

A young man's advice to himself

For liveliness, slender youth,
to your lady, tell of sun-charged dancers
and spring mist over green valley floors.
Touch-enter to centre!

Talk to her
at full energy and honesty,
save your dreams for her
make love to her
from our phylum's surging depths
 by night sea
 stallions whirl strangely
and run hoof-spumed foaming races
in green tropical oceans
and there are sudden summer storms
that rise along the very old shores,

but a fuller love is in the land,
there days are full
 of ancient Grecian sunshine,
we are the age
 of the gnarl-barked oak.
so, pleasure the lady, man
(such trees grow old so slowly)
tickle her feet and go laughing
into the wild idyllic countryside.

—*Rod Drown*