

From "Tsunami of Love"

I. Late Winter Lyrics

*They don't let a woman kill you,
Not in the Tower of Song.*

Leonard Cohen

A freshness like no other,
sparkle of love divine,
stepping off that bus,
you standing there,
solid, unflinching,
love oozing from every pore,
as though you'd been waiting for ages,
on that very spot, for me to come home.

I was home,
18 years since we'd last met,
and us never holding hands,
let alone kissing
(well, one time sort of,
that you reminded me of later).

Open-hearth fire, your tears
upon hearing of my suicide attempt,
how close you came to losing me
without our flesh properly touching.

It would be months till I returned,
inspired further by your visit,
to be with you forever.
Forever lasted six years.
Queer sort of love eternity is.

Your visit. Those pictures we made
and you now want destroyed,
as though committing such a crime
could banish all traces
of the wild passions we shared.
"I hope it's warm there," you said,
"there are things I want to do with you."
Have you forgotten all that,
or simply choose not to remember?
If there's a luxury in either,
the benefits escape me.
Enlightenment notwithstanding,
memory has a role to play:
it gives us freedom to dance.

Come now, let us dance;
we never did enough of that.
Our souls cry out for mad dancing.

If only the gods would dare you to!
Sinatra may be cold in his grave,
yet his voice awaits us in the wings.

Excerpt from the title poem of *Tsunami of Love: A Poems Cycle*.

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