

## *Love of Sea for Sky*

The line of your lips  
is the horizon toward  
which I set my compass,  
a night without limits,  
endless ocean.

This, love, is our  
mirror against mirror,  
a sum of wishes.

And yet I cannot hide  
the sadness of winter wing  
against rising wave, our life together  
not lived but for wandering,  
my listing ship pressed against  
your drifting shade.

Swim then, my love,  
swim into my warm indigo  
of miracles, the beautiful ones  
filled with full loaves  
and sleek fishes.

There, at least,  
we will always have  
our love on a lonely  
shore of empty shells—  
but for echoing—  
tears turned to rain  
and more dying.

There waves churn soft suede silt  
from the bottom of my soul,  
a second tired heaven.  
Always and again—  
against my will—  
I love you.