

VISTA D PRESS ELLENSBURG 1993

## Cover Collage by the author

VISTA for Laura

Does love hurt? —Yes, it hurts

Half cloud half wave

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Half sand half moon

If I don't suffocate, I'll drown

Sometimes a little sometime much sometimes nothing

What is *to love*, what does it mean?

If I say "I love you," need this be true?

What kind of mistake is there room for here?

Baffled, I try to walk backwards, see backwards

The leaves lighten and grow visible

Light filters down

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Feeling is a path, and when the path splits, you must sit

and be quiet until the ground trembles

To say "I love" is not the same as what I feel

The sense is not the sentence, but the words are enough

Would you be the one, the only one near? Were you here I would fill you with my words

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I don't mean to wheedle, flatter or maneuver

You are in my poem, your presence, strong and real