

THE BOASTS OF VIVIENNE

James Feichthaler

I was the goodness of the fall
Being taken by a kiss;
The head's intrigue, the heart's abyss,
The wrist that wraps itself around
Love's fleeing circle, newly wound
Through tangles of the thing it was;
But most of all I have been this:
The maker of a hateful man
Who wrestles with his mortal span
To understand where love has gone,
Who moans and wails for Vivienne.

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