Constancy

Crack the silence of a cotton wind,
Ignite the ashen leaves;
paint with crimson my radiant stomach
flame your emblazoned tongue.
Wet flames on my emblazoned stomach
linger. Lay me down
in that riotous fire,
as leaves like embers fall -
antic, manic. Electric
sound of dancers, beating, gall.
O, lover, lay me down.

Look through the panes
and see the rain
pour and drench that rich cement -
we’ll watch the birth
of daffodils and toads who rend and split
a slick ferment. Will you walk with me,
down that concrete road?
Will you talk with me,
centennial love?