

And What is Love

That which youth flings
Dazzled,
Careless of its vibrancy
As yet to understand triumph
Or tragedy
Deep respect or lasting affection?

Appetites of early marriage—
Acted out in Subtle's mind
Rehearsed and then rehearsed—
More feasts, more frivolity,
Fascination with soft flesh
Meticulous examinations within
The scope of evocation heated
By obsessive minute discoveries,
Transforming moments wherein
Death or life is not registered—
Where even the *now* is hardly noticed,
Brains attending only feelings
Needing no directed effort in pursuit of
Craftsmanship, dynamic mechanics.

Connected imaginations drive fluency
The search for glistening uncovered
The purity of sustained excellence,
Of needing nothing else.

Nothing else.

—EAGLE AIR
Brookline