

As Simple As Soap

I have tried to balance you
against the weights of the world,
to count you like change
amid the clutter of my pockets,
to fit you within the rows and columns
of the daily crossword,
to read you like a box score
at the bottom of the screen,
to find you in prayers, behind altars,
between bookmarked pages.

But I do not love you within the world.
I love you before it.
There is you. And there is the world.

My love makes God a verb.
You god me. I god you. We god Us.
It is that simple.
Your love remakes me a greater I am.
Ours was my Beginning, is Now and ever shall Be,
and all else tumbles out after.
Amen.

My love drills happy holes through my body,
places for you to slide, caught and wanting.
And if there are holes left behind,
I guard them like holy places
and float lighter than tracing paper
past the Gallery of Masters.

This is ease. This is breath.
This is what dreams come to.
Love as simple as soap.
I wash off all unwanted complications
when your mouth opens
into mine.