

LOVE POEM



Tom French

When, as if to plant some shoot,
You scoop a handful of earth
From the earth itself, and then instead

Of rearranging roots and tamping earth
Around them in their bed, you slip
Your hip into that delved-out space

And settle there and sleep, I know,
When I hold that tidy heap your hip
Displaces in the hollow of my hand,

I want, when all of this is finished,
my clay hand to be resting on your clay
hip, on your skin to be left the impress

my kiss leaves on this small mound of earth,
and me to be trickling through your fingers,
as through my fingers now your hip

clay trickles back into the ground.