

Poetry Porch: Poetry

This Was My Test

By Chard deNiord

To see you in other things
without mistaking you
for the things themselves
in calculations that confused my friend,
the scientist, with quotients
that were wrong in the literal sense
but true enough despite their broken
equal signs that hid the truth
of their higher sense in equations
like this: your belly is a desert
with hidden springs, your hair
a cataract that falls and stays,
your thighs a current of mountain
streams, your hips two dunes
that fall and rise, your toes a school
of *piccolini*, your eyes two stars
that shine as millions, your smile
a blade that sharpens itself, your lips
a fig that ripens on my mouth, your loins
the valley through which I pass.