

Some Years

It's been some years since I've thought this thought
some years since I've said those words
we hang on, get hung on
push behind a wall of daily connections
wonder where the inception
leads to the feeling leading to the words
that need so many reasons before speaking,
I love you

It's been some years within this void
without reflection,
holes can be filled with many substances
that congeal
leaving different surfaces for the dancing,
just one produces smoothest edge and plane
with clarity from top to depths
in the city and the deserts
love is the waterhole of this life

It's been some years but that time has passed,
the words now ready needing only enunciation -
written form more easily preceding the spoken;
chemicals and personalities in combination are alike
if there is a reaction both are transformed,
from void to transformation
twice in the same frame
I love you
 and you I also love too
each of different substance
leaving different surface,
frozen questions
liquid answers
love is the waterhole