

LOVE: AN EXERCISE OF FREEDOM

(What is the significance of the sun to day...
OR the moon to night — without you?)

A poet HAS a pen. A poet begins to write.
AFTER all, a thought lost is nothing gained —
AS poets think — I think about you, the motif to
CONSERVATION the plains of my MISSOURI. Poets
CREATE their own poets SPEAK the way ARTISTS HAVE
VISION; EXPERIENCE is the best TEACHER the way
THERE is no me without you — love will ALWAYS
make anyone a poet. The structuring of these
lines lay the foundation for us, 2 = builds a
movement — the way poets ARE FREE to create,
I love you where practice makes perfect and
REGULAR EXERCISE conditions a desirable
physique and the good health of expression
shall but push.

How could I not exercise the condition of
me to you?)

Some of us PART. SEPARATE suffering in an
EVER-EXPANDING division. Some of us REMAIN
joined OR RETURN. The Pleasing of day to
night does not shadow OR hide your voice.
It HAS become both luxury AND necessity

both need and want with every breath I must
breathe except in hatred. There is no written
or unwritten rule we shall only love at night
to shadow the site of poetry-in-motion
would be unjust convicting that'd imprison
any time of day provoking thought to page

... if you forget me
like a thought lost is nothing gained why
would I pay the poet to write love poetry
... All About the body of exposure
... I'll never forget
we must set aside old-pain
the way dawn tucks yesterday into history
I'd not shield your magnificent lady-sculpture
from unveiling remarkable prize
... you may never be forgotten

All or part? maybe, both; yeah & nay con-
sidering all or part you allow me to know. con-
sidering all the things we've been through
old-pain must not become new to be renewed
the way tornadoes may reformulate to reap
devastation. everything else means nothing
to rebuilding after natural disasters.
Loving you is the calm after the storm to bid

us peace something ARE possessive like Spring
over blossoms

insecure as day losing light

I possess this insecurity about losing
All we have together

... If you forget me

the way I don't want to be forgot A source
A source of purpose would no longer stand to
endure nature's storms shredding the pages
of poetry

we need each other to write

... maybe you won't forget

the way true love is never forgotten? — Wm. IRVING

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