

Love's Way

In love's crowd, some semblance of desire,
Removes from us, any hint of restraint,
And then does crush, many loves' lofty spire,
We become fools, with seldom complaint.

Most quixotic, our lust does embolden,
Love now forsworn, as passion does mount.
Entwined in repose, our bodies shaken and stirred,
Then uncoiled we come, sex silly and blurred.

Comes subtle this scene—with nothing to say,
Flesh now past urging—this quiet redoubt.
Is sex without love, a crime never punished?
No, love is but human, and never quite chaste.

We live in confusion, our life a chimerical charm,
And if love be illusion, then what is the harm?



photo provided by Shellie Shirk