

**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