

THE COMPOSITION OF SHADOWS (II)

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We breathe and so we write; the night
hums softly its accompaniment.

Pale phosphors burn; the page we turn
leads onward, and we smile, content.

And what we mean we write to learn:
the vowels of love, the consonants'

strange golden weight, the blood's debate
within the heart. Here, resonant,

sounds' shadows mass against bright glass,
within the Minotaur's white maze.

Through simple grace, I touch your face,
ah words! And I would gaze

the night's dark length in waning strength
to find the words to feel

such light again. O, for a pen
to spell love half so magical.