

TINA BROWN CELONA AND JOSHUA WARE

Walking around the Park with You

You want to be invisible
but also specific
like the quality of air as it
consumes you, transforming
your lungs into a poem
dedicated beyond the eyes

burning candles. Love cracks
our skulls into fragments.
Today the foliage brightened
our memory of the park.
By your name
you are dignified, but if I remain silent

on the subject of zucchini
it is only because I am in love
with your knowledge of fruits
and vegetables: the appropriate level
of pectin in marmalade
or the geographical origins

of fingerling potatoes.
I didn't think that was why
I didn't know why.
There's nothing wrong
with the day. Or with
just wanting to be with you

as you photograph the rosebush
rising to suffocate you with blossoms,
breathing into you
a shape of air less severe
than parting. We know nothing
of spring and its way

of dividing winter
in this trailing autumn.
Perambulating through a poem
or a city park is a fine way
to conclude: two pairs of feet
separating these seasons.