

THE FIRST THIRTIETH

If loving is “the laughter of two
bodies,” we’ve laughed a lot
and loved it.

But every laugh’s
the first for us as every
breath or day or anniversary’s
the first.

Who was it said
that God despises those
who count?

Why bother over
sums if marriage seems
as briefly long as one full
day and one short night?

Let all the counters count
their way to June eleventh
thirty years ago.

They’ll end
with history, mere history,
since all that counting does
is lock you in the world.

For lovers, one plus one plus
one add up to times
when time’s irrelevant since love
has made them one another’s time,
and that’s the time that keeps.

They feel the sleep of memory
become today as quietly
as all their words and whispers
turn into the air.

Flowers

Speak that language.

And the wind.

And kisses when it makes
no difference where or why...

Over the Atlantic once

I bought an in-flight watch
that told and tells time twice—
this minute and the time it is
in Paris.

Let's call the time

it is right now in Paris
something like the time we tell.

Always differently identical,

it happens orangely in Italy,
olively in Egypt, orchidly
in Monaco, crimsonly in Barcelona,
silverly in London, greenly
in Kilkenny, balsamly near Saranac,
and steady as the sun at home.

Even if it ends, we'll laugh

and say we're still not done
because we're only just beginning
what we always have begun.