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Love, my Wife, is what we are as one;
All my time is the everness of you,
And every moment you are something new,
I will be the total of you when I am done.
I live in you, you are my breath and my sun,
All my space is where whatever you do,
All beauty is in that space of you,
You are my is, all else is none.

When I smile out or inside you are why, And tears are only depths of the delight, You make every breath the loveliness of life. The only sound is the sound of your sigh, In the moment of your mood of night I say what I live — I love you, my Wife.

## Trilogy

Love, Mother and Father, is what you generate,
What you made my blood with before my heart ever beat,
What made you feel the way you felt hearing my first bleat,
What made your hearts pain with joy when I took my mate.
The urge of Paradise led you to propagate,
And your love felt the prenatal kick of feet,
A few pounds of paining love became a longed-for treat,
Twenty years have quickened; your love will perpetuate.

Love you taught me, Mother, on your knee,
Love you taught me, Father, on our walks,
That love that springs from love that's itching burned.
Your love, my Parents, will always love in me,
Your patience, reprimands, tears, help, talks. .
If I have children, may they have what I have learned.

## poems by

Love, God, is infinity for my mind,
An eternal flood upon my sugared brain,
Different than I feel as joy or pain,
Unexplicable forever to my kind.
I could not more not see if I were blind,
To even be more than I do is vain;
Constant thought by fill and boil and drain
Would only get me to the limit behind.

I cannot, God, dissociate the stuff of me, I cannot be my soul undressed alone, I cannot love as I will when I am worms; If ever I reach Heaven what will I be? Forgive me if I'm too much of this bone, But I must love You, God, in human terms.

MICHAEL BRIAN OLIVER