

Entertained by the first thought they sat together in a tight circle around the Flaming Wooden Capricorn.

In the hush, they offered up their x -love.

The mantles closed on them too abruptly with their cracked lips smeared with the cloying balm of summer.

And no forgotten logic can contain the sweeping
curtain that now slams shut.

And in truth they were twenty years older in that time of marriageable chaos. In that stopped moment before death they tried to squeeze in a lifetime.

While the professionals danced around them in their fancy dresses. With those colourful birds perched atop their heads, the flapping of stuffed wings filled the ears of those trying to shut out the sounds of their own begging cries.

And they were grateful in their x -love.
Glad for the time to look back on what may have been
a life of terrible waste and achievement.

And the flames of the Capricorn burnt more brightly
as they offered up their memories.
Above all,
The 2+2 loves were most jealously guarded.

And their thoughts and loves were distorted and made monstrous in the act of human remembering.

They were never the less welcomed by the starving blaze that in turn warmed their faces.

And they were left with the final shining light of the end in their eyes and on their cheeks and on their offered crowns.

Their tears ran in rivers of molten gold, trickling.
And their hands were open to receive the pooling end
of their timeless love.

Their deaths (like death always) came to quickly.
Stealing up on them with the wide suddenness.
Too vast to encompass with the stretching of the arms.
Too awfully personal to articulate.

The terrible injustice of the realization that there was no injustice struck them down.

Only brief life,
And the imminent danger of being swept away by
death remained.