

Virgil Suárez

LOVE POEM

My wife lathers up and I drown in the essence
of lavender. Outside the wisteria blooms slowly.

We are at home alone in the afternoon. Light
floods my study. *We are surrounded by poetry,*

I whisper in her ears as she climbs on to me.
Our daily visitor, a mockingbird, flies up against

the window. *What does it want? What does it
need?*

We are two people holding on to dear
life. We are alone in this house in the woods.

Outside the azaleas blush their orange, bone-white,
crimson . . . birds chatter from the gazebo.

We are naked in the light. We have made our
garden. Now we must walk in it, passing through.