



MAID OF MIST

Richard Denner

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for Laura

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Something small,
the size
of a star.
Did you make a wish?
Far away,
far, far away.
Hard, hard
like a star.

.

A miss, a
mysterious maid
made of mist.
A face that enters
my dreams
and a kiss
I miss
when awake.

.

Look up,
both ways,
and down.
Splendor balanced
quietly.
Her voice,
a carriage
of song.

.

Love sighs,
never,
forever.
The world is small,
the heart huge.
Love signs,
never,
forever.

.

Pices
quivers
on the horizon.
Venus exalted,
her dream is deep.

.

She fairly
bristles
with romance.

.

She walks
to work
on the stars,
a goddess
in her constellation.
Believe me,
the stars
are really there.

.

The stars,
music, joy

in all weather,
and those few moments
we made real.
Under your heart,
I long
to suffer.

.

Look up,
both ways,
and down.
Morning warmth,
wet mist weighing on me.
So it is---
my love
is earthy.

.

She walks
to work on
the stars.
Love's location
hidden
within
the tiniest
of spaces.