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## Love Poem

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*Love Poem*

My love is like a well-paved street  
When the traffic's thin.  
Her posture is a fresh-picked beet  
Tossed on the vegetable bin.

She walks with all the clarity  
Of a diesel engine's drone.  
Her calves have such alacrity,  
You'd think the cows came home.

A strong claw hammer are her hips.  
Her lips are like good stock.  
Her breasts are like two freighter ships  
Sitting in dry dock.

Her cheeks are cells in a lovely jail  
For genteel, friendly cons.  
Her neck has the flair of a Maine coon's tail.  
Her knees are government bonds.

Her spinal cord is a solo flute,  
Her fingernails Prozac.  
Her manners are an American salute  
To the Union Jack,

Her hands quadratic equations,  
Her mind an anemone,  
Her breath a special occasion  
For relativity.

Her handshake is a capital gain.  
Her eyebrows are two crows.  
Her company is a walk up Main  
When the stores begin to close.

She's an innocent bystander.  
Her arms are false compare,  
The tale of Hero and Leander  
Suspended in thin air.

Her language is the leaky roof  
Above the old town hall.  
Her wit is aged, two-hundred proof  
Pure grain alcohol.

*after Auden*