

EPITHALAMIA

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I'd Like to Live With You

Marina Tsvetaeva

Translated by Helen Mort

*I'd like to live with you
in a one-horse town
where it's always dusk
and bells don't stop chiming
and the pubs echo
with old clocks
time drizzling
and sometimes, at sundown, from an attic a flute
and the player in the window
framed by big tulips
and if you didn't love me, I wouldn't care.*

*In the centre of our room – a huge tiled oven
each tile branded with an image
– rose – heart – ship –
and in the single window
snow three times.*

You would lie – I love you

like this: idle, indifferent, carefree.

*Now and then, the fizz
of a struck match,*

*the roll-up glowing down
to a tremble of ash
suspended
and you too lazy to even flick it
and everything always
on fire.*

Wish for a Young Wife

Theodore Roethke

*My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.*

It's about You: On the Beach

June Jordan

*You have
two hands absolutely lean and clean
to let go the gold
the silver flat or plain rock
said
but hold the purple pieces
atom articles
that glorify a color
yours is orange
oranges are like you love
a promising
a calm skin and a juice
inside
a juice
a running from the desert
Lord
see how you run
YOUR BODY IS A LONG BLACK WING
YOUR BODY IS A LONG BLACK WING*

Walt Whitman

*This is what you shall do;
Love the earth and sun and the animals,
despise riches,
give alms to every one that asks,
stand up for the stupid and crazy,
devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants,
argue not concerning God,
have patience and indulgence toward the people,
take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to
any man or number of men,
go freely with powerful uneducated persons and with
the young and with the mothers of families,
read these leaves in the open air every season of every
year of your life,
re-examine all you have been told at school or church
or in any book,
dismiss whatever insults your own soul,
and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have
the richest fluency not only in its words but in the
silent lines of its lips and face and between the lashes
of your eyes and in every motion and joint of your
body.*

Celebration

Denise Levertov

*Brilliant, this day – a young virtuoso of a day.
Morning shadow cut by sharpest scissors,
deft hands. And every prodigy of green –
whether it's ferns or lichens or needles
or impatient points of buds on spindly bushes –
greener than ever before. And the way the conifers
hold new cones to the light for the blessing,
a festive right, and sing the oceanic chant the wind
transcribes for them!*

*A day that shines in the cold
like a first-prize brass band swinging along
the street of a coal-dusty village, wholly at odds
with the claims of reasonable gloom.*

[It's no use... Mother dear]

Sappho

Translated by Mary Barnard

It's no use

Mother dear, I

can't finish my

weaving

You may

blame Aphrodite

soft as she is

she has almost

killed me with

love for that boy

A Poem for Myself, The Fool

Amiri Baraka

Lover, if anything, be stronger than

mere days. Lover,

if anything, be

strong. If it matters

that strength is

your strength. Be anything, to

love were a vicious thing. Stronger

than you are, heartless

rain on these days. Be

loved, lover, if anything

be stronger

than

Body, Remember

CP Cavafy

*Body, remember, not only how much you were
loved,
not only the beds you lay on,
but also those desires that glowed openly
in eyes that looked at you,
trembled for you in the voices -
only some chance obstacle frustrated them.
Now that it's all finally in the past,
it seems almost as if you gave yourself
to those desires too - how they glowed,
remember, in eyes that looked at you,
remember, body, how they trembled for you in
those voices.*

Red Rose

Forugh Farrokhzad

Translated by Sholeh Wolpe

Red rose.

Red rose.

Red rose.

He took me to the garden of red rose.

*In the dark, hung a red rose on my wild hair then,
made love to me on the petal of a red rose.*

O paralyzed doves,

virgin barren trees, blind windows!

*Look! Beneath my heart,
deep inside my womb*

now grows a rose;

red, red rose.

Rose, red like a flag

-- a revolution.

A child.

A child.

Eros at the Temple Stream

Denise Levertov

*The river in its abundance
many-voiced
all about us as we stood
on a warm rock to wash*

*slowly
smoothing in long
 sliding strokes
our soapy hands along each other's
slippery cool bodies*

*Quiet and slow in the midst of
the quick of the
sounding river*

*our hands were
flames
stealing upon quickened flesh until*

*no part of us but was
sleek and
on fire*

Companion Poetica

Liam October O'Brien

*Set you down first:
acres of frost
then: acres of thaw*

*Then: both of us
live under law.*

*You came up in a green land
shoulders high
over the sea.*

*I had some green men
to crow over me.*

*We will set it down
And make bread
and pay the rent:*

*neither one of us
will be president.*

Love Comes Quietly

Robert Creeley

*Love comes quietly,
finally, drops
about me, on me,
in the old ways.*

*What did I know
thinking myself
able to go
alone all the way.*

Redbird Love

Joy Harjo

*We watched her grow up.
She was the urgent chirper,
Fledgling flier.
And when spring rolled
Out its green
She'd grown
Into the most noticeable
Bird-girl.
Long-legged and just
The right amount of blush
Tipping her wings, crest
And tail, and
She knew it
In the bird parade.
We watched her strut.
She owned her stuff.
The males perked their armor, greased their
wings,
And flew sky-loop missions
To show off*

*For her.
In the end
There was only one.
Isn't that how it is for all of us?
There's that one you circle back to — for home.
This morning
The young couple scavenges seeds
On the patio.
She is thickening with eggs.
Their minds are busy with sticks the perfect size,
tufts of fluff
Like dandelion, and other pieces of soft.
He steps aside for her, so she can eat.
Then we watch him fill his beak
Walk tenderly to her and kiss her with seed.
The sacred world lifts up its head
To notice —
We are double-, triple-blessed.*

To Love
Eileen Myles

*Do you
only
go to new
places
is it true
did the
planet
just get
born*

*you in your
little legs
and I
am in my
tree
am love
the baby
crying is
the bouncing
plane
the strange
wind*

*that killed
Bob*

*all of it
is true
and I in
my rot
am having
the
time
of my
life.*

Battery

Anne Waldman

*A trio of instruments you love the notes
indissectible & extending small rockets of delight
force to love, be loved, love accelerating
love momentum, the love to travel
we will never agree the world contains
so much phenomena we'll put on glasses
abstract it give it structure make a frame
inversely proportional to the square of
two distances apart
make us a family of celestial bodies that we
be one we ellipse about a warming sun
love that sun
dual nature of electrons heal us o heal us
I would come back not hide be in motion
I would attach myself to home again
I would be sister mother lover brother
I would be father I would be infant animal awesome
I would suffer & become extinct again
I would relight the earth with love
I would be still I would be silent & quake
I would be afraid but not for love for
the many manifestations glowing faces*

*Love the notes as they pour like water
love the water under your feet & when
you look look with eyes of love
all the layers, the ground under
your feet & under the ground
the imagined creatures
& above your feet the grasses the
watercress so fine to eat &
see the roots & bottom of pleasure
of moss look into pleasure the color
disappearing or changing the light
love the light & see the sky the scaffolds the planets
the length the width the distance
the congruity the parallels the fracture
love the body keep it elastic
keep it dancing rallying on its own
keep it safe from harm from red tape
& to those next to you be kind be quiet
be exalted be a charm a fusion be a battery
be insistent be an empire be a symphony
& in a moment's gentle passing
& in a moment's violent passing completely
be her be him be them, see the face beneath
the face & see with eyes of love, gaze straight
into eyes of love with eyes of love*

A Gift

Amy Lowell

*See! I give myself to you, Beloved!
My words are little jars
For you to take and put upon a shelf.
Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,
And they have many pleasant colours and lustres
To recommend them.
Also the scent of them fills the room
With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.*

*When I shall have given you the last one,
You shall have the whole of me,
But I shall be dead.*

Evening Song

Willa Cather

*Dear love, what thing of all the things that be
Is ever worth one thought from you or me,
Save only Love,
Save only Love?
The days so short, the nights so quick to flee,
The world so wide, so deep and dark the sea,
So dark the sea;
So far the suns and every listless star,
Beyond their light—Ah! dear, who knows how far,
Who knows how far?
One thing of all dim things I know is true,
The heart within me knows, and tells it you,
And tells it you.
So blind is life, so long at last is sleep,
And none but Love to bid us laugh or weep,
And none but Love,
And none but Love.*

His Presence

HD

*I foreswore red wine
and the white;
I was whole,
I foreswore lover and love;
all delight
must come,
I had said,
of the soul;
I had waited impassioned,
alone and alert
in the night:
did he come?*

*I foreswore child and my home;
I said,
I will walk to his most distant wood
for his laurel;
I wandered alone,
I said,
on the height I will find him;
I said,
he will come with the red
first pure light of the sun.*

*I read volume and tome
of old magic,*

*I made sign and cross-sign;
he must answer old magic;
he must know the old symbol:
I swear I will find him,
I will bind
his power in a faggot,
a tree,
a stone,
or a bush or a jar
of well-water,
I went far
to old pilgrim-sites
for that water;*

*I entreated the grove and the spring,
the bay-tree in flower;
I was wise on my way,
they said I was wise,
I was steeped in their lore,
I entreated his love,
I prayed him each hour;
I was sterile
and barren
and songless.*

*I came back:
he opened my door.*

Decade

Amy Lowell

*When you came, you were like red wine and honey,
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its
sweetness.*

*Now you are like morning bread, Smooth and
pleasant.*

*I hardly taste you at all for I know your savour;
But I am completely nourished.*

I Am a Coyote

Bernadette Mayer

*On the go
I'll fool you
Into thinking
You're one too
Who's to say
I can't do it?*

The Travel of Imagination Through Time

John Wieners

*a blue brooch
on the bureau,*

*a white cadillac
in lit yard*

*as flesh falls
before glass*

*in surprise, years pass un-
naturally, in object-*

*ion to calendars.
Time not measure*

*of man, but what he may do,
with himself, in this hour,*

*this minute, this instant-
false divisions of the moon,*

the sun, mathematics.

Who to know

*dark regions eyes see
we measure as ours,*

*on the street, in the city,
in bed, before time's awake*

*in the middle of blackness
when one lies alert*

*after an argument,
he may sense*

*the cautious breath of a friend,
presumably, also up,*

*in the dark of his house,
who alike hears your thoughts,*

*wondering; that is true meeting in eternity.
Not this petty worry*

*about days, months, proximities
to warmth. There are always fires*

on earth, that burn immortally.

To a Husband

Amy Lowell

*Brighter than the fireflies upon the Uji River,
Are your words in the dark,
Beloved.*

Sonku 17

Sonia Sanchez

*What I want
From you can
You give me? What
I give to
You do you
Want?
Hey? Hey?*

Elio Schneeman

*Night gets old
like a tired dancer*

*Lover guide me
into the firmament
of the dawn*

*And protect my shadow
On the darkening lawn.*

Serenade

Djuna Barnes

*Three paces down the shore, low sounds the lute,
The better that my longing you may know;
I'm not asking you to come,
But—can't you go?*

*Three words, "I love you," and the whole is said—
The greatness of it throbs from sun to sun;
I'm not asking you to walk,
But—can't you run?*

*Three paces in the moonlight's glow I stand,
And here within the twilight beats my heart.
I'm not asking you to finish,
But—to start.*

Prayer

Jorie Graham

*Over a dock railing, I watch the minnows, thousands,
swirl
themselves, each a minuscule muscle, but also,
without the
way to create current, making of their unison (turning,
re-*

infolding,

*entering and exiting their own unison in unison)
making of themselves a
visual current, one that cannot freight or sway by
minutest fractions the water's downdrafts and
upswirls, the
dockside cycles of finally-arriving boat-wakes, there
where
they hit deeper resistance, water that seems to burst
into
itself (it has those layers) a real current though mostly
invisible sending into the visible (minnows) arrowing
motion that forces change—
this is freedom. This is the force of faith. Nobody gets
what they want. Never again are you the same. The
longing*

*is to be pure. What you get is to be changed. More and
more by
each glistening minute, through which infinity threads
itself,
also oblivion, of course, the aftershocks of something
at sea. Here, hands full of sand, letting it sift through
in the wind, I look in and say take this, this is
what I have saved, take this, hurry. And if I listen
now? Listen, I was not saying anything. It was only
something I did. I could not choose words. I am free to
go.*

*I cannot of course come back. Not to this. Never.
It is a ghost posed on my lips. Here: never.*

I Love You

Nazim Hikmet

Translated by Süleyman Fatih Akgül

I love you

like dipping bread into salt and eating

Like waking up at night with high fever

and drinking water; with the tap in my mouth

Like unwrapping the heavy box from the postman

with no clue what it is

fluttering, happy, doubtful

I love you

like flying over the sea in a plane for the first time

Like something moves inside me

when it gets dark softly in Istanbul

I love you

Like thanking God that we live.

[I was passionate]

Lalla

Translated by Jane Hirshfield

I was passionate,

filled with longing,

I searched

far and wide.

But the day

that the Truthful One

found me,

I was at home.

From Resignation

Nikki Giovanni

I love you

*because I am afraid of the dark
and can't sleep in the light*

*because I rub my eyes
when I wake up in the morning
and find you there*

*because you with all your magic powers were
determined that*

I should love you

because there was nothing for you but that

I would love you

I love you

*because you made me
want to love you
more than I love my privacy
my freedom my commitments
and responsibilities*

I love you 'cause I changed my life

to love you

*because you saw me one Friday
afternoon and decided that I would*

love you

I love you I love you I love you

Communication

Nikki Giovanni

*if music is the most universal language
just think of me as one whole note*

*if science has the most perfect language
picture me as MC squared*

*since mathematics can speak to the infinite
imagine me as 1 to the first power*

*what i mean is one day
i'm gonna grab your love
and you'll be
satisfied*

Ant and Bee Poem

Joy Kogawa

*Love, I say, meaning
glue, as in I
glue you to
everything - the
sky, the kitchen
cupboard. I glue you
to this letter that
I seal with moist
tongue and Love,
I say, meaning
food, as in
send me your
round nubby words
to taste, the sweet
chewy texture of
honeycomb wax
and Love, I say,
meaning hunger and
this flung apart
longing and the busy
ants on the cupboard wall
carrying bits of sweet wax
home.*

From Frank

CA Conrad

*after a speech about
other great maiden
voyages Frank smashes
the champagne bottle
against his house*

*he runs
inside to the
2nd floor window as it
pulls away from
the curb*

*“BON VOYAGE!
BON VOYAGE!” the
neighbors yell*

*Frank waving wildly
throwing kisses*

Cable

Jim Dine

*My fingerprints make me lonesome
Your red ears are fixed on my shiny head
I'm going to run right over the ocean
and kiss your ribbons.*

The Sea Hath its Pearls

Heinrich Heine

Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.*

*Great are the sea, and the heaven;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls or stars
Flashes and beams my love.*

*Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea and the heaven
Are melting away with love!*

Wedding

Alice Oswald

*From time to time our love is like a sail
and when the sail begins to alternate
from tack to tack, it's like a swallowtail
and when the swallow flies it's like a coat;
and if the coat is yours, it has a tear
like a wide mouth and when the mouth begins
to draw the wind, it's like a trumpeter
and when the trumpet blows, it blows like millions...
and this, my love, when millions come and go
beyond the need of us, is like a trick;
and when the trick begins, it's like a toe
tip-toeing on a rope, which is like luck;
and when the luck begins, it's like a wedding,
which is like love, which is like everything.*

It's True

Federico Garcia Lorca
Translated by A.S. Kline

*Ay, the pain it costs me
to love you as I love you!*

*For love of you, the air, it hurts,
and my heart,
and my hat, they hurt me.*

*Who would buy it from me,
this ribbon I am holding,
and this sadness of cotton,
white, for making handkerchiefs with?*

*Ay, the pain it costs me
to love you as I love you!*

Mouth

Laura Riding Jackson

*This might be a seal set on me,
The last kiss of whatever made me,
Red and warm and shaped to remember
The first impression of finality.
Here is my open court.
What would feed me,
What would be beloved,
The last breath rushing to leave me,
All must pass the ultimate test of this.
The little words go stumbling over the sill,
And laughter tumbles out
Upon the inaugural somersault of a smile.
Sorrow taps gently here for admission...
To be broken again and ever again,
And to be thus eternized
Through the remorseless thrust of each fresh violation
Of what had been most securely death,
This might be a seal set on me
Just for this.*

Residence in Fruit

Pedro Mir

Translated by Jonathan Cohen

*Will you admit you gave me a home
in the very inside of a fruit?
It happened
at the moment of a shiver.
There I pledged all my blood cells to you
including the weakest,
the last to escape,
the one that never comes back
except in the taste of bitter roots.
If it was in a shiver,
how could it last so long, how
could it be unforgettable
without lasting longer?*

Love Poem

Dorothea Lasky

The rain whistled.

*A taxi brought me to your apartment building
And there I stood.*

*I had dreamed a dream
Of us in a bedroom.
The light shining upon us in white sheets.*

*You were singing me a song of your sailing days
And in the dream
I reached deep in you and pulled out a cardinal
Which in bright red
Flew out the window.*

*Sometimes when we talk
On the phone, I think to myself
That the deep perfect of your soul
Is what draws me to you.
But still what soul is perfect?
All souls are misshapen and off-colored.
Morning comes within a soul*

*And makes it obey another law
In which all souls are snowflakes.*

*Once at a funeral, a man had died
And with the prayers said, his soul flew up in a hurry
Like it had been let out of something awful.
It was strangely colored, that soul.
And it was a funny shape and a funny temperature.
As it blew away, all of us looking felt the cold.*

Late Prayer

Erin Robinsong

May our weapons be effective feminine inventions that like life.

May we blow up like weeds, and be medicinal and everywhere.

May the disturbed ground be our pharmacy. May the exhausted

hang out in the beautiful light. May our souls moisten and reveal us.

May our actions be deft as the inhale after a dream of suffocation.

May the oligarchs get enough to eat in their souls.

May we participate in the intelligence we're in.

May we grow into our name. May political harm

be a stench that awakens. May we not be distracted.

Let our joy repeated be power that spreads.

May our wealth be common. May oligarchs come out of their fortresses and become psychologically well.

May their wealth be returned to the people and places.

May we shift slide rise tilt roll and twist.

May we feel the very large intimacy

And may it assist us.

Take Heart

Andrea Blancas Beltran

*For there is a woman – (Esther Traugot) — who
stitches yellow — blankets for bees — (now deceased)
— to bring them peace — in their eternal sleep —
thorax-wrapped elegy — she is aware of this —
chemical warfare of this — history: each — animal
migrates . her tapestry — resists the patriotic . even —
the most passive absorbers — of news knows what
happened — at Sea World. death — is a
migrant—(un)documented — is there any stranger —
in a world where one woman — can take such care —
of our dead*

There Must Be An Angel

Beatriz Hausner

*Divide me into you so we may rise
above the mirrors a hand encrusted
into the starred heavens for the multitude
of angels beneath and fluttering
as the hand of some other goddess
rouses you through me: there must be
an angel playing with my becoming
yours heart containing us calling out
Venus Verticordia rises vast over you.
Place before the obstacles our devotion
be deep set within you even and with
longing drawing you away elsewhere.
In you there must be an angel to stop
the manifold pain since you must suffer
To deserve joy. You and I will set free
the fluttering of wings to waken the
Day for a multitude of angels invades
your rooms turning them to light as
Your murmured song breaks free
and I'm thrown and overblown with bliss.*

The Seam

Lisa Robertson

*4:16 in the afternoon in the summer of my 52nd year
I'm lying on the bed in the heat wondering about
geometry
and the deafening, uninterrupted volume of desire
bellows, roars mournfully, laments
like a starling that has flown into glass.
These are two things that I want to remember
permanently:
The dog straining diagonally after the hare at dusk
last night
And the glittering disco sky.
I am no longer afraid of being misunderstood when I
state
the old men's febrile gadgetry—
I don't buy it.
What suits me better is to stargaze or to lie in stylish
baths.*

*Now it's time to return to the sex of my thinking.
How long do I get?
A fly moves across the pages of an open book
The pages are quivering*

*I want stimulants, relaxants, hallucinogens
—I'm not good at order.*

*The men who tremble a little bit
while speaking about passivity—
they're all right. I could compare them
to a song:*

*You should live twice in time
were I contingent
upon your heart, your spleen
or embody the spate
then collapse
of love, the living creature.*

*To add gravitas
I am alone, transcribing
If you can never be mine
I'll get some Swinburne.*

Wet Flame

Erin Robinsong

*Jill says the tongue is the visible tip
Of the brain, and if you hold it still
You can't think*

*Thinking is movement is the tongue's
Erudition, glitching
in the wet electric brain*

*Which sounds hazardous
Like listening to the radio
In the bath, yes*

*It's much like this
Being a body
Being a precarious wet immersion*

*Balanced on a rim
Of fascination
At risk of death tuning*

*To the waves
Of others
Alone in the tub*

*A voice in your ears
A song that comes on
Flooding you*

*Til the bath gets
Cold & spirals away
You leave the footprints*

*You go downstairs
You don a new dress
You travel through the earth*

O Small Sad Ecstasy of Love

Anne Carson

*I like being with you all night with closed eyes.
What luck—here you are
coming
along the stars!
I did a road trip
all over my mind and heart
and
there you were
kneeling by the roadside
with your little toolkit
fixing something.*

Give me a world, you have taken the world I was.

Love Poem

Jack Spicer

*For you I would build a whole new universe around
myself.*

*This isn't shit it is poetry. Shit
Enters into it only as an image. The shit the ghosts feasted
on
in the Odyssey. When Odysseus gave them one dry fly
and
made them come up for something important Food.
'For you I would build a whole new universe,' the ghosts
all
cried, starving.*

Any Fool Can Get Into An Ocean

Jack Spicer

*Any fool can get into an ocean
But it takes a Goddess
To get out of one.
What's true of oceans is true, of course,
Of labyrinths and poems. When you start swimming
Through riptide of rhythms and the metaphor's
seaweed
You need to be a good swimmer or a born Goddess
To get back out of them
Look at the sea otters bobbing wildly
Out in the middle of the poem
They look so eager and peaceful playing out there
where the
 water hardly moves
You might get out through all the waves and rocks
Into the middle of the poem to touch them
But when you've tried the blessed water long
Enough to want to start backward
That's when the fun starts
Unless you're a poet or an otter or something
supernatural
You'll drown, dear. You'll drown*

*Any Greek can get you into a labyrinth
But it takes a hero to get out of one
What's true of labyrinths is true of course
Of love and memory. When you start remembering.*

I Loved You Before I Was Born

Li-Young Lee

*I loved you before I was born.
It doesn't make sense, I know.*

*I saw your eyes before I had eyes to see.
And I've lived longing
for your ever look ever since.
That longing entered time as this body.
And the longing grew as this body waxed.
And the longing grows as the body wanes.
The longing will outlive this body.*

*I loved you before I was born.
It doesn't make sense, I know.*

*Long before eternity, I caught a glimpse
of your neck and shoulders, your ankles and toes.
And I've been lonely for you from that instant.
That loneliness appeared on earth as this body.
And my share of time has been nothing
but your name outrunning my ever saying it clearly.
Your face fleeing my ever
kissing it firmly once on the mouth.*

*In longing, I am most myself, rapt,
my lamp mortal, my light
hidden and singing.*

*I give you my blank heart.
Please write on it
what you wish.*

i am sane with the following exceptions

Imani Davis

there's a sun

*-dial where my
head should be.*

*i waste entire years
measuring light. i need to*

know just how much

you love me. i make you

rate my laugh from one

to worthy. i search you-

r eyes for ribbons

each time i gloss

*my lips. know me. i'm a plea-
sure to have in class.*

i'm law: a plastic horizon

sealing my skull

to secure the butch-

ered meat.

Green

Paul Verlaine

Translated by Richard Stokes

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,

And here too is my heart that beats just for you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands

And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew

Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.

Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,

Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head

Still ringing with your recent kisses;

After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,

And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

*[Again and again, even though we know love's
landscape]*

Rainer Maria Rilke

translated from the German by Edward Snow

*Again and again, even though we know love's landscape
and the little churchyard with its lamenting names
and the terrible reticent gorge in which the others
end: again and again the two of us walk out together
under the ancient trees, lay ourselves down again and
again
among the flowers, and look up into the sky.*

It's all I have to bring today

Emily Dickinson

*It's all I have to bring today—
This, and my heart beside—
This, and my heart, and all the fields—
And all the meadows wide—
Be sure you count—should I forget
Some one the sum could tell—
This, and my heart, and all the Bees
Which in the Clover dwell.*

Sonnet 116

William Shakespeare

*Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.*

Song of Acquaintance

Ahmad Shamlou

Translated by Niloufar Talebi

*Who are you that I
so trustingly
confide my name to
hand the keys of my home to
share the bread of my joy with
sit by whose side
at whose knees
and so peacefully
sleep?*

*Who are you that I
so solemnly linger
with in the country
of my dreams?*

Here's Gold

Bernadette Mayer

*silver and clover the clover
where we sat there over
and over again
and again knee
comes sings a few
things comes
rings a
few things
were settling
the stars
were out
the lines
in the street were about
fines what
about lines
single double triple quadruple
(four times)
what about a double four
times how
about a bass a treble
and silver and gold?*

Untitled

Michael Burkand

*I wanted to love those
I wanted to love, often
I did not want those
who loved me: it was

a disagreement with myself
as if myself was myself,
like trees which are so laden
with night they are night trees,

which they are not. Sometimes
the end is a contradiction
of the tale: the end is simply
not the end, the contradiction

of wanting the end and
not wanting it. I want you.
I no longer want. I wanted
to love those I wanted.*

Epithalamium

Carolina Ebeid

*If a tree falls in a forest
& if we make our dining
room chairs out of its freight
& if we were meant to haul
it, haul that behemoth tree
the way one hauls faith,
debt, imagination, a car
from a slushed over ditch
& if the tree is older
than we are, older than our entire
life separately or added together
& if we put the tree back
into the ground in our yard,
a Christmas come in June
& if we were to unspool gold
ribbons through its lower branches
& name these soft remembrancers
& no one, not a single
person is around to hear that*

Of the Dark Doves

Federico Garcia Lorca

Translated by Sarah Arvio

For Claudio Guillén

*In the branches of the laurel tree
I saw two dark doves
One was the sun
and one the moon
Little neighbors I said
where is my grave —
In my tail said the sun
On my throat said the moon
And I who was walking
with the land around my waist
saw two snow eagles
and a naked girl
One was the other
and the girl was none
Little eagles I said
where is my grave —
In my tail said the sun
On my throat said the moon
In the branches of the laurel tree
I saw two naked doves
One was the other
and both were none.*

Haiku By Kobayashi Issa

translated by Zoria P.K.

*The pining cat
is smitten with love madness
most probably*

translated by David G. Lanoue

*at dawn
the homeless cat, too
cries for love*

Walt Whitman

*I am he that aches with amorous love;
Does the earth gravitate? Does not all matter, aching,
attract all
matter?
So the Body of me, to all I meet, or know.*

To Kiss Your Lips Beside the Fence Rails

Unknown

*Put on your beautiful clothes;
the day of happiness has arrived;
comb the tangles from your hair;
put on your most attractive clothes
and your splendid leather;
hang great pendants in the lobes of
your ears; put on
a good belt; string garlands
around your shapely throat;
put shining coils
on your plump upper arms.
Glorious you will be seen,
for none is more beautiful here
in this town, the seat of Dzitbalché.*

*I love you, beautiful lady.
I want you to be seen; in
truth you are very alluring,
I compare you to the smoking star
because they desire you up to the moon
and in the flowers of the fields.
Pure and white are your clothes, maiden.*

*Go give happiness with your laugh,
put goodness in your heart, because today
is the moment of happiness; all people
put their goodness in you.*

Shoulders

Naomi Shihab Nye

*A man crosses the street in rain,
stepping gently, looking two times north and south,
because his son is asleep on his shoulder.*

*No car must splash him.
No car drive too near to his shadow.*

*This man carries the world's most sensitive cargo
but he's not marked.
Nowhere does his jacket say FRAGILE,
HANDLE WITH CARE.*

*His ear fills up with breathing.
He hears the hum of a boy's dream
deep inside him.*

*We're not going to be able
to live in this world
if we're not willing to do what he's doing
with one another.*

*The road will only be wide.
The rain will never stop falling.*

Lorine Niedecker

*Spring
stood there
all body*

*Head
blown off
(war)*

*showed up
downstream*

*October
is the head
of spring*

*Birch, sumac
before
the blast*

Sandra Cisneros

*a red flag
woman I am
all copper
chemical
and you an ax
and a bruised
thumb*

*unlikely
pas de deux
but just let
us wax
it's nitro
egypt
snake
museum
zoo*

*we are
connoisseurs
and commandos
we are rowdy
as a drum
not shy like Narcissus
nor pale as a plum*

*then it is I want to hymn
and hallelujah
sing sweet sweet jubilee
you my religion
and I a wicked nun*

Endings

Sandra Lim

The story has two endings.

It has one ending

and then another.

Do you hear me?

I do not have the heart

to edit the other out.

Several Tremendous

Richard Siken

*—angel of crowning and angel of breaching, angel of
leavening, angel of grieving; angel of elbow, angel of
bright, angel of terrible, monster of terrible; music and
terrible, a small big music and several terrible thousand
tremendous; blot everything out, the stars, blot everything;
stop saying broken, stop saying broken; angel of broken,
angel of broken, angel of broken, angel of broken; angel
of headlights, angel of soap, angel of telephone, hurry red
telephone; even if my mouth is closed, even if the song
ends; soup, glove, milk, chalk, raise the dead, finish the
thought, cinderblock cinderblock; monster of terrible,
raise your tusks; faucets of terrible, ignite the aqueducts;
the ghost of sleeping, the ghost of thieving, the ghost of
silence, the angel of silence; angel of silence, angel of
silence, angel of silence, angel of silence—*

Imani Elizabeth Jackson

*in one family a single flor of sand usually
secretes very little florid inhabiting of dredged
material bloom family having family a family
bloom simply gathers about with very little
concern excepting for the material free and cool the
floor as far as is known free, composed of arms
 composed of mud with fine sand make for
mud grains of fine threads freely to form the soft
parts of mud i've known*

Love Poem with Peanut Shells

Victoria Chang

*Now I am in the warm oil of your mouth,
comfortably sleeping in your throat. We build
with flagstone, shop for sconces and radiance.
Your large hands bundle and stack wood into walls.
You digest my shape, unlit layer, lung. Light
begins here, where we are one decimal point, where
I stand with a cool blue hat that covers my eyes,
red shoes that drop anchor. Where we sit in bars
with peanut shells with Mikes and Leroy's and Toms.
Where you counsel me on lips and throat. Where
you love the hiss of my atom. Where the ocean is zero
miles from everywhere. Here, madness has no map.
Here, God is abridged. O to be loved this way.
To have lips that bear fruit. To be cancelled.*

Old age, No. 10

*by Didi Jackson
for M.J.*

*My Infinity. The pitch of yellow
on the rump of the warbler.
My palm flattened against yours
when we make love. My feral.
Your smile as wide as the sky.
The other blocks like bricks
that make a life. The grid
that stitches with black thread
all that holds together a day.
My lips that touch the tip
of that thread before it passes
through the eye of the needle.
Where the needle points.
How we follow the needle.
How I brake. How you add
more blue to your smile.
My empty envelope.
My imperfect. My curious.
Your drawer of silk and wool.
The flip of the number*

*eight to its side. The laying
down of infinity. How it is
in and around, under and inside,
everything. Your green.
Your continent. Your swing.
My twist. Our union.*

The Stone's Consciousness

Rosa Chavez

translated by Gabriela Ramirez-Chavez

*The stone's consciousness
speaks from its core
and calls our name,
the stone searches for its hand
while our hand searches for its stone
the stone's core guards our fortune,
our tough destiny
our tender destiny,
I crossed paths with my stone
tossed it away a few times
and it came back in pieces
licked by the sun,
its heart was sweating
when I swallowed it piece by piece
so it wouldn't get lost.*

SITTING THERE LYKE A LADYE

Ariana Reines

*Sitting there lyke a ladye
In a stained glass windo
Pretty cut on me thumb
Color of a rip'ning plum
"Crying" comes all into
My ears & marrying
One coast to the other
Really does take all
Day*

Plum Tree

Claudia D Hernandez

*I devour,
You gnaw*

*I stomp,
You glide*

*I howl,
You whisper*

*I fight,
You embrace*

*I close,
You open*

*I dream,
You exist*

*I tear,
You reconcile*

I war,

You peace

*I denounce,
You silence*

*I never,
You always*

*I inhale,
You exhale*

*I plum,
You tree*

*I,
You*

The Course of Life (Lebenslauf)

Friedrich Hölderlin

Translated by Paul Hoover and Maxine Chernoff

You too wanted more, but love

Forces all of us under.

Pain's necessary curve

Returns us to our beginnings.

Whether up or down, in the holiness of night,

Speechless nature determines all the days to come;

Yet in the labyrinths of death

You can find a straight path.

I know this—not once, like mortal instructors

Did you heavenly, all-knowing gods

Have the foresight to lead me

Along a level path.

Everything's a test, say the gods.

Having found his strength, a man gives thanks

For everything he knows, and, knowing

His freedom, goes where he wants to go.

The Smile

William Blake

There is a Smile of Love

And there is a Smile of Deceit

And there is a Smile of Smiles

In which these two Smiles meet

And there is a Frown of Hate

And there is a Frown of disdain

And there is a Frown of Frowns

Which you strive to forget in vain

For it sticks in the Hearts deep Core

And it sticks in the deep Back bone

And no Smile that ever was smild

But only one Smile alone

That betwixt the Cradle & Grave

It only once Smild can be

But when it once is Smild

Theres an end to all Misery

Joumana Haddad
Translated by Khaled Mattawa

*I will be strewn on your bed
like fingerprints of fire.
I will be implanted in your night
and my day will spill out from your jar.
I will know your rooms by heart, word for word,
your verses line by line.
I will run and run in front of you
I will run and run in front of you
and I will catch the wind's hand and pull it along.*

*My mouth will slide from your forehead to your neck
from your neck to that most significant crux.
I will unload my dreams on your shoulders
and you will let me wander.
Come along.*

*The earth is collapsing on me,
but I will not flee into myself.
Lust wants to taste me,
but I will not guide it to my home.
My dress is devouring me.
I will not expel it alone.*

Come along.

*You barge into my head
and I veil myself with fantasy and chase you.
Come, I won't call out to you again.
Come, cling to me
and don't waste my dizzy madness.
Beware not to let my fragrance linger.
Don't let it remain behind
once I am gone!*

Real Romantic

by Rachelle Toarmino

*You feel like such a bonus
meeting me where I'm at*

*Nothing pleases me like life
in quotes in an obit*

*The impulse toward the lyric
is a private thing
and I'm a real insider*

*The sentence pulled back by its hair
settles into a miraculous
decoy for sense*

*Try telling a romantic
it's not as real as it feels*

*I get hopeful
looking the part*

So what if love is my form

*Love is first of all
and the rest of it all also*

I unnerve for you

*wanting to go all the way
but I haven't*

*Quick question—
What do you want from me*

*Short answer—
You can have it*

Flower

Paul C elan

Translated by Michael Hamburger

The stone.

The stone in the air, which I followed.

Your eye, as blind as the stone.

We were

hands,

we baled the darkness empty, we found

the word that ascended summer:

flower.

Flower - a blind man's word.

Your eye and mine:

they see

to water.

Growth.

Heart wall upon heart wall

adds petals to it.

*One more word like this, and the hammers will swing
over open ground.*

Andr  Breton

from **Freedom of Love**

Translated by Edouard Roditi

*My wife with the belly of an unfolding of the fan of
days*

With the belly of a gigantic claw

My wife with the back of a bird fleeing vertically

With a back of quicksilver

With a back of light

With a nape of rolled stone and wet chalk

*And of the drop of a glass where one has just been
drinking*

[...]

My wife with eyes full of tears

With eyes of purple panoply and of a magnetic needle

My wife with savanna eyes

My wife with eyes of water to be drunk in prison

My wife with eyes of wood always under the axe

*My wife with eyes of water-level of level of air earth
and fire*

Choose Life

André Breton

Translated by Zack Rogow and Bill Zavatsky

*Choose life instead of those prisms with no depth even if their
colors are purer*

*Instead of this hour always hidden instead of these terrible
vehicles of cold flame*

Instead of these overripe stones

Choose this heart with its safety catch

Instead of that murmuring pool

*And that white fabric singing in the air and the earth at the
same time*

*Instead of that marriage blessing joining my forehead to total
vanity's*

Choose life

Choose life with its conspiratorial sheets

Its scars from escapes

Choose life choose that rose window on my tomb

The life of being here nothing but being here

*Where one voice says Are you there where another answers Are
you there*

I'm hardly here at all alas

And even when we might be making fun of what we kill

Choose life

Choose life choose life venerable Childhood

The ribbon coming out of a fakir

Resembles the playground slide of the world

Though the sun is only a shipwreck

Insofar as a woman's body resembles it

You dream contemplating the whole length of its trajectory

*Or only while closing your eyes on the adorable storm named
your hand*

Choose life

Choose life with its waiting rooms

When you know you'll never be shown in

Choose life instead of those health spas

Where you're served by drudges

Choose life unfavorable and long

When the books close again here on less gentle shelves

*And when over there the weather would be better than better it
would be free yes*

Choose life

Choose life as the pit of scorn

With that head beautiful enough

Like the antidote to that perfection it summons and it fears

Life the makeup on God's face

Life like a virgin passport, a little town like Pont-à-Mousson

And since everything's already been said

Choose life instead

The Landscape

Robert Desnos

Translated by Don Patterson

*I dreamt of loving. The dream remains, but love
is no longer those roses and lilacs whose breath
filled the broad woods, where the sail of a flame
lay at the end of each arrow-straight path.*

*I dreamt of loving. The dream remains, but love
is no longer the storm whose white nerve sparked
the castle towers, or left the mind unrhymed,
or flared an instant, just where the road forked.*

*It is the star struck under my heel in the night.
It is the word no book on earth defines.
It is the foam on the wave, the clouds in the sky.*

*As they age, all things grow rigid and bright.
The streets fall nameless, and the knots untie.
Now, with this landscape, I fix; I shine.*

Apple in Water

Mary Ruefle

*I was swimming
with the taste of apple
in my mouth
a shred of appleskin
between my teeth I guess
It doesn't get any better than this
said the water
These are troubled times
said the shred
and the apple, the apple
wasn't really there,
only a lingering taste of it,
as if it were the last apple,
or an earlier one that had lasted,
either way it was silent
and I swam with the silence
in my mouth, listening to
the pretty crimson dot
and the great slipping glimpser,
not knowing if I heard
a night of love
or a love of night,
such was the knowledge gained
during that long languid swim.*

The Owl and the Pussy-cat

Edward Lear

*The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"*

*Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,*

*His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.*

*"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.*

Song ("Love has crept...")

D.H Lawrence

*Love has crept into her sealed heart
As a field bee, black and amber,
Breaks from the winter-cell, to clamber
Up the warm grass where the sunbeams start.*

*Love has crept into her summery eyes,
And a glint of colored sunshine brings
Such as his along the folded wings
Of the bee before he flies.*

*But I with my ruffling, impatient breath
Have loosened the wings of the wild young sprite;
He has opened them out in a reeling flight,
And down her words he hasteneth.*

*Love flies delighted in her voice:
The hum of his glittering, drunken wings
Sets quivering with music the little things
That she says, and her simple words rejoice.*

ee cummings

*Lady, i will touch you with my mind.
Touch you and touch and touch
until you give
me suddenly a smile, shyly obscene*

*(lady i will
touch you with my mind.) Touch
you, that is all,*

*lightly and you utterly will become
with infinite ease*

the poem which i do not write.

The Evening Star

Louise Glück

*Tonight, for the first time in many years,
there appeared to me again
a vision of the earth's splendour:*

*in the evening sky
the first star seemed
to increase in brilliance
as the earth darkened*

*until at last it could grow no darker.
And the light, which was the light of death,
seemed to restore to earth*

*its power to console. There were
no other stars. Only the one
whose name I knew*

*as in my other life I did her
injury: Venus
star of the early evening,*

to you I dedicate

my vision, since on this blank surface

*you have cast enough light
to make my thought
visible again.*

Love After Love

Derek Walcott

*The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.*

From The Tale of Fatumeh

Gunnar Ekelöf

Translated by Björn Thegeby

*No, no different from birds
the souls speak
to each other
No different from souls
the birds speak
Where our ear needs
a multitude of words
of laboriously jointed word
so that what's spoken will arrive
for them a few is enough
only differently eager
differently stressed.*

Leave-Taking

Louise Bogan

*I do not know where either of us can turn
Just at first, waking from the sleep of each other.
I do not know how we can bear
The river struck by the gold plummet of the moon,
Or many trees shaken together in the darkness.
We shall wish not to be alone
And that love were not dispersed and set free—
Though you defeat me,
And I be heavy upon you.*

*But like earth heaped over the heart
Is love grown perfect.
Like a shell over the beat of life
Is love perfect to the last.
So let it be the same
Whether we turn to the dark or to the kiss of another;
Let us know this for leavetaking,
That I may not be heavy upon you,
That you may blind me no more.*

***"From nowhere with love, on the -eenth of
Marchember"***

Joseph Brodsky

Translated by Polina Belkina

*From nowhere with love, on the -eenth of
Marchember;
dear respectful my darling, doesn't matter
even who, for the face, speaking frankly,
is impossible to remember, not yours, and
no-one's best friend, sends his regards being on one
of the five continents, related to cow-boys;
I loved you more than angels and even Himself
and am further from you now than from them both;
late at night, in the sleeping valley, in its very pit,
twisting at night on the blank bed-sheet --
as not mentioned below at least, -- with a throb
I whip up the pillow by moaning "you"
from beyond the seas, its shores connecting
in the dark, with my body your body through
all its features, as a crazy mirror, reflecting.*

The Ark

Heather Christle

*This place is an ark now.
Behave as you would on an ark.
I said these things to the man
as soon as he got home.
The man looked at me
and then he looked at our home.
He said he did not know
how he would behave on an ark.
I asked him to please relax
and as an example I relaxed
by allowing my body to rock
slightly with the waves.
When I opened my eyes
I saw he had followed my lead
but then he had surpassed me.
He was more of a wave than a man now
which I found insulting.
Stop it I said. You are going to sink us.
He kept sloshing. It was vulgar.
He said now you are my fish.*

To Hope

Charlotte Smith

*Oh, Hope! thou soother sweet of human woes!
How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn!
For me wilt thou renew the withered rose,
And clear my painful path of pointed thorn?
Ah come, sweet nymph! in smiles and softness drest,
Like the young hours that lead the tender year
Enchantress come! and charm my cares to rest:
Alas! the flatterer flies, and will not hear!
A prey to fear, anxiety, and pain,
Must I a sad existence still deplore?
Lo! the flowers fade, but all the thorns remain,
'For me the vernal garland blooms no more.'
Come then, 'pale Misery's love!' be thou my cure,
And I will bless thee, who though slow art sure.*

A Hole

Kim Hyesoon

Translated by Dong-Mee Choi

*A hole walked in just as I was wiping off my makeup
I looked at the hole as I sat on the sofa and took off
my stockings
The hole was about one meter and sixty centimeters
wide
I hear the hole makes good steamed rice
And on some days babies pop out from it
However the hole isn't certain whether someone is
spitting into it or not
and even when a black cloud sits leaning against its
thighs for decades
it doesn't care
A fool, like a hell that keeps on walking
I poured leftover seaweed soup into the hole
Really the hole is nothing an idiot but it's deep
When I took out my wisdom tooth a
one-meter-and-sixty-centimeters-wide hole opened up
However the problem is that a hole falls into the hole
endlessly whenever it can
Where's the hole's end?*

*The hole remains a hole even if the water from all the
world's ponds is poured into it
Do people know that the hole puts on makeup?
That it cries when it is hit by lightning?
That a red tongue that detests the hole hides inside the
hole's mouth and kneads an ohohoh sound?
The hole intensifies when it stays in bed too long
In other words the hole becomes deeper and deeper
When I get up in the morning I see a mark on my
pillow
From the tears of the hole*

Lullaby

W.H. Auden

*Lay your sleeping head, my love,
Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
The entirely beautiful.*

*Soul and body have no bounds:
To lovers as they lie upon
Her tolerant enchanted slope
In their ordinary swoon,
Grave the vision Venus sends
Of supernatural sympathy,
Universal love and hope;
While an abstract insight wakes
Among the glaciers and the rocks
The hermit's carnal ecstasy.*

*Certainty, fidelity
On the stroke of midnight pass
Like vibrations of a bell,
And fashionable madmen raise
Their pedantic boring cry:
Every farthing of the cost,
All the dreaded cards foretell,
Shall be paid, but from this night
Not a whisper, not a thought,
Not a kiss nor look be lost.*

*Beauty, midnight, vision dies:
Let the winds of dawn that blow
Softly round your dreaming head
Such a day of welcome show
Eye and knocking heart may bless,
Find the mortal world enough;
Noons of dryness find you fed
By the involuntary powers,
Nights of insult let you pass
Watched by every human love.*

Let Us Be Fireflies

Natalie Wee

*All day we
practice morse code signals
telegraphing ghosts
of intent.*

*Between us
unsayable things
heavy as bone.*

*For any hope of plain
speech we must do away
with skin suit propriety &*

be animals again.

*Undress
pretenses at pride & offer ourselves
to simple
miracles of meaning.*

*Here my heart
honey for your bumble bee
tongue.*

*Here my voice split
thunder dragged forth in rainfall.*

*Here my ankles &
elbows, good snowcaps of the
body,
river for
your spring mouth.*

*We can be
freights of pure feeling,
charting distant plains
without language.*

*We can be alchemists
of tenderness,
teething vowels for vows.
We can be sun-bodied
arrows in flight,
uncomplicat
ed & necessary.*

Undo it

Carl Phillips

*Deep from within the changing colours of a life
that itself keeps changing, I know the leaves prove
nothing – though it
does seem otherwise – about
how helplessness is not a luxury, not a hurt by
now worth all the struggling to take back, but
instead what we each, inevitably, stumble
sometimes into,*

*and sometimes through ... As for
that grove-within-a-grove that desire has, so long,
looked like – falling, proof of nothing, carrion-birds
clouding the slumped boughs of the mountain ash –*

*I can almost see again: we'll drown anyway – why not
in colour? You're no more to me a mystery, than I to
you.*

The Wine of Love

Bysshe Vanolis

*The wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song:
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long:*

*Sits long and ariseth drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine;
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great rich Vine.*

We Love What We Have

Mosab Abu Toha

*We love what we have, no matter how little,
because if we don't, everything will be gone. If we
don't,
we will no longer exist, since there will be nothing
here for us.*

*What's here is something that we are still
building. It's something we cannot yet see,
because we are part
of it.*

*Someday soon, this building will stand on its own,
while we,
we will be the trees that protect it from the fierce
wind, the trees that will give shade
to children sleeping inside or playing on swings.*

Snow

Louis Macneice

*The room was suddenly rich and the great
bay-window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.*

*World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.*

*And the fire flames with a bubbling sound for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes—
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears in the palms of
one's hands—
There is more than glass between the snow and the
huge roses.*

Little Cavities, Foreign Mouth
Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe

My lover
she had fangs.

My first love
my day one
turnedaskewteeth
snakeforktongue

Her father
told her to fix them.

I guess he couldn't handle
a woman with teeth

like mine
she laughed.

They don't know where she got them
— her mother's were impeccable.

Their arrangement suited him.

I swear

I have never loved anything

more

than watching her

throw back her head
(t)rills

of concentrated
adulterated
molassstuck

joy

gliding through her

alveoli.

Love Letter

Nathalie Handal

I'd like to be a shrine, so I can learn from peoples' prayers the story of hearts. I'd like to be a scarf so I can place it over my hair and understand other worlds. I'd like to be the voice of a soprano singer so I can move through all borders and see them vanish with every spell-binding note. I'd like to be light so I illuminate the dark. I'd like to be water to fill bodies so we can gently float together indefinitely. I'd like to be a lemon, to be zest all the time, or an olive tree to shimmer silver on the earth. Most of all, I'd like to be a poem, to reach your heart and stay.

Before You Came

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

*Before you came,
things were as they should be:
the sky was the dead-end of sight,
the road was just a road, wine merely wine.*

*Now everything is like my heart,
a color at the edge of blood:
the grey of your absence, the color of poison, of thorns,
the gold when we meet, the season ablaze,
the yellow of autumn, the red of flowers, of flames,
and the black when you cover the earth
with the coal of dead fires.*

*And the sky, the road, the glass of wine?
The sky is a shirt wet with tears,
the road a vein about to break,
and the glass of wine a mirror in which
the sky, the road, the world keep changing.*

*Don't leave now that you're here—
Stay. So the world may become like itself again:
so the sky may be the sky,
the road a road,
and the glass of wine not a mirror, just a glass of wine.*

Episode of Hands

by Hart Crane

*The unexpected interest made him flush.
Suddenly he seemed to forget the pain,—
Consented,—and held out
one finger from the others.*

*The gash was bleeding, and a shaft of sun
That glittered in and out among the wheels,
Fell lightly, warmly, down into the wound.*

*And as the fingers of the factory owner's son,
That knew a grip for books and tennis
As well as one for iron and leather,—
As his taut, spare fingers wound the gauze
Around the thick bed of the wound,
His own hands seemed to him
Like wings of butterflies
Flickering in sunlight over summer fields.*

*The knots and notches,—many in the wide
Deep hand that lay in his,—seemed beautiful.
They were like the marks of wild ponies' play,—
Bunches of new green breaking a hard turf.*

*And factory sounds and factory thoughts
Were banished from him by that larger, quieter hand
That lay in his with the sun upon it.
And as the bandage knot was tightened
The two men smiled into each other's eyes.*

That Love is all there is
Emily Dickinson

*That Love is all there is,
Is all we know of Love;
It is enough, the freight should be
Proportioned to the groove.*

It Is Here
by Harold Pinter

(for A)

What sound was that?

I turn away, into the shaking room.

What was that sound that came in on the dark?

What is this maze of light it leaves us in?

What is this stance we take,

To turn away and then turn back?

What did we hear?

It was the breath we took when we first met.

Listen. It is here.

The Mower to the Glo-Worms

Andrew Marvell

*Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;*

*Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;*

*Ye glow-worms, whose officious flame
To wand'ring mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;*

*Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displac'd
That I shall never find my home.*

Should You Die First

Annabelle Despard

*Let me at least collect your smells
as specimens: your armpits, woollen
sweater,
fingers yellow from smoke. I'd need
to take an imprint of your foot
and make recordings of your laugh.
These archives I shall carry into exile;
my body a St Helena where ships no
longer dock,
a rock in the ocean, an outpost where the
wind howls
and polar bears beat down the door.*

Mayakovsky
Frank O'Hara

1
My heart's aflutter!
I am standing in the bath tub
crying. Mother, mother
who am I? If he
will just come back once
and kiss me on the face
his coarse hair brush
my temple, it's throbbing!

then I can put on my clothes
I guess, and walk the streets.

2
I love you. I love you,
but I'm turning to my verses
and my heart is closing
like a fist.

Words! be
sick as I am sick, swoon,
roll back your eyes, a pool,

and I'll stare down
at my wounded beauty
which at best is only a talent
for poetry.
Cannot please, cannot charm or win
what a poet!

and the clear water is thick
with bloody blows on its head.
I embrace a cloud,
but when I soared
it rained.

3
That's funny! there's blood on my chest
oh yes, I've been carrying bricks
what a funny place to rupture!
and now it is raining on the ailanthus
as I step out onto the window ledge
the tracks below me are smoky and
glistening with a passion for running
I leap into the leaves, green like the sea

4
Now I am quietly waiting for
the catastrophe of my personality
to seem beautiful again,
and interesting, and modern.

The country is grey and
brown and white in trees,
snows and skies of laughter
always diminishing, less funny
not just darker, not just grey.

It may be the coldest day of
the year, what does he think of
that? I mean, what do I? And if I do,
perhaps I am myself again.