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# Desire

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Desire · *Elizabeth Price*

When we met we were all desire.  
There was nothing I wouldn't have given up.  
Life was a corollary to love.  
It occurred somewhere in the distance.  
Not like a bell or wind but further even.  
Like a previous life we sense in unexpected moments.  
The roof, the beach, the orchard.  
The canoe aimless on illegal waters.  
In love our purpose is reflected in everything.  
We leave things where we find them.  
We take away only memory.  
And later on, in parting, we grieve for ourselves.  
We grieve and we grieve.  
And before sleep we compose our lover's body.  
We pretend it is something we can never really have.