

*The Meeting*

I had not expected her  
to be attractive . those  
dichotomies are rare—dark  
& laughing, talking lightly

leaning slightly against silences.  
Facing such feminine subtlety I  
hurl myself out in generalities:  
“God is dead.” Afraid

there won't be time to say,  
“Whether god exists or not  
is irrelevant. The miracle's  
that we could conceive of him

in the first place.” Our props  
seem infinite, yet for each  
of us they are all too transient.  
Thus we dredge them up in poems:

sun, moon, stars  
earth, air, water  
clouds—a woman's  
face & love

is also a concrete object ! utterly  
illogical, its form  
embraced by lips without flesh  
virginal to mathematics, kissing

the line, that invisible passion  
of verse beyond extension. A  
face first encountered &  
later retraced in the mind.