there is nothing that is a still life and there is nothing that drifts…
although i notice there are cautious lovers
who never offer up complete availability.
yet some of us…
and there are some of us who have not borrowed
these bodies to live with any sense of doubt
wanting the dance of barn burners
dancing in the fiercest summer night.
there is no etiquette or rule
for those of us who know that emotion
is a full body contact sport scored with blood.

the proposal.
wf.h.
1985