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The Sacrifice of Love

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THE SACRIFICE
OF LOVE

TOM SWETS

April strokes the town of Downden.
In early evening lovers flood
the roads that lead to love. They flow,
though slowly, to the sky of blood
beyond the town and past the steeple
to watch the sun plunge into night.

The boys drive blind through groves and tunnels
and await the light at the end of dark
and quiver eager for the numbing sense
of the sun's last stand at the edge of night.
The girls lie waiting for the sinking sun
and feel only want and the pain of love.

The lovers rising glance below
and spot the once proud steeple point
merging with the level of the town.
The blazing lights of the town will die
the moment the steeple surrenders its height
and lies down limp in surrounding dark.

Towards the climax of the ecstatic fight
between the dawning dark and the dying sun
beyond the last bend and above the last hill
the lovers are driven by the transient vision
of the sacrifice of flesh and light
in the sun's last flicker before surrender.

The sky is drained of the blood of sun;
the steeple merges with border buildings;
those who merged in love for a time
return again to the dark before love.

Until the sun returns to Downden
(when night will die of the blood of sun)
the steeple lies ever humbly hidden
and lovers lie apart in the dark.

BAPTISM: A PRELUDE

I witness the way the wind bathes
the broken world in baptist waves.
The crowning of the good green trees
in blowing hair of stems and leaves
recieves a washing windy praise.

L. ERIC GREINKE

BAPTISM

The touch of windy fingers
on the bodies of bare and bending trees,
makes them tremble
in the presence of their lover.

In the bleakness of the black night,
a single kiss would make you tremble.
Your eyes were bleak with the blackness
of the light-lacking night,
and your hands upon mine were like a double-star
in the heaven of my wishes.

The touch of rainy hands
on the leaves of good green trees,
makes them breathless
in their sensuous joy.

In the brashness of the bright day,
the taste and touch of you,
with your eyes beaming like light
in the brightness of a brash day,
lingered like a hot and sunny kiss
on the landscape of my back.