

1972

Untitled

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O my love
listen
last night I walked
through the trembling town
with a coldly moon
dead at the closing of my hand
and seven flickering stars said nothing,
nothing at all
as I huddled
in the concern of the languid lamplight
hushing myself at the approach
of a singularly contented pigeon
who had stopped to notice a still form
tensed in the comfort of a street corner
turning turning
from the tired shadows
that lean
against the lamp's sordid light
I watched him unfold
and fly across the moon
and it was the juices of swollen apples
sucked down
precisely your remarkable throat
the taste of hands
and the smell of you in my arms
and the shadows becoming their own light
it was us
in the face of the dead moon
eating apples.

David Toole '74