Covenant

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/8
To Andy

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