Laudable Pus

They are agreed not to merely
love but fall repeatedly in love
skinning knees and elbows;
fall as from moving cars in love.

And in that scuffed state to set
the skewed bones in plaster smoothed
with a caress; clean reopenable
cuts and call this everything and love.

Spirit away by soothing lips
the ache of minor bruises; so to
touch and heal and so add much
to what is everything and love.

Agreed to shout down much sleeping
snow, shake the avalanche awake that
sweeps them to earth; to lie there
tenderly wounded, fallen again in love.
Balustrade Oenological

Cellardepth
Lord Somnolent Balustrade
slumps among his grape
wholly lacking corkscrew.

To the dank steps upward
which stare him down
Balustrade accusing
addresses himself;

"You could be stone
but you are plywood"
ignoring the linoleum
which echoes.

"We will sell no wine"
quotes he
"before its time"
and cites the source,
Noting with agony the history of glassy explosions
the premature ejaculations
of fine pale champagnes.

He seizes a dusty one
grinning needing no tools
but a fist holding the cork
to a smoking erotic whisper,

Whispering his own lament for
half Dom Perignon's yearly treasure
bursting pooling in the broken glass
of bottles unequal to the wine.

Balustrade slumped now
explosively among his grape
in dangerous ferment; a fear of
bursting and a pale draining away.