

the law of the love letter

M.T.C. Cronin[†]

Upon unfolding
It is easy to see
That in the mansion
of bitterness
and music
They are distributing
tiny cries
Their throats light the way
like one thousand
evanescences
Their lips are flowers
bending like intimacies
toward certain wet eyes
belonging to us

Reading here
has its own dangers
The wind's script disorderly
and on fire over
the bone-ache of the
frozen river
A voice with words which cry
I cannot speak about you
without the betrayal
of a lover
A voice eating words
as first people die
without sugar in their tea
and then later of starvation

The tree
in its morning position
turns away from the face
of this page
The near heart

[†] M.T.C. Cronin is an author of poetry and prose who has been published throughout the United States, Australia, and Europe.

searches the line
Don't forget Hold me Hold me
for flesh and the soul
But this paper blows wayward
in the flux of love
What does it say
when taken out
on the most hardened
of days?

And what
when you take the mirror
away?
For the preservation
of us both
I read you
over and over
Eyes like eyes
Hands like hands
Hair like hair
My crumbling face
calls my face
And my lungs breathe
like leaves underfoot

It is no metaphor to say
the whole world
is in me
All innocence
All guilt
The letter
and the never-ending flutter
of this emotion
caught in its expression
My dear love
Question me again
and again
I am ready to be judged
by your different heart