

## **Love In A Time of Ornithophily**

When the spring wind breathes  
honey-hushed rumour of your blossom,  
I will come back to you.

The gloss of your red-  
rose in dewed light like a cardinal star.  
The shadowy drape of your neck  
rises like a beacon  
of renewal, of landing  
amidst the endure of pastoral flat  
and dateless pacific fist.

The machine of me is everburn.  
And you- sustain me,  
sustain us.

I drink you, gold beaked and beating.  
Gorge my whirl on your generous;  
that sweet velvet nectar - hoping  
that we have more in common than  
only this reunion.

My tongue delves the source and I pray you bottomless.  
That my ache brings you no end.