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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 me to my last pride.

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

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The Poem

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