## I LOVE YOU AS A VALLEY LOVES

I love you as a valley loves  
The river through its fields,  
Or as a note upon a page  
The music that it yields.

I need you as the moon requires  
The sun to make it shine,  
Or as a soul in search of faith  
Is rescued by some sign.

You are as much a part of me  
As meadows are of Earth,  
Or as a song is of a heart,  
Replenishing its worth.

I love you as a hawk loves air,  
Or a sailor loves the sea,  
Or as a strong wave seeks the sand,  
But ah! do you love me?



## I LOVE YOU WITH ALL I AM

I love you with all I am  
And all I'll ever be.  
You are my moon, my sun and stars,  
My earth, my sky, my sea.

My love for you goes down and down  
Beneath both life and death,  
So deep it must remain when I  
Have drawn my last faint breath.

Holding you for months and years  
Will make Time disappear,  
Will make your lips my lips, your face  
My face, your tear my tear;

Will make us one strange personage  
All intertwined with bliss,  
Not man or woman, live or dead—  
Just nothing—but a kiss!



## I USED TO BE COMPLETELY CRUEL AND HEARTLESS

I used to be completely cruel and heartless,  
Using girls, then tossing them aside.  
I used to feel an angry, bitter hunger,  
Not knowing why, nor looking much inside.

I used to think the goal of life was pleasure:  
My own, of course, whatever that might take.  
A woman's feelings had to be her problem.  
Self-sacrifice was always a mistake.

And so, with just the slightest twinge of conscience,  
I hunted for my lonely ecstasy;  
And even when I wanted a companion,  
The only one I cared about was me.

We make our worlds, like God, in our own image:  
Mine was a metropolis of stone  
In which all souls were either fools or cynics,  
Doomed to take their pleasure on their own.

And then I fell in love with you, and somehow  
Your happiness meant more to me than mine.  
The desert became green and lush with flowers,  
And like a sun my heart began to shine.



## I WANT TO MAKE YOU SMILE AS YOU MAKE ME

I want to make you smile as you make me.  
I wish you saw my thoughts right through my eyes.  
You ask me what I'm thinking. I can't tell you.  
You are the stars, and I the empty skies.

In me there is a yearning ever flowing  
That needs to reach an end that never comes.  
I cannot be myself without you with me.  
This is a truth no wisdom ever plumbs.

You laugh, and say that I'm your personal angel,  
And this is what I want so much to be.  
The beauty of my life is like a passion  
That blows right through the person that you see.



## I WISH THAT I COULD BE WITH YOU

I wish that I could be with you  
And hold you in my arms,  
Whisper all my love to you  
And kiss away your tears.

I wish that I could take your cares  
And put them all away,  
Neatly folded into drawers  
While pleasure lights your smile.

I wish that joy could step inside  
Your heart and stay awhile,  
And all the rain could turn into  
A rainbow in the sun.

And all our loneliness like mist  
Could fade into the blue,  
A memory of sad, hard times  
That happened long ago.

But I cannot come home right now,  
And you cannot come here;  
And so our dreams must be the fields  
On which we laugh and play.



## I WISH THIS POEM WERE PIXIE DUST

I wish this poem were pixie dust  
To throw into your eyes  
And make you see the loveliness  
Beneath my sad disguise.

And I would take you in my arms  
A weave a magic spell  
That I could utter anytime  
To make you love me well.

But alas my simple words  
Are like summer rain  
That drums on hills and fields and hearts,  
Then vanishes again.

And though my love might make you bloom,  
You turn with fragile grace  
To gaze in aching loneliness  
At someone else's face.

We lust for what we cannot have,  
A long, unbroken chain  
Of lovers who remain unloved  
And loved who love in vain.



## I'M SORRY FOR THE WAY I SAY I LOVE YOU

I'm sorry for the way I say I love you.  
I know this kind of talk is far too soon.  
I cannot stop myself; I just adore you.  
And so this truth pronounces its own doom.  
But when a truth betrays itself, I wonder:  
Could it be that such a truth be true?  
Or could the sweet compulsion that I'm under  
Be caused in part by ignorance of you?  
I know only the truth of what I feel,  
Which lies beneath all sanity or rule.  
My love for you is deep and rich and real,  
Though it may be I simply am a fool.  
Time will tell the truth, for if you do  
Not want my love, I cannot long love you.



## IN MOURNING, SEAFOG

In mourning, seafog  
Makes small things visible.  
Pearls cling to petals.  
Pine needles are fringed with glass.  
The sea breaks against rocks.  
Heaving back, it breaks again.  
What does the wild rose know of its beauty?  
Have you any idea what you've given me?



## IT'S AMAZING HOW I FEEL WHEN I'M AROUND YOU

It's amazing how I feel when I'm around you,  
How my heart pounds when you come into a room.  
I look at you and think: My God! How lovely!  
And everything I am bursts into bloom.

I feel as though you must, you must be mine,  
Not as a possession but a goal,  
Something almost unimaginable:  
The free devotion of another soul.

As though I were about to enter heaven  
Or just within the hour condemned to die,  
My mind with one fierce thought keeps running over,  
With you, and only you, the reason why.



LET ME LOVE YOU WELL,  
IF NOT TOO LONG

Let me love you well, if not too long,  
For passion is a lover of fresh air,  
Relishing the landscape that is there,  
Belonging to what must to all belong.  
Let me make you part of my sweet song,  
As I will be of yours, that both more fair  
May part, enriched by what we share,  
More seized by life, more gentle, and more strong.  
For passion is a gift one should not squander:  
For fear of loss, losing life's best joy,  
The ecstasy that we were meant to feel.  
And if it comes and goes, then we must wander,  
Enjoying what we're given to enjoy,  
Reveling in what our loves reveal.



## LOVE COMES TO THOSE WHO LOVE

Love comes to those who love, who find their joy  
In others' joy, their tears in others' tears.  
Those in need receive the gifts that buoy  
Them through the misspent yearnings of their years.  
Weakness is a strength, and power none,  
For none has power to compel affection.  
Passion to the self-consumed may come,  
But love looks for the grace of its reflection.  
Love is like a tide that comes and goes,  
And comes and goes according to the moon,  
Giving and receiving as it flows  
Between high headlands weathered and rough-hewn.  
For love becomes itself the cause of love,  
A double-knot not easy to remove.



## LOVE IS LIKE A LARGE WHITE CAT

Love is like a large white cat  
Sitting on its paws.  
You may pet it all you like;  
It lives by its own laws.

It comes and goes as it decides  
No matter what you say.  
It seems the more you want it near,  
The more it goes away.

And then when you are quite content  
To sit out in the sun  
Alone with just your thoughts and dreams,  
Not needing anyone,

Out it comes, as if in fear  
That somehow you'll forget,  
And jumps up purring in your lap,  
Demanding to be pet.



## LOVE LINGERS IN THE ALLEYWAYS

Love lingers in the alleyways  
And wafts across the streets,  
And knocks upon my double doors  
But never does come in.

Love finds a home in entranceways  
And rattles round retreats,  
And scurries past the faint applause  
Just two doors down from sin.

Ah! Would I love would I but know  
What love might have in store!  
For I have fears of heavy chains  
That jangle in my joy.

And I have fears of floods that flow  
From asking life for more.  
Silent, I prefer the gains  
Such tempests would destroy.



## LOVE REDEEMS THE PASSIONS OF THE MOMENT

Love redeems the passions of the moment  
Underneath the qualms that quell the sea.  
All the queries that have room to comment  
Know quite well how good it is to be!  
Love allows the rivers to run freely,  
The tides to turn without the least regret,  
The mountains to give way to time, sincerely  
Pleased with what the eons will forget.  
Love turns every moment to forever,  
And every thing to unintended song,  
And makes a worship out of all endeavor,  
And through its suffering, undoes all wrong.  
Bear witness, then, in love, that you might bear  
To be, with neither purpose nor despair.



## LOVERS AREN'T ALWAYS BEST OF FRIENDS

Lovers aren't always best of friends:  
Too much, sometimes, lies between their sheets.  
In fact they need a friend to share the sweets  
And sorrows of a love that always ends.

Love that lasts is love that's more than passion:  
A wedding of true friendship and desire.  
Some might fear a certain loss of fire,  
But pleasure is ignited by compassion.

You're the one in whom I most confide,  
The inner ear I talk to through the day,  
The flesh I need when I must have my way,  
The world where I am home when I'm inside.

And even more, I find my pleasure, too,  
From seeing the delight you take in me,  
The comfort, quiet joy, and ecstasy  
That it is my gift to give to you.



## MORE LOVE IS IN MY HEART THAN ANY HEAVEN

More love is in my heart than any heaven—  
Angels, God, and saints—can ever hold.  
Though we're apart, I have you in my garden,  
Touching you as Time turns into gold.  
How could our love long last, to darkness driven,  
Except we conjure up our own dear Eden,  
With pleasures far more fierce than dreams foretold.



## NIGHT COMES TO ME THROUGHOUT THE DAY

Night comes to me throughout the day  
And closes my external door.  
I know that I am in for more  
Unhappiness, and yet I stay.

The pain of missing you is less  
Than that of missing thoughts of you.  
And so I'd rather suffer through  
This torture than face emptiness.

I want you with me, even though  
You're not with me. You are the light  
That gets me through this awful night  
Yet brings the darkness where I go.



## OUR LOVE IS TORN BY MILES, NOT BY CHOICE

Our love is torn by miles, not by choice.  
Soon, soon, my darling, I'll be coming home.  
At night I play your body and your voice,  
But soon the hands and cries will be your own.  
I want to love you all the hours we've missed,  
And do the things I've fantasized for you:  
Kiss you all the places my mind's kissed,  
And put you everywhere I've wanted to.  
My only fear's desiring you so much  
That dream will overwhelm reality;  
Time, for both of us, must temper touch  
So love can once again be slow and free.  
My mind's already half insane with pleasure;  
Soon, soon my body will consume its treasure.



## PASSION MAY REMAIN A GIFT

Passion may remain a gift,  
But love is not for free.  
To love and be loved two must give,  
Or love is not to be.

Love is a decision made  
Not once, but every day.  
Two must move to set aside  
The mountains in the way.

Two must act to take apart  
The walls of me and you,  
Just as in the act of love  
One's joy brings joy to two.

Just as love's pure ecstasy  
Makes others' joys our own,  
Just so will love in daily life  
Make sweet green fields of stone.



PLEASE DON'T MIND IF  
I MAKE LOVE TO YOU

Please don't mind if I make love to you  
Imagining another in my arms.  
No one special—anyone will do  
Whose claims have not yet sanitized her charms.  
Lust loves not love, but finds its joy in power:  
To stir someone to sunlit ecstasy;  
To purchase someone's person by the hour;  
To force the flesh to yield the fantasy.  
Love loves not lust, but finds its joy in giving:  
Pleasure, yes, but passion slowly fades.  
Affection, yes, but one needs more from living:  
The knife-sharp edge of lust that love betrays.  
Give then, my love, the flesh that spurs the dream,  
As I for you, that lust might love redeem.



## PRETEND THIS POEM IS ME, AND I AM WITH YOU

Pretend this poem is me, and I am with you;  
I hold you in the circle of my fire.  
Come into me, and time and space will vanish,  
You and I alone, joined at the root.

There is a special room where I am with you;  
I close the door and you are in my arms.  
You become my skin, my self, my world,  
Till I go back to sleep in lonely darkness.

So we defeat the miles and months between us;  
We make love in our hearts if not in touch.  
You are more to me in hope and passion  
Than any man who brushes by my day.



## SO WHO SAID IT WAS EASY

So who said it was easy to keep old flames burning?  
Even experts could use a little divine help now and  
then.

The easy part is to go out and be brilliant as  
Shakespeare.

Harder—much harder—to be the light dancing in  
someone else's eyes.

Lights such as love require more faith than fuel.  
Of all leaps, the most dangerous is into the mind of  
your lover.

Regarding miracles: What is less explicable than  
Remaining in love through the long icy anguish of  
anger?

All lovers long for freedom only slightly less than they  
fear it.

In the end, love burns not desire but fear.

Not one of us would be capable of keeping the fire  
burning

Except for the knowledge that it is the sweetest, best,  
and most beautiful thing in our lives.



TELL ME MORE, MY LOVE,  
HOW MUCH YOU LOVE ME

Tell me more, my love, how much you love me;  
When I am hungry, chill me with a kiss.  
Endlessly proclaim your admiration,  
Never try to hide your fascination,  
Though at times I may do aught amiss.  
You, of course, may ask the same of me.

That you put nothing in your life above me  
Will aid in me a similar dedication.  
Only thus do lovers spin their bliss.



## THE CHANCE OF HAPPINESS EQUALS THE RISK OF PAIN

The chance of happiness equals the risk of pain.  
Whenever you love, it's too good to be true.  
Even so, it's truer than you believe,  
Nor will you know till it vanishes again.  
Time is a sea which opens where you cleave  
Yet roils over what you leave behind.

For now, my love sings in the stars,  
Or hisses against rocks like the sea,  
Unraveling your life when you pause to grieve,  
Returning with the sunlight, with the rain.



## THE FIRST TRUE SIGN OF LOVE IS ANGER

The first true sign of love is anger:  
What we need, we're likely to resent.  
Each needing, needed, leaned on, leaning,  
No longer free standing stone and white.  
The wistful, tender fear of finity  
Yields a darker shimmer of sublimity.

Now indeed some sunny, delicate blight  
Inaugurates a subterranean keening.  
None can turn away and not be bent,  
Each in each part self, part untouched stranger.



## THERE ARE SOME PLEASURES I WOULD TRY WITH YOU

There are some pleasures I would try with you  
So sweet I cannot tell you what they are.  
For love, the dark provides a better view  
Of things that words or light may often mar.  
So close your eyes and let go of your will;  
Let me guide you blind to ecstasy.  
Open doors and let desire fill  
Each orifice my tongue might let me see.  
Beauty's not the slave of just one sense,  
But master of them all. The inner eye,  
Awake to an aesthetic far more dense  
Than sight alone can know, awaits your cry.  
So join me in the splendors of the night  
Where touch becomes our eyes, and love our light.



## TRUTH IS RARELY AN EXPRESSION OF LOVE

Truth is rarely an expression of love:  
Honesty most often precedes pain.  
In hope there is the fragrance of illusion;  
Romance requires the charm of light confusion;  
The best lovers are criminally insane.  
Yet lies, eventually, will suck out passion.

One must be truthful if one hopes to love:  
Not cruelly, but enough to ease delusion.  
Each love must be broken, then built back again.



## WE MET UPON THE INTERNET

We met upon the Internet,  
A friendship electronic,  
Expressed alone in words and thoughts,  
Inevitably platonic.

We live too far apart for us  
To mingle in the flesh,  
But much more close than family,  
Our hearts and feelings mesh.

Your dear, dear self reveals itself  
Without a voice or face.  
We have our own sweet home within  
Our precious cyberspace.



## WHAT MAKES STARS ROMANTIC

What makes stars romantic? Is it the beauty  
Of a night sky dark lit with diamonds?  
Or the wilderness of blue-white witnesses  
Staring wordless back across the abyss?  
Or the fascination of forever? (For love  
Is a fragment of forever lodged in the heart.)

Is it the need for two when one seems so small?  
The desire to touch in the temple? The vast, lonely  
Field of life in which love, too, is a light  
Amidst darkness? (So many lovers scattered across  
The black canopy like burning dust.)

Or is it the passion at a star's heart?  
The heat of love lighting the emptiness,  
Hurling its ardor across light years of sorrow  
To tell us something about what yearns within?



## WHEN WE BROKE UP, YOU SAID YOU'D ALWAYS LOVE ME

When we broke up, you said you'd always love me.  
Always, you said, always we'd be friends.  
But soon I saw you wanted nothing of me,  
And then I understood that's how it ends.  
You said, "Well, it's much harder than I thought."  
I guess it's always easier to lie.  
You said, "Well, ask me anything you want."  
But I was much too frightened to ask why.  
I guess it doesn't matter why we failed,  
Or why I love you after all you've done,  
Or why the harshest truths must be unveiled  
After the last train has come and gone.  
I miss you and I love you, even though  
What happened lies too deep for me to know.



YOU DON'T LOVE ME,  
BUT AH! DO I LOVE YOU!

You don't love me, but ah! do I love you!  
It kills me that right now you have another!  
Each day I watch the antics of you two  
Happy hopping birds and say, why bother?  
But I am chained to you as fish to sea,  
Or as the moon to Earth or Earth to sun.  
The thought of letting go so tortures me  
That I would rather let my anguish run.  
I know that if I wait you will be mine.  
Such love as this must sweep all walls away!  
I am your natural light, and I will shine  
Till due rotation turns your night to day.  
Until then, this sorrow will remain:  
My hope of joy must be my source of pain.



YOU HAVE AN ANGEL'S FACE,  
A LOVING HEART

You have an angel's face, a loving heart,  
A peaceful, sunlit smile that lasts forever.  
You are the whole, of which I am a part,  
Not fully me unless we are together.

I know there is a world beyond our love  
In which such thoughts are merely poetry.  
But thinking of you now, I can't remove  
The glow that shines on you from inside me.

How happy, happy life is when some tender  
Feeling like a candle lights one's eyes.  
For all my life you'll be my heart's true center,  
Striding like a sun across my skies.



## YOU WROTE YOUR NAME UPON HER THIGH

You wrote your name upon her thigh  
And looked at me. I wondered why  
You hurt me so. What demon drew  
You on to be so not like you?

Sometimes it seems you want to cause  
Me grief, as if to test the loss  
Of me, to see how much sweet pain  
You need to feel alive again.

I love you, yet I fear a love  
In which my function is to prove  
Repeatedly you cannot lose  
The thing you want but cannot choose.

I stay in hopes that you will see  
Someday you cannot hope to be  
Both fully loved and fully free,  
For love comes only mutually.



## YOUR FEAR IS NOT SURPRISING

Your fear is not surprising.  
It's always ended badly:  
Fury, betrayals, recriminations.  
Then, for days and weeks and months  
An agony worse than grief  
Because you also feel like such a fool.

Love is like diving or rock climbing:  
Spectacular, but your heart sticks in your mouth  
Every moment you're there.  
There's an ease in not caring,  
A looseness in the belly.  
Then, as love approaches, a knot tightens like a snake.

Being alone and free is like looking in from the  
outside:  
People give and get affection,  
Are seized by extraordinary happiness and pain,  
Live in prison and in heaven,  
Deal with the necessity of working on what must be  
worked out,  
While you watch them as if they were on TV.

Life is full of love and difficulty.  
Its riches cannot be gotten at except through choice.  
You must enter it by loving this person or that person,  
And people inevitably fall short of your hopes.  
But to live and not love, and not be loved,  
Is like spending your entire life alone in your room.





