

Wives & Priests

I recall belief entering veins
sigh quiet, & songs empathy effortless.
I recall thinking love an angel come down
from a painting & what had heart
was the humanness.
Flesh of my flesh, what were the vows,
the glories found in making dinner,
radio on high, or letting hands
find a cheek while giving the door
full view?
'Come, stay' or "Go as you need" ...
Was it fictitious nobility or no ambition
for power? No one loves perfectly.
The dark & the groping.
Nam soon. Doong sa.
There was a light to it all
& we trembled in it like water

Translations:

Nam soon: Lie Down.

Doong sa: Don't be afraid.