

Because I Love Thee

"For the beginning is assuredly
the end—since we know nothing, pure
and simple, beyond
our own complexities."
—W. C. W.

we were man and woman in the natural
preserve. temptation slithered between
our lips.

rapture in the
duff's dust and our
knees were dirty.

we absconded with a conifer
cone as a token of our
genesis.

we slid into the backyard
and flung ourselves against
the fountain, water

sloshed over the sides

as we copulated on the cold
soil.

lust was the gushing
that destroyed
our clepsydra.

discernment gone, we
conceived the idea
of timelessness.

an olive floating between
two blues.

we spoke like a mirror
and built this concept
beyond crepuscular rays, domes
ascended through apertures.

it was the illumination we
longed, but the source seemed
limitless. heads clouded, hearts
heavy, we lost connection

and were left in corners
babbling.

no longer a radicle, our
desires for the verdant
were radically opposed.

you grew for physical
alleviation and headed
for the lot due east.

i grew west
and looked for solace
in faith.

time was a hurling
sun and your eyes
were fixed
to the fecundity.

we were two separate
structures, yet you still
sought support
and urged for embrace.

it was no time for love.

questions bombarded barriers
and idleness filled our dwellings.

i fled, but you
remained and tried
to bear
our crumbling world.

it smelled of a struck
match and smolder loomed
like ghosts from a furious
forge.

we were not able
to go back, but you
flailed towards
our time of timber and
tongues.

you forgot we had fallen
as we cut down our
beginning. blood
coagulated, root shriveled.

envious wondering
for punishment.

in panic we dressed
as deities.

we threw our stone to
the dark waters and
did not wait for it
to skip.