

Woven Hand

"Everything Was Beautiful And Nothing Hurt"

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Everything was beautiful, and nothing hurt.

"As we melt let's make no noise
Oh the profanation of our love
To tell the world our passing joys!
And we, besides, care less to miss
Our eyes and lips and hands."

(but honey, I'm not who you think I am!)

"And so you'll be to me
Who must obliquely run
"thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun"
There's nothing wrong
As I'll be somewhere singing all along."

(no! tell me, where have you gone, my love.)

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