

Love: 1

Often easier spinning straw to gold.

Limiting the body's adventure to a dark room in a brick tower.

Where dreams are a wrestle with dragons.

Every awakening bolts a sticky must of blood & sap.

Hair grows out of proportion in this place.

A riddle to be climbed by the clumsy hands of youth.

You remember the feeling.

Hard rocks as a matter of course.

Love led around by the nose & no amount of distance forever.

Intaglio of two tiny hearts.

One blind lost in a forest of thorns

the other wandering barefoot in sand

living hand-to-mouth the slow unwinding of stars.

Fateful outgrowing no ancient magic can contain

nor undo.

Her golden tresses brushing darkness from his eyes.

Stan Rogal