

TWO PINES

Long, long have we loved  
longing drifting, settling like snow  
and we, two pine trees growing  
side-by-side in the quiet dusk.  
When I am without you  
Looking at our empty rooms,  
our bed vast  
without your body,  
my heart is an empty village,  
wind pouring  
through night-eyed windows  
and murmuring in the streets.

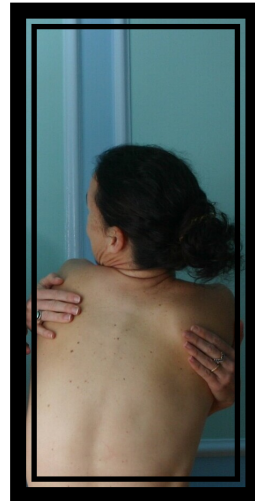
The rustling needles  
on a lone pine  
sound silent  
as forgetting.  
But here, in the falling softness  
still stand two dark trunks  
pooled with love that goes on  
like the settling snow.

CLAY

Your ribs rise like  
baking bread,  
fragrant, hot  
beneath my kneading.  
Cupped  
in the curve of your palms  
my red clay body ripples,  
rounds.  
Searching fingers  
grasp sea-grass tangles--  
hunger laps in waves.  
I lick sweet hypnosis  
from your lips,  
burn  
under your gaze.

Don't take away  
your hands--let me feel longer  
the rhythm crouching in your chest,  
lie longer in the shelter  
of these green-smelling hills.  
Sweet river water  
washing over me, I fall  
and keep falling.

EVERYDAY EROS



Kara Provost

BRUSH

Brush  
my long hair  
down  
Brush  
my long  
hair down  
Brush  
my  
long  
hair  
down  
From brow  
from crown  
from nape  
Down back  
down shoulders  
down rounded hills  
spilling down  
down  
down

everyday eros

The feel of the shaft in hand  
polished as blue stone  
smooth as lake water surface  
on summer waveless days  
rhythm rubs between hot palms  
into the curved bowl  
open, waiting with longing.  
A car rumbles to a stop  
crickets sing their strings--  
will she be discovered wrapped  
in night's velvet breath  
mashing garlic in the dark  
with mortar and pestle,  
hungry for their bodies' music?

Please recycle to a friend.

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or email:  
origamipoems@gmail.com

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Origami Poetry Project

Everyday Eros

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kp85@hampshire.edu