

## 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*.