

Arugula and Dill

Our house is situated near the shore.
Like harmony, the misty light flows in
to every room, and floats about the floor.
Its warming touch is soft upon my skin.

The ripe figs' blush lies open on a tray
with tantalizing cheese; you taste and thrill,
then take my hand and lead me as you say
"Come, let's pick arugula and dill."

Arugula and dill, walnut and pear;
I let the sounds dance sprightly on my tongue.
And we dance too, till voices bright and fair
pull us from the sky. We still feel young.

How many parties will we have, who knows?
But when I chose you, Love, how well I chose.