7. Some More Unique Poems about Love

Write a poem about love that’s like no other love poem.

The Loneliest Job in the World

As soon as you begin to ask the question, Who loves me?, you are completely screwed, because the next question is How Much?, and then it is hundreds of hours later, and you are still hunched over your flowcharts and abacus, trying to decide if you have gotten enough. This is the loneliest job in the world: to be an accountant of the heart.

It is late at night. You are by yourself, and all around you, you can hear the sounds of people moving in and out of love, pushing the turnstiles, putting their coins in the slots, paying the price which is asked, which constantly changes. No one knows why.

Tony Hoagland in Unincorporated Persons in the Late Honda Dynasty.

Tonight I Am In Love

Tonight, I am in love with poetry, with the good words that saved me, with the men and women who uncapped their pens and laid the ink on the blank canvas of the page. I am shameless in my love; their faces rising on the smoke and dust at the end
of day, their sullen eyes and crusty hearts,  
the murky serum now turned to chalk  
along the gone cords of their spines.

I’m reciting the first anonymous lines  
that broke night’s thin shell: sonne under wode.  
A baby is born us bliss to bring. I have labored  
sore and suffered death. Jesus’ wounds so wide.

I am wounded with tenderness for all who labored  
in dim rooms with their handful of words,  
battering their full hearts against the moon.

They flee from me that sometime did me seek.  
Wake, now my love, awake: for it is time.  
For God’s sake hold your tongue and let me love!

What can I do but love them? Sore throated  
they call from beneath blankets of grass,  
through the wind-torn elms, near the river’s  
edge, voices shorn of everything but the one  
hope, the last question, the first loss, calling

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears.  
Whenas in silks my Julia goes, calling Why do I  
languish thus, drooping and dull as if I were all earth?

Now they are bones, the sweet ones who once  
considered a cat, a nightingale, a hare, a lamb,  
a fly, who saw a Tyger burning, who passed  
five summers and five long winters, passed them  
and saved them and gave them away in poems.

They could not have known how I would love them,  
worlds fallen from their mortal fingers.  
When I cannot see to read or walk alone  
along the slough, I will hear you, I will  
bring the longing in your voices to rest  
against my old, tired heart and call you back.  
Dorianne Laux  
from Facts About the Moon.
Summer Romance

Of all my days to middle age
you gave me less than ten;
so little time

from moon to rising moon.
A meteor flared and fell
on an August night

now thirty years dead.
The lingering light:
for that I give you thanks.

Dave Baldwin
anthologized in *The Path to Kindness*
edited by James Crews

The Question
(for Jude Janett)

All day I replay these words:
*Is this the path of love?*
I think of them as I rise, as
I wake my children, as I wash dishes,
as I drive too close behind the slow
blue Subaru, *Is this the path of love?*
Think of them as I stand in line
at the grocery store,
think of them as I sit on the couch
with my daughter. Amazing how
quickly six words become compass,
the new lens through which to see myself
in the world. I notice what the question is not.
Not, “Is this right?” Not,
“Is this wrong?” It just longs to know
how the action of existence
links us to the path to love.
And is it *this*? Is it *this*? All day
I let myself be led by the question.
All day I let myself not be too certain
of the answer. *Is it this?* I ask as I
argue with my son. *Is it this?* I ask
as I wait for the next word to come.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer
anthologized in *The Path to Kindness: Poems of Connection and Joy,*
edited by James Crews