

You kissed my lips, first so tenderly,  
 kissed them again, burning with love's first thrill,  
 I was aglow, tremulous, unified  
 and so were you  
 You kissed my eyes, how I had longed for this,  
 you kissed my hair, gentle as any child,  
 then you kissed my lips, heartily, passionately  
 & I kissed you.

\*

Love!

Love, this thing the poets write about,  
 This thing that makes the world so round,  
 this glorious, self-sacrificing  
 omnipotent & ever-inspiring feeling.  
 Ah! how has ever they lie?

These words they speak should be driven back into  
 Their breasts

with passionate drills.

This love, this earned plaque,

this fault in those who know not loyalty;  
 this rotten, worm-riddled, rancid state

of trusting your soul, your beautiful soul

in worthy hands that know not what they handle.  
 Illusions! how we wallow in them as children

will in sand

& seek our hearts in lies - a Sayer's ruse.