

OF ALL THE SURPRISES
A LOVE POEM
FOR SEATON



Emily Critchley



* a dusie wee chap

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-/33.-



Of all the surprises
the least expected

anyway between real
fixtures

(which for months now, almost worked out of the system)

when I'd say to myself
(before almost verbally)

there's nothing to build to-
ward & least of all specially

When I least thought it
& had nothing to argue with

(remorselessly,
indiscriminately)

assumed nothing but -
shocked offering as if -

out of azure blindness of -
beyond what happened -

without explanation
Because love

across love
having nothing

but love

here because.

10 or 12 times
I picture you up

& forget how it is
because incongruity

is north of permanence
& the optimum mix

is really something
(frequently distracting).

When I do it is for
getting

Because love
so except

when it least
begets -

I long(ed) for you
more so.

& as luck wld also love
as much as this

after
words.

(Meanwhile language is
astonishing facets

almost comes near
a not-too-extensive

feelings themselves.
It can never be too

Its spatial properties
are many & various

(discontinuous / new)

Suddenly, shockingly
you make me see through

as if all my faults
as if love

splayed
sudden

As if for you -
These speculative fantasies

couple with real physical
when we're together

can barely monitor
Delays our leitmotifs

that pausing incongruous,
are you always the same?

(...We are always partial)
I long excessively

to scratch you again
& pull you close

your cuteness bangs
wow, but for I love

in it where I love
because nothing

but love
because & for you

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