

Two Angles

S. Carey

I spy two lovers
Underneath a portico
They cling in November cold
They never were this bold and sterling
In the fog-lift
The swaying symmetry
Retreat to the falls
Cascading of everything
All to my toes
The beauty of two angles
And then my life untangled
I swear, I swear, I swear
In the cloud-hang
To a grass-blade
To the earth's tomb
My love is real