

writing poetry is a series of skirmishes with infinity.  
not wanting to be left behind  
the infinite sends the poet secret signals.

afterwards it says  
i want you to know  
although we made love just now  
i was not making love with you.  
i just need a manufactured body  
for a spiritual drama.

when i throw you out in a few minutes  
understand that you were  
only a test of my faith...  
a sentimental interruption.

skirmishes with infinity.  
wf.h.  
2025