

DEFINITION

Etched between blue leather, promises
once meant but no longer mean *God, egg,*
airplane. Words raveled at the edge like
unhemmed cotton have no intricate heart
but still perhaps are comfortable.

Let a hand place a cap over the four
slow chambers of a heart and you have
the shape of love. Draw *perhaps*
with a delicate brush and the heart becomes
a hunch. Footsteps interrupted by
a lake overflowing sloping shores
are a misdemeanor painted above
sweating chambers. To care is to bar
a heart as if you wove intricate
silk threads between two doors.

Which answers a need for drama,
an urgent moon, a sullen grove of trees.
To feed children sounds the same as *hello*.