

Long Distance

By Kurt Grahnke

With all those poets out there
How could love & despair ever be fresh–
How could waves crashing out the west,
Crashing as the sun sets describe you best–
Doesn't everyone know already that that's what love is–
Spinning around hot gas in the evening,
Currents and a vast space with some wind,
Clouds conquering and covering up the clarity of it all.
Are you not all that, my thought of one?

For even the spider who webs between two-by-fours
On the porch makes me connected to you,
Like something cosmic that started from one point & spun outwards.
& the distance between us is like the time in between blueness–
The once orange and purple will be orange and purple again soon
& maybe out by you the sun hasn't even set yet
& when it does it will soon rise by me, soon–
By me and then again for you.