



## The Garden of Love

Buildings  
beyond the vocational ability of periscopes  
derisive green haunts them,

molded avenues  
emptiness gone wandering

as though in the dominion of sincerity  
a set of eyes.

If he walks with me  
but I never hear a word, is that a meaning?

I long to take it wholly in my hand  
and find a plan for quietude

the tree I saw is lovely, forming a bowl,  
to walk is a version of waking

the messianic foreplay of hours  
spent in lacrimose weather.

If refusal is the glowing thing  
is that the branch?