having taken a sounding

the morning’s slow boom of your heart

thrills like distant artillery across the plain

of our bed. After the years of old love, Love;

the love shunting - wagons coupling, contrast

those dull clanks with how soundly we burn now.

In our embers’ flare I see and hear hearts everywhere:

under my hands the rough sliced crunch of lettuce,

the puck of playing cards, us munching on palmiers,

the bindweed you curse from the garden and

I can’t forget the silent lake’s reflection that blew

my heart wide open like wedding bells

sounding us to flame again. And listen,

listen, with my rough hands,

to this slow boom of your heart.

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