Love Poem

A missive: from Calcelmo to Faleen

My lover's heart is numbing stone
That hides in ice beneath our sight.
So some decry, "It is not there,"
While others whisper, "Yet, it might."

Though stone is born from fevered ash,
Once formed it yields no whiff of heat.
So too, her heart betrays no love,
Nor comforts those embracing it.

As mountains grow and yearn for sky,
Then climbers, conquering, ascend.
With chisel, rope, with axe and pick,
They force the rock to yield to them.

One peak stands proud amidst the range,
Invincible, and scaled by none.
Those men who try wash down her slopes;
Their eye-born streams obliquely run.

For brash assault could never pierce
Those guarded depths that lay apart.
But patient water gently shapes
A furtive channel to the heart.

My love is delving water, ice
That cracks with cycles of the sun.
A lapping, yearning, whispered plea
Will mark the time 'til I rush in.

For I have dwelt among the rocks,
My city carved from rugged stone.
So in that burrow I will creep,
And warm the soul which makes my home.

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