

from *Landscapes*

On This

Coming at you like a wave its wide scoop full of surfers
the threat of marriage. The wedding band
will encircle you softly as the sea
laps all around an island,
you won't even want to swim to the headland.
All the world and all its work cry to you

this is the thing,
and once you have pegged down a gentleman
who might otherwise billow like a kite
in the endless green
lubbery sky of himself –
once you have got him and he has got you.

Sapphires glancing in the foam.
Suitors surge in on tall ships.
Penelope weaves and unweaves for the one
above all others.
How he flowers in the mind like a wild transparent violet
held to sunlit glass.