

Love Is

Sunlight twinkles yellow
off the neighbor's tree leaves,
stirred by a sibilant breeze.
All is well.

The sky is empty, empty, empty, and azure.
Do not worry.

The rose window decal
on our east window glows
with what glass and plastic know of love--
crimson, aqua, yellow, and amethyst,
concentric in twelves.
It is all right.

Your eyes shine behind mine,
energizing my thoughts,
giving off a gentle voltage.
Fret not.

You are more than you are.
You are the prism,
the white light,
the rainbow,
and more.

Notice your depth sometime
as you awaken from sleep,
and rest assured
that depth never dies.

Serenity,
a smooth current of calmness,
surrounds.
Permeates.
Is.
Is.
Is.

It is too silly now to say
what love is,
or that I love you.
Words trouble the serenity.
Definitions becloud the sky.

Tremulant leaves
twinkle sunlight.
The sky is empty, pure.
The rose window
glows with color.
Your eyes,
your deep eyes--
enough.