



12-15-1994

Amor

Steven Frattali

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Frattali, Steven (1994) "Amor," *Westview*: Vol. 14 : Iss. 2 , Article 18.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol14/iss2/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Amor

by Steven Frattali

Night of the flowering jasmine
And a thousand fireflies,
Each firefly a thought
The night will think just once.

Inconsolable therefore
The ceaseless waters of the spring
In which the chalk moon shines
In shimmering black oil.

The garden and the walk
Are empty now, and only we
Are heard by night's wide open ear.
The night is hushed to listen as we speak.

And everything we do is seen
By deep night's open eye, a single pupil
Velvet and hypnotic black
And wide as the entire sky.



Don't worry. All this just fills
Our solitude more deeply. The night's
Vast eye is our own eyes
Made wider, deeper by desire.

The night's ear our avidity
To hear just our two selves.
They're my desire to hear, to see
Just you, just you, just you.

And your desire likewise,
I hope, for only me.
Even a thousand fireflies
Somehow are yours and mine.

The grass is full of wetness,
And the garden sleeps tonight
Untouched by breeze. I listen
For your silence. Speak it now.

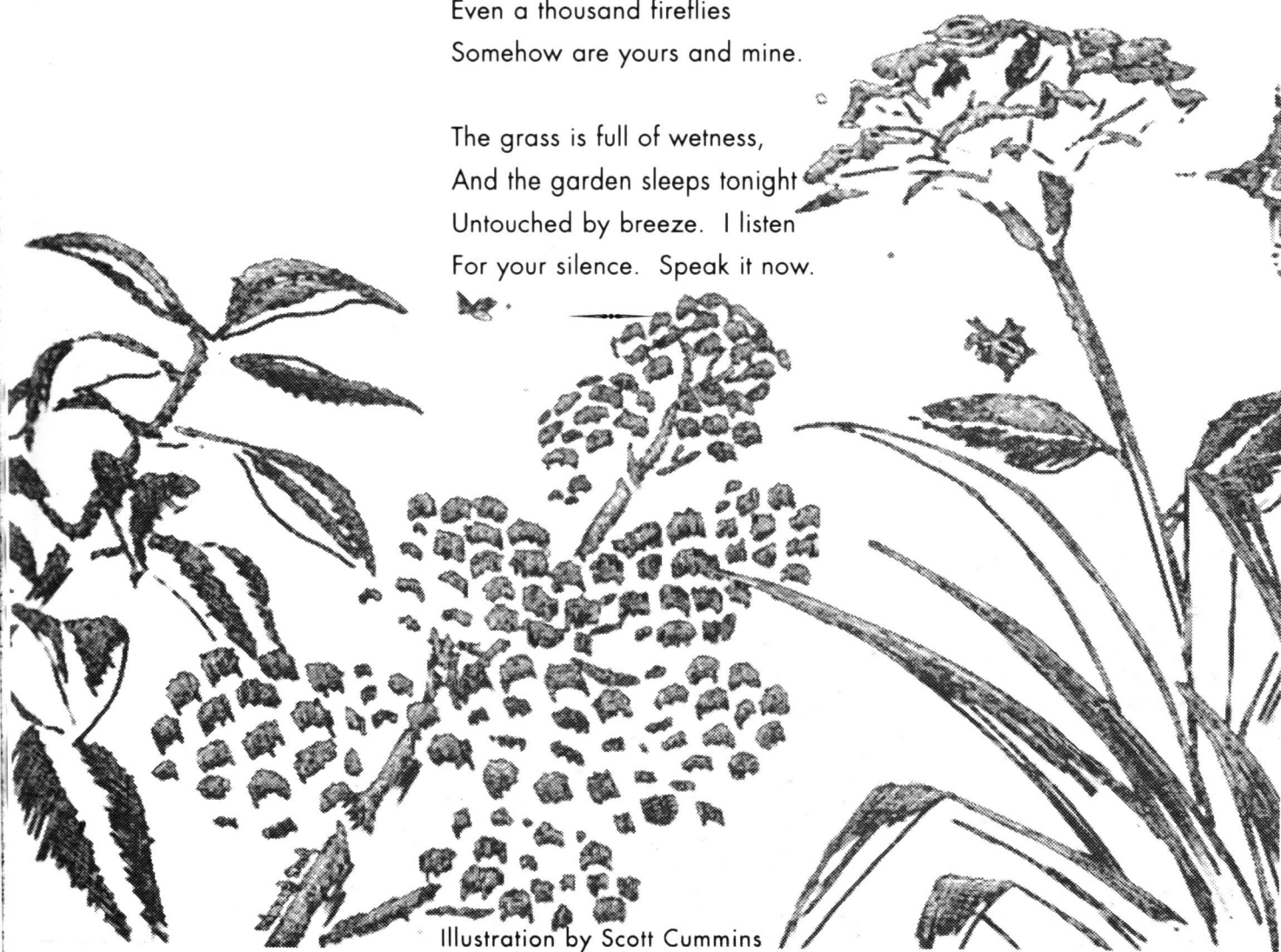


Illustration by Scott Cummins