People in love are sometimes just scuba divers in a cup of tea.

as if the tree in the hayfield
                were bursting, no
this is for another time.
she loves
that tree for his eyes.

and how he admired her
persistence. the paper
planes she nuzzled into
her prairie of wet leaves.
a heavy gathering of rites.

now that the ocean is gone,
there is nothing better

than being a child
in a cornfield.

she believes--

having once seen a man chest deep
burst in the swell of a hurricane.