

D. S. WALDMAN

## A Love Poem

Less the window  
than the day, no longer  
young, slipping

across it. Less  
the silence  
than its being riffled,

suddenly, by  
what, though a treasure,  
I turn from:

goosed together  
and raucous,  
two sparrows

afutter,  
mating by  
the bougainvilleas.

Less the union.  
More, always,  
the ache toward it.

When I think  
of time—that is,

the slow unraveling  
of moments that  
a life, in the end,

amounts to—it is  
lately as a thread, long,  
lengthening, as

from the frayed hem  
of that darkest cloth,  
the past—and I pull.