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How True Love Lies

after John Donne, done after

At first sight,

                        through Invention;

on speaking,

                     soft Impression;

at a touch,

                  Anticipation;

only lying,

                  Consummation.

\*

Should you love back months or more,

I may mutter

                      I Love You,

I Have Never Loved Before,

                                              or

that

*This* Love Is True.

\*

With so many lying stages,

“true love” (it would seem) must be

an oxymoron for the ages,

you,

        my love,

                       and me.

\*

Like the parables of Zen,

though,

             some truth may lie in it.

Let us lie together, then,

ohh,

         at least another minute.

in particular, after "The Paradox" by John Donne,  
 which starts, "No lover saith..."