
unspoken poems for a passed lover

MADELEINE LAVIN

The Waves

We were the waves,
That pushed beyond the shore.
Those that kept them laughing.
Never crashing and succumbing to land
But, rather, breaking on the reef;
Pushing forward:
Beyond,
Always more.

All ways,

Beyond,

Excess.

The space between ocean and tide;
We were the waves
Upon which the animals thrived.

Plateau, Platonic Love

Tension.

That is all there was,
Intensity substituted for climax.

Eternal love:
No culmination,
No end point.

The lines of our shadows extended,
 ungraspable;
the vibrations of our voices swirled,
 intangible;
As the multiplicities of our selves unfolded,
 we changed.

Imperceptibly transformed
By the circulating infinitude of our laughter.