

1992

Untitled (Photograph)

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For My Fiancé

That night beneath the wavering leaves, I felt
Your touch, the gentle breeze, a shelter,

One that moved me, caressed me, and hid the warm mist.
Three hearts, chipped into oak, positioned by the sweltering

Point of a dull blade, were reminiscent of your lips' moistness
When I first saw your words swim. They still tell

The story witnessed by the lightbulb of the night, the blind hoo,
wishing to welcome

Another bond like those carvings. Clouds rushed past our light
Like a hesitant blink. Hands of dark skeletons

Waved goodbye. Nervous shivers halted!
Finally, I clutched your hand in mine. And knelt.

—Charles N. Brown '93



— Keith Chapman '95