

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.