

## PETER HARGITAI

### *Love Poem*

I must be in love with the soft kiss of goodbyes,  
the violet of longing.

Watching your glamorous stride, the slim gloves and chiffon,  
I muse at my own mismatching gauntlets.  
It occurs to me that you have wasted  
fine hands on these. There is something  
peculiar, almost sexual, about your beauty and the beast,  
lips coursing warty skin for secret love.

How you yielded  
like Isadora to her toad pianist, her smooth ivory  
to his bur. You  
are a lover of night crocuses,  
the crayfish that scuttle over sea-flowers.

I will never  
catch you like this, but should you  
need me I can spew forth the limbs  
of many poems to wrap your silversides in nets of gossamer, etc.

But that too is awkward. I follow you and wait for magic  
knowing that I will never turn into a prince.  
I am in love with the inevitable,  
the terrible oxygen,  
the swift, flaming leap of your scarf,  
scented and elusive  
like smooth fins.