

Poetry Porch: Poetry

The Root of Love

By Jennifer Clarvoe

In an act,
in an axiom,
agony, embassy,
leads to an edge

made acute,
to sharpen the ear.
To *animate* water.
It waxes, it augurs

all these birds
in the beech tree,
a book
wherein bees

and beetles
glitter and bite.
Then, something bitter.
Bring me a boat

to bear the child,
and then a barrow,
a bier,
a burrow.

Oh, amphora,
I will become
bound by bond,
whatever I build

in bower
and by-law.
Oh, sturdy beam,
are you my brother,

whose brow broods
over the wide domain?
Oh tooth, oh tusk
from mastodon—

or else the tuft
of dandelion—
what is left
to light on earth?

Dearest earthling,
dear humblest humus,
dear bridegroom
chameleon,

I dig you up
to do you homage,
a human being,
being one.

Do, ado, I give to you
data as dowry,
and anecdote
for antidote, I do—do you

chill, cool, gel, congeal,
go cold?
Oh, glacier mine,
an ice-age old,

help me to scratch
or carve or scrawl
an anagram
or a paragraph

to welcome back
a guest, a ghost.
Make of my heart
a garlic clove

for clever soup,
to love and cleave:
my hieroglyph
of moaning, of morning,

a grain, a seed.
I give you leave.