

Love Poem

In your heat, my breath surrounds you.
Twelve months the thought of lightning
glided across
your birthday the heat
was heavy as water
low cloud
shivered with light
a waste between us

I should have told you,
then, death was your rival
that darkened my brain
with fears, plans, the thin copper
movements of a worm on the hot stone.

Instead, I listened for the
velvet sounds, moths, door-handles, the rise of a footstep
the comb's hiss over the hair, its parting
tightened by summer my eyes carried
all day their pinpoint of blood all day
I was the object in your path
giving no echo

Vincent Buckley