

## Set Loose by the Mouth that Sings Like That

Surely you know the feeling

today, & open the door,  
step out to the sunlight in your eyes  
your hair uncombed, everything thick,  
the chair damp from last night's rain  
your feet immediately you,  
half-way back in your body  
as you return from sleep,  
& knowing that  
you'll miss this, afterward.

Love can last whole lifetimes

a season, a drink, or a fight.  
& while it's here, it's savorable.  
Its pressing your fingers  
to the rosemary plant & bringing them  
to your face, inhale — that one gesture —  
your arm extending & returning  
done almost without thought,  
done to remember.  
We lose this, even while it happens.

Open the window. Open the door.

Step out on the sunlight.  
You love the sunlight.  
Squint into it. Surely you  
know the feeling;  
last night's rain, everything thick  
sleepy, uncombed, & knowing  
you will miss this.  
You already miss this.

Springtime with its peepers, rain, mayflies.

Mud. Tulips, pink, & there,  
cut, on the table.

Time so slow  
now its a stone. So quick  
it seems already on its way  
so solid its ice  
so all & total  
that its melting,  
your fingers, wet.  
Listen, you can hear it breathing.

Or is it weeping? Oh, small triumphant question!

Springtime with its quickness & praising.  
Thank you for asking.  
How are you?  
Forsythias bloom,  
fragrant yellow  
lustrous day  
opens, opens.  
The sunlight in your squinting eyes.  
Surely, you know the feeling.