May

Count Zero

The only bugs seems to be these buxom, busy,
Breeding bees who appear as charmed as we by
The flowers on your dress. The evening breeze wears
A perfume sweet enough to ask in the room and warm
Enough I don't presume it's keeping secrets. It rustles
Each of these tree's fleece, each of these tall boys, green
And obese, with their uncombed hair, humming peace
And making me full within. The sun knows only to be serene,
And hasn't learned to scream holes in the screen which lines
This carriage clean and protects this fresh, moist, skin of May
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May. I know I'll lose you, you're only here one inch out of
Every year, and every time you disappear before I learn how
To work your faucets. I wish I could stop these bland etudes
And savor-blessed with an aptitude for full-figured gratitude
Each second, each stitch on your corset, May.

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