

Art

The word of love,
Alive in flesh.
The ford we cross
To feel afresh
Desires lost,
Reduced to ash
By slow flames
Of past regret.
We didn't want
What we could get.
The least of all
We'd want to let
Some other agent,
Rare and strange,
To bring unfathomable change
To scatter, mix, and re-arrange
Our inner mind. To lay it bare
Before the world, and then to dare
A passing wind to enter where
A fertile soil awaits the seed.
Yet that's exactly what we did.