

Orpheus

To see love as a simple thing.

Begins as a bell.

Being alone is important, so be honest.

We tear at our chests.

Rooms in late fall glow,

sun's angling light a fishing pole, going down down down

into water, hitting surface without breath, silent,

lessening light, darkening light, darkening sun,

boundary disappears.

This season, trees rule, wind, rain, hurricane, and the nor'easter cut the biggest bough of our tree,
planted decades ago on our piece of earth in our piece of sidewalk,

so the whole thing came down, now a stump with a sign the landlord put on it:

"Please curb your dog."

There are always things to be done, which helps. Being in love is bare attention,
tree limbs, and the body, and eyes, deep and dark.

Afternoon light comes through the bedroom windows and I can see the brownstones across the
street for the first time in eight years. It's rained a lot, barely snowed, and the winter light is pale.

Time and the heart, warriors.