

DUOCORN

Phillip A. Ellis

Beloved, come,
the sun is setting—see it reach?
Beloved, come
join me to see the dying sun
lend golden light to tree and leaf;
as it sinks we forget to breathe,
beloved, come

and lay your horns
upon my cheek. Weep not. Be fair
and lay your horns
the while the light remains, is warm
upon our skins. Know that I dreamt
you were here, some dream ago, wept
and lay your horns

against my heart.
You loved me then and loved me still,
against my heart
your murmurs soft, and never hard,
and then you gave a loving kiss,
a single, longing, loving kiss
against my heart.

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