

Fallen

Here— I have fallen in love with pastel silhouettes
and a carob tree and the lights across the canal. I have fallen
in love with the gentle gloaming and the scent of mimosas
against tropical skies. With the warm wind inside the thousand
thread count of clouds. I have fallen for fog
around two palm trees
on the beach at dawn and the stones between them
where I place my chair. And I love the quiet
of faraway cruise ships, the intimate shimmer of rose shadows
at dusk. My rituals in milky moonlight.
Still, I don't know what I'm meant to relinquish into the blue
trumpet flowers and climbing asters that languish
above the overgrown roots of banyans. As I conjure a spell
from locked spirals inside the coral, as I honor sweet seeds
in their fullness, I can't understand
for the life of me how I have fallen this long way
south with my useless love . . . But I have
fallen in love again with Rumi's *Beloved*
within, Fromm's *love* as an *Act*
of Will, Socrates'
human *Agape*— and the practice
of keeping my own theories
close with their memories
of limerance and pheromones.