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# Epithalamion

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Epithalamion · *Olga Broumas*

Our mound of earth dug up  
    for a new sidewalk  
is as graceful as the dunes we drive to see  
    The seen  
dwarfs our scale we feel it  
    tugging at our brow

and bow  
    like guests in it yet we  
for bending are allowed to  
    sing  
some blond dune's surface  
    We believe what we see

through the image is the song  
    at its source  
and so assume the world  
    love shares our intelligence  
of heart the natural  
    hug the quick kiss overturned The smug

like their smiles more than what makes them  
    smile  
white cows in November meadows  
    in the galactic ravines  
Venus enters the Bull at birth and again at will  
    A door shuts twice

The twelve rings of the night outposts  
    reefs pockets of great abandon what  
we expected poetry to be  
    as children yield As women  
we are beautiful for remembering  
    how to relax all force

in an unmeasured field

The moment heals

Out past where the shale you think is

going to hold and doesn't

silverfish leap from the water

Tears are worlds not seen