

Another Kind of Love Song

Deep in the rain-wet woods I know
there is a place
some lawn where lovers go
and certain single-hearted men
find a lost voice
in a green glen

whispered through doorways beyond their names
(when we are less
we hear beyond our frames)
opening outward, inwardwise,
from unbounded space
a quiet surprise

before the busy summer's chirping
of jubilant birds
closes the keyhole, warping
where sunlight shoots through fallow leaves
the fugitive crystal words
everyone craves