

this

you aim

to love

for jin

with thanks and admiration

~~Wendy~~

hasker canada may 1972
toronto

© 1972

this

you aim

to love

for jim

with thanks and admiration

~~WES~~

harker canada may 62
toronto

forsonnie

For you

to love

With love and devotion

~~and~~

with love and devotion

and

with love

nick

avis

you aim

to love

haiku

burnt

lake

press

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summer college

the thin white line
around her sustained lips

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1. You can't love

summer solstice

the thin white line

around her suntanned hips

summer solstice
the thin white line
around her sustained hips

her mind changed

in the ocean breeze
dragonflies rustle

touching her sunburnt breast

robin song

she gives me her tongue

waterfall

after love
her heartbeat
summer rain

she combs my hair
with her hands
mist among the trees

naked she rises
out of the lake—the moon
in her hair

cool night
feeling the heat
from her sunburnt legs

dawn window

sunlight in the shape
of her body

where we used to meet
a beer can empty
glistens in the moonlight

a leaf between the pages
the autumn
that she put it there

the telephone
rings only once
autumn rain

november wind
the mail box

e

m

p

t

y

remembering the lie
i told her
crocus in midwinter

alone at breakfast
the hum of the fridge
and a cold spring rain

reading her letter
new snow
on the branches

remembering the life

I told her

about the water

spring rain

her scent

in the bath towel

alone at breakfast

the heat of the fridge

and a cold spring rain

touching
our wine glasses
the candle's heat

can d le ligh ting sh adow sin her f ace

t t
h h
e a
r t
e d
i o
s i
s n
o t
m h
e e
t f
h l
i a
n m
g e e

autumn begins
after making love
but nose still cold

lovedone

lightsonshadowsoff

autumn begins
after making love
her nose still cold

after she shuts the door
the wind chimes
will whisper

in her sleep
she whispers a name
night deepens

after she slams the door
the wind chimes
still trembling

too angry to speak
a chainsaw rips through
the frost filled air

spring morning
still the cold touch
of her wedding ring

we say we're sorry
the easter lily begins
to open

we talk of our past
she picks wax from the candlestick
burns it in the flame

starfall
she holds my hand
more firmly

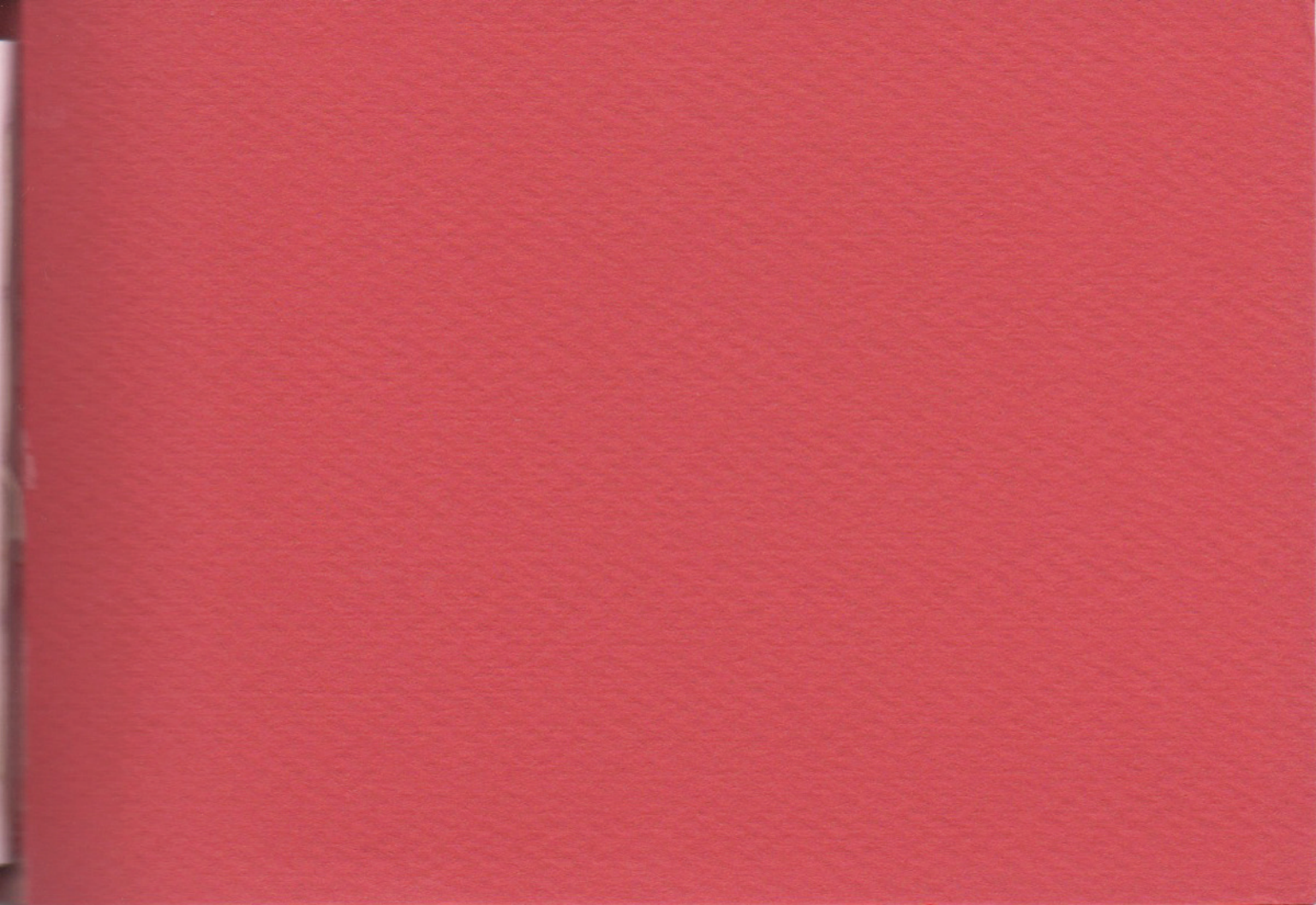
after love
a faint smell of burning wax
from the candle's flame

raising the hem
of her new dress
the day now longer

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you aim
to love

nick
avis

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