

1970

## Covenant

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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To Andy

Vorrasi: Covenant

When we met  
I was afraid;  
You were life itself  
And no man deserved you.

I wanted you.  
You came with me  
And we found ourselves  
In one another.

You told me  
You loved me too  
And needed me  
The way I needed you.

No man will ever know you  
As I did;  
Because I knew love  
Not through sense alone.

I know my life is you  
But I'm afraid.  
I want the wrong things,  
Selfish things.

When my fear is dead  
Let me be wrong.  
Keep me and hold me,  
But always love me.

### Covenant

This autumn memories don't come easily  
Rising from moist brown leaves, summer's victims  
Fallen. Wet, wet, this is a heavy time  
Pressed close to earth with no breath of escape.  
Autumns past the wind could raise these fallen leaves  
And take them back to first born heights renewed  
So crisp and vital seeming at the fall  
That they could blaze from light in painless fires.  
Oh that these hours should teach us now to rot  
Making us one sod with the deep dark earth;  
This cannot be the death we bargained for  
Nor can it be our life, nor must our work.

John Vorrasi

