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Untitled

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lying
half asleep
the rustling of your clothes
weaves through sleeps half drawn veil
i wait for your breasts
pressed against me
only to realize
you were
leaves scattered by the wind

Bob Smyth '74

LOVER

A slow soothing of separation,
and the rythmn of the spine knows
its dream.

Boundaries of flesh resist the summation
of two waves, but
thwart not the perpetual flow.

Taut expression of the arms bares
the motive of minds,
to transcend.

To crawl in and share her borders,
to be what one loves.

A token effort finds one blessed . . .
in part.

Bow down to the child,
it is a memory of futility and grace.

Eric Odor '74