

love
by Harry Brown

“It leads as often as not to our undoing.”
—W. C. Williams, “The Sparrow”

gives a field sky horizon
that rise within
where she walks and speaks
though slender she completes
she easy fills his globe
he daily talks with her here
and ravenous for her regard
sometimes briefly in that other sphere
we call life where he would they'd join
he and his pleasantries those hidden petitions
in her presence
but thin ghosts who drift unnoticed
across her iron ken