

Geoffrey Young

A MUSE, A TUESDAY

When the old black kettle sings
Love's steamiest licks
I think of you and you alone
Get me started on the road home.

Whoever draped those pearls
Around your neck understands
Vermeer better than I do.
Looking up at the dark of night

My wig is blown by inter-stellar winds
Like bent notes issued from a Hohner harp.
Your voice comes to me that way, as if
From variably bright Sirius.

I'll never leave town without your myth
And the simple things you say.