

Love

is spilled table salt / today's seeds & tomorrow's flowers /
an orchid's puckered lips / or viper's gaping mouth / the wet
rose singing in the rain / a slow syllable / reincarnated
as a carnation on my tongue / is not a mask / but the tender face
behind it / the way to & back from here / a succulent peach /
with a pit big enough to choke on / not so much a metaphor /
but, still, the small ax / that builds / our home.