

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 whir 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.