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Romanza

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ROMANZA

MADELEINE GUEKGUEZIAN

How I love thee cannot be counted
in enumerations of kind and simile.
Aleph null and infinity are cramped conceptions,
vainly straining against the fondness and devotion of my heart.

Why I love thee cannot be expressed in words.
They look like a mockery, forgery, dishonesty
against the veracity of my soul.
Any poetry leaves an inexplicable scratch
upon the oft-froze surface of your skin.

The love I bear for you is incapable of measure.
No system can quantify it, no bars hold it in song.
I want to wrap you in an embrace of extended decimal points
an endless polar growth of life, love inside love;
binary codes activating over our mutual love.
Enacting archaism, one and zero, on and off.

My love is a fantasia upon you.
It is not selfish, it is a devotion that baffles doctors of divinity,
laugh with gaiety, weep against loss, loss to find myself alone,
to know humanity in the symphony of your arms,
to hear the concerto of ideas performed in antiphony
on bassoon and on trombone and in the dark,
the cool colors, the rich-earth tones of our polyphonic voices.

The intercourse of humanity betwixt our twain is a connection,
A profound second-person, a greater truth,
My love is a fantasia upon you.
it is an adoration that makes me stumble,
an embrace of you.
knowing outside the self, a meaning.
You... You... You are that is.
That is. Is! Existence. Experience. Sensation.

The sensations of our friendship, convictions of love,
inarticulate, fulfilled, fearless, experiential, sensual, living,
the manifold language, the words and songs that speak my love for you.
For you. For you, that is, you are that is, my love, you are!
The counting of my actions to you, for you.

You are!