

LEE WARNER BROOKS

Married People

Even married people think of love
Sometimes, while waiting in a room of strangers
Watching someone pulling off a glove
Exposing naked fingers and the dangers

Of unguarded movements. Even married
People dream of what they never had
While working through another weary, harried
Afternoon; and sometimes they feel sad

While driving home from work; they wonder if
Decisions made so long ago were smart,
And when they pour a drink, they pour it stiff,
And speak the truth—and that's when troubles start.

Some day, they'll ask—What was I thinking of?
But who can blame them, if they thought of love?

What the Law Is

“The law—” the law professor paused, as if
Amazed—“Do you know what the law is? Eh?”
He paused again, as if poised on a cliff
From which he spied—arriving all the way

From Magna Carta, like the nick of white
A sail makes when its hull has sunken past
The sea’s horizon—ocean waves in tight,
Wind-driven rows, all lunar-woven fast

Together—inter-yarned in unison
By physics too complex to calculate
In alphabets, but whose metrics run
Inerrantly to shore. He didn’t wait

For us to answer—or for tide to ebb—
“The law,” he told us, “is a seamless web.”

Just Keep Talking

Your words are not your clothing, as you seem
To think, dear. They're your nakedness, displaying
All the bumps and blemishes no cream
Can cover up. In your defense, you're saying

Everything you wish that no one ever
Could suspect about you. Even while
You chat distractedly, you pick whatever
You'll most surely never reconcile

With all your alibis to blab about.
It's what I love about you most, dear—your
Compulsive nudity, enacted out
In public, every day, an open door

To beauties that, in open air, reveal
No flaws—just your sweet lexical appeal.

