

## ON LOVE

But nothing has happened in the first  
half hour. We go on with our quarrel,  
catch up for a time with what is false;  
by accident we drink a bottle, make  
a pact to write things down next time.  
We've been everywhere on threats:  
a knock much louder than a signal;  
kidneys barely willing, ankles good  
and drunk. Should we volunteer for  
the past, slink back out of town, Love?

Your friends hope so; they talk, keep  
watch, but no one's been where we've  
been: twice, slowly, then three times—  
the Chinese might call this a love poem  
making its way slowly up the Great Wall.