

X1

I wrote a poem when we loved  
 that captured all the sun  
 and all the bees & all the bees  
 for you & they were one.

I wrote a sonnet sharp with pain  
 when I loved on alone  
 a sonnet to bring back to me  
 that all our dreams had gone.

And then I wrote a dirge of death  
 to say my love had died,  
 & so the sun, the bees, trees,  
 bused due to my lost pride.

And as they did the morning  
 recaptured me again.  
 My pen upon the paper wrote  
 a sonnet sharp with pain.

The Poem

Dusk - & the lingering light was caught  
 in the wood-finger's bud of woe.  
 I sat alone & could upon it long