

Enhance

after the last century yet before the next
Respect

here, where the meaningful seasons exchange

ticklish beneath the full bosomed sun
and the butterfingereed moon
a-ringing

between the blissing and the calling
we are dancing, we are dancing together
clearly in step forever forward

beyond the crystal prism and the etched glass
an invocation
a gem, love, our craft

in the place where legends begin
and the dead myths fall
her kiss is blowsy and vibrant as fuchsia
blushed old as dogrose

BeSpoke

close to the stream bed, ford flooded
free-wheeling through the clear blue cool,
our laughter sandblasting the path anew
so that at each turn we greet or invent
in tandem a spacious glade, a grove,
our whole
horizon
exuberant as tulips

Untitled as yet

match – crocus – kiss
where the meaning deepens we receive
the gift of it
here, between us
something unquenchable fresh
and pervasive as grass, whose morning-
green blade still cleaves the sky anew
to a sharp spreading thundering of sun

Lucy Aphramor 2005