

Learning Latin

Eyes, blue
breeze, shirt
unbuttoned, fingers,
a face, chest grazing
Sycamore down. Skin
love blood, origins
respired to this
wind-linked proximity.
Pungent rushes, such
a thrust, immemorial,
gleaning death, history
breathed, relearned,
recollected Latin
root rich, e pluribus
Unum, de facto good
human, the Other
World this is.