

Craig Kurtz

Swoon

No one knows how many
stars are in the sky
but there's only one
that I would marry.
So few are really habitable;
so rare, condign affinity.
Only you are indefectible
to an unconventionality
of ken.

Who could ever count
all the fireflies in the night
when they code for love
and as they mate their lights?
These creatures must convoke
carnal galaxies in trees,
commingling in pairs
a unitary plea; thusly
why not we?

Bright star, would I were
numinous as you are,
a consonant signal would I
through all azure convey.
Steadfast, stern, immutable,
I'd transmit these words
as singular streams of light
through every arbor, every spiral
seen, and unseen, every night.

The Elopement Note

To all you clever people
who don't believe in love:
They're fixing the numbers on the public clock
& they falsified the weather report.
The sky is rigged, the clouds corrupt;
the sun's a slut, the moon takes bribes.
From all this invidiousness
I heartedly efface myself.

To all you hipster intellectuals
who don't believe in fate:
The verities come in vending machines
& destiny is a programming code.
The muses are but brummagem, kismet is cajolery;
free will's wrapped in cellophane, conation is downloadable.
For all this ignominiousness
here's your prize — epic abyss.

To all you supercilious cynics
who don't believe in anything:
Romance is anachronous
& arete is démodé.
Sincerity is a double cross, matedness a despotic plot;
marriage is the in-&-out, loyalty a sucker's bet.
Hip hip hooray for your ironicalness,
& boo-hoo (ha-ha) on my dumb happiness.

— Your most humble servant,
the luna moth stuck to your windshield.

Bouquet of Words

I hear like e.e. cummings
when I'm in your words.
My thoughts trickle down
your neck,
then plash back (astonished)
to your lips
(producing sounds).
My abashed, unfocussed
exposals
(do rather)
achieve such
piquant, plangent
definition
when you aliment
my senses
with your uncanny,
daring
mind.
I feel your thoughts
in my arms
but (so true)
caressing *that* universe
abounding such
pagination (myriads of
alphabets)
might (well, quite)
implore my tremulous,
nonplussed
thesaurus
some inestimable
(no less)
years long.
I imagined
that I heard
every language
ever once invented
(uttered or not)
in your cossetting
(& limitless)
embrace.