

The strangeness of distance,
A menial day laborer,
Slowly pulling apart strands
Of thread, laying them aside
For others to pick up and twist
Together, "I knew you once,
In that moment, and all others
Bent to the knowledge of you."

Nearness trains our eyes to see
Through the lenses of another,
To caress the air with their tongue,
To seek youth in their pleasure,
And survive though it may in
Gesture, moments carry on.
Renewal strains: a burdock wasting
Time on oiled leather, we only have
Again what visits today, even memory
May only understand tomorrow.

The fruitfulness of time awoke inside
Of lovers separated by space,
Obsequious to hope, riddled with
Desire whose common good replaces
Promise with presence, revealing
Generosity, echoes of loneliness
Laying with frivolity and joy.