

Three Poems

Andrew Maxwell

the errant

Already gone always. Already gone
into that twilight that opens
love. Only love opens

that twilight.

That twilight. That only. In silence.
For silence that only will
open. This

mouth without why.

*

Yet receiving without yet. Receiving leaves only.
Ungathering shadows. Ungathering nothing
with nothing. Conceiving.

*

For nothing already loved always.
That nothing already loved always.
Becoming for nothing that nothing.

Becoming already. Loved always.

*

As grace abides only. As only
that silence. That silence abides now
without why. Where

twilight is never. Is never begun.

tryst

Within us you only you whisper.
This wet flesh of rainlight
descending

through duskfall. Your touch comes
as suddenly. Lavishly as if

this moment still
only ungathers.

Enflames now as rainlight. As smokelace. Your thorns
fill our throat and we

swallow. This moment which
opens. Still

opens more naked than ever.

Already effaced now. Already this shimmer of
smokelace. Already this

whisper which evermore
traces the breath of

our excess. Already

our excess.

