

## *Old Loves*

If things are not repeated  
why does the mind  
turn them over like  
smoothed stones made precious  
by possession? She  
spoke of growing old. At  
thirty-five touching lines,  
new to my eyes, criss-crossed  
contours too familiar worn  
in unknown ways—yet  
the flush of sex  
still inflamed sweet, blunted  
features, inwardly twisting  
curvatures on the muted  
bark of eucalyptus.

Nervous, after thirteen years,  
folding her arms so  
frequently or diving the  
evidence into a pocket  
my eyes were drawn  
by her embarrassment  
to the bright  
token of demarcation.

What was this mass of seaweed  
that connected us  
still so thick & vast  
it stretched beyond all  
known horizons hidden  
beneath the bright  
surface of a dancing sea?

Together we had murdered the children.  
Now we were both barren  
like half a generation.

I did not tell her  
that I am now haunted  
by young faces still  
awash with blood &  
the pleasant plumpness of fat.

Yet, still she is thus, a  
lovely stone  
removed from a velvet case  
its story better left untold.