

Our Penelope

My girl, she says my eyes are like the sun;
She warms herself each dusk beneath my gaze,
And then among the cliffs and trees she sails,
To hear the silent rhapsody of night.

My girl, she gifts her charms to trembling hands –
Sings all the world to sleep, and spins the stars
In dizzy revolutions. Empires fall
Like beehives to her sweetly parted lips.

My girl, she tried to weave the cosmos once,
To twist the universe between her fingers.
But every time she stretched to touch the sky
The earth would sing and call her back to me.

My girl, you live like life itself, and love
Your own heart's poem. How I love your life.