Lamb Songs

August 11, 1984

Happy
Lambiversary!



12 Years and still counting!

love claims me
renames me
explains me
maintains me
and life is not the same,
portrait without a
frame

6/84

my love smiles more than
other men:
his laugh is like the ink
in pen
that punctuates his
every word —
my love is like some
teasing bird
when I am erased by
even a frown,
love comes dressing as
a clown.

6/84

Lord!
thank you for this
perfect day,
the kind that soaks
life's pain away:
I am his; my love is
mine,
in serene content
entwined

6/84

like the love of the
Signified
for its Sign,
my love is more clear
because he is mine.

6/84

so surely do we
choose our fate
that we become what
we contemplate

6/84

the grand flourishes of
love:
words spoken that need
not have been,
smiles lavished and de-
fenses thin
as a bubble just burst
on the air—
magic brushwork
everywhere!

5/84

I retreat/you chase
I advance/you cry for
space
can't we stand just so,
fear to fear, face to
face
in close, golden glow?

3/84

my prince,
I am always setting you
tasks,
here in my tower as you go
past.
in enchanting forest, perhaps
you can't see
the adventure you're seeking
for is me:
climb in o'er my window
on a tangle of hair—
I am captive of your need
to be there.

2/84