

Fractured Double Ghazal

I love a woman
whose hands are full of stars.
When passion flares,
I am a bowl of stars.

*I drink deep from her kiss,
a flute of fire.
After long drink,
I owe no debt of fire.*

I seek her all night long
through softest rain.
At dawn, each puddle
is a skull of stars.

*The world offers ample occasion
for pain.
I touch, unharmed, her hair,
a net of fire.*

Our days' exacting work
keeps us apart.
In hard daylight,
there is a lull of stars.

*I cannot turn my gaze
away from her face.
Her hazel eyes are gems,
deep set, of fire.*

Our nights of love
are still but brief heartbeats.
They burn forever bright—
how cruel of stars.

*I try to hold love
in a gentle grip.
I learn you cannot make
a pet of fire.*

In lonely distance
lies chill perfection.
As you know, Clif,

that is the rule of stars.

*Swim, Clif, in the instant's
dark river of flame.*

*Not to love is to feel
a regret of fire.*