

Love Poem

I will tell you exactly how it is.
I don't need a cornfield
to comment on your bloneness, to tell you
about my cinematically sorry sense of direction,
which you already know, or to confess
that I am aimless, that I float leaf-like,
lazy and nostalgic. I get eggshellish
just thinking of you and I am running
through this poem blindfolded and screaming.
As if I could write it how it really is, as if I'm not
a scrap of amber paling in the bright October
of your hair.
You can wait in line for
saffron, for marigolds, for me to
get it right in one long verse, but I don't need
to metaphorize caramel, which is already burnt
sugar, and I don't need a risqué simile
about your legs,
your freakin' legs, designed by some cruel
yellow egret, hellbent on mocking my weakness.
I like to think I can write a poem whenever I want,
about whatever. I don't need my pervasively strange
love of your hair
to make this thing work.