

I posted a letter yesterday
the stamp I chose
was some kind of flower
I thought would impress her
with my sensitivity
as closing time encroaches
the power of the words
becomes the champion
of my false sincerity

what tragic hours I wasted
believing in
the false magic of possession
as if she would come to trust me
once she tasted
my salty unquestioned prose
I lifted as a lamp
beside the door of charity

instead she held to truth
who showered down
successive imposing meanings
of integrity
where I had planned assault
upon the iron will of her virginity

the ideas fell like swords
on stone walks clanging
falsely in the damp
ancient streets we faced
one last test
where most of us appeared
willing to let it be

I love you, I said to her.
She lifted the horizon:
See, it is a curtain
behind this lies
the chosen place
where simple cowards
may conceive their destinies.