

Many moons have passed
but not love

love is the lingering mist
destined to stain the sky
and join the soil

the oldest tree
in the most ancient forest
knew the same love
at its birth
as the love swirling now
in the youngest orchards

love has passed through
endless generations of
peach and plum
onto lip and tongue
down the rung
to be yet again
born and sprung
in the awed heart
of old and young

a sturdy drum
is love

so many hands
have oiled its
equilibrium

go find sorrow
you'll too find love

and of course in joy's
court and song
love is hummed

this world is of two notes composed
one the thorn and one the rose
both grow from the stem of love
both lead blood to run
and hearts to throes

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