

At the bowch

The valley's floor is hidden  
in the heat's static mist  
Here, on our high green bed,  
intrusions are absent, and  
love is invulnerable for an  
hour's sweetness.

With only the air between us  
your eyes explore my face,  
What there is to find,  
Perhaps you'll find.

But we are prisoners in  
a stark pattern of other's whims.  
Your hurt is my hurt, and  
my soul yearns to absorb your  
nervous flesh as I touch a  
beloved cheek.

It is all so precious,  
How much there is to lose!  
But Dearest, somewhere  
out there, is understanding .