

Michael McGuire "When The World Was Young"

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When the world was young.
She moved like a goddess, nay she was a goddess of
fields and fortunes
yet unmined, I was her unborn lover striving and
straining to fill the
scheme of her being with a need for me, and she was
all wet leaves and
naked flesh; a garden of untraveled distance, longing
for the blank verse
of touch she softly peeled the fruit of the earth.
When the world was young.
The desert was the trapped heat of the motion she
spent forging the
treasures of love, the chaos of creation stilled and
cultivated a pearl into
the palm of her hand, as mountains sunk into the
setting; sea level rose
to the rivers of passage, her myth began to melt into
the lava and fossilize
into the readings of wonder.
When the world was young.
She was the messenger of that clutching desire that
lips still can only
groan to express, she moved the ghost behind my
nubile molecules to
fetch the bride of there making, the unknown depth of
ages gleamed at
the bottom of the sea of her eyes, and the destiny of
every direction
called forth the motion of her clock of seasons.
When the world was young.
And then there she was in garments of sun and rain
waiting for the moon
of my praise, and I just some savage of left over parts
incapable of the
song of her beauty stuttered rhythmic static, but slowly
the pulse over
eons of measures fell into a slow cadence and sense
of melody, and the
birth I burned for found it's mother and delivered her
to her child.

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