

From *Sonnet 56: 56 Versions of Shakespeare*

Shakespeare

Sweet love, renew thy force, be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but today by feeding is allayed,
Tomorrow sharp'ned in his former might.

So love be thou, although today thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, ev'n till they wink with fullness.
Tomorrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.

Let this sad interim like the oceans be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;

As call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wished, more rare.

End Words

The way she spoke was not to say but be said,
In a voice of yellow silk more peevish than appetite.
It is possible (all is) her sad blood was allayed,
Tall hair blonde. Bleed an orange that we might

See, hold, and eat it when we're ready. No sponge can fill
With ocean, no blue with its sky, an ancient fullness
Older than stone, younger than water. Beneath dim neon we kill
Two bottles, begin a third, with a tinge of modern dullness

Singing in our eyes. Be everything you'll never be,
My father said and did, when the world was new.
It is new now, each time I think it. Words swallow me; they see
And feel for me. I want to place my eye where the view

Is what I came for, dropping from my mind. We care
About the ground we happen to walk on, while sun is rare.

Prose Poem

I said to my love, since Julie is her name, "Let's make our love even stronger than it is. No one can ever say our love has lost its edge, when just today love's hunger was sharpened by fucking in the car, once down by the river, under the cottonwood trees, and once behind the cannery, with the smell of fish in our ears. Your eyes were full of me, and I could feel my eyes heavy with your smile. When we're together, it's a million starry stars. But when we're not together, it's a big bunch of nothing. We stand on opposite banks of the river, wanting to be us again, and when we drown in our love, the world drowns, too. It's like winter and summer. Summer is warmer." Julie didn't say much. She pushed her lips at me. I could feel the heat of her skin from two seconds away.

T'ang Dynasty

fresh	love	return	nobody	says
appetite's	sharper	than	irony's	edge
today	loving	eases	desire's	hunger
tomorrow	desire	loves	desire	again
happy	love	causes	temporary	blindness
eyes	tomorrow	clear	darting	birds
love	returning	paints	trees	greener
summer	love	melts	winter	worry

Villanelle

Love's sweet edge is sharpened by appetite.
Today by eating we have dulled it a bit.
Our hungry eyes see no wrong or right.

Hunger makes your kiss sharper than your bite.
I've known the best and worst of it.
Love's sweet edge is sharpened by appetite.

The hearts of lovers are always in the right.
Though pleasure is touched with emptiness,
Our hungry eyes see no wrong or right.

For a day of love, we starve a thousand nights.
Only true lovers get their fill of it.
Love's sweet edge is sharpened by appetite.

No dullness now, only things that shine.
Rivers drown in oceans, lovers in each other.
Our hungry eyes see no wrong or right.

The saddest lover knows the taste of life,
Weight of darkness, size of night.
Love's sweet edge is sharpened by appetite.
Our hungry eyes see no wrong or right.

Sentence

Love's winter is full of care, its summer long awaited, rare.

Objectivist

You've had enough love today.
Tomorrow you'll want more.

My eyes on edge for you,
the granary half-full.

A wave splits the shore;
a welter of shore birds scatters.

Touch is near the skin,
soon to be asunder.

Desire by the numbers—
winter all summer long.

Chance has brought me here.
Candlelight: white birches.

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