

APHRODITE

*I couldn't resist,
To look at her —
My Aphrodite!
In all white,
And long blown-out hair!
Even if she clips it,
She resembles
A white dove with tufts.
A crested pigeon,
A winged god,
With arrows for love and all that is good.*



RIVER BEDS OF SOLACE

*Only in her hair
Do I find the river beds of solace —
I lay down besides the stream,
As I watch the broadening tide,
Make ripples more beautiful than a dream.*

