

BE/LOVED

by Alex Kretzschmer

As I stood-smiled (alive) amongst
a line of lavender- (white-) blue
chosen to witness,
soothe-circulating song singed-softened our hearts.

A melody accompanies a harmony to
celebrating (colliding) uniting, tying the (untiable) knot.
I'm caught uncallsous crying.

Guitar strums; now
voice filled the room, wall to wall,
ear to toe (and belly in-between).
To sing in love!

The two saw they see awe –
(*Notice the wonder!*)
alluring, warming, disarming the lookers-on:
their patience toward awaiting onward.

Now and not yet.

A glance exchanged accelerates and slows,
excite-ignites their breath (their eyes).

A silver ring ran round and bound now
to send ascending heart(beat)s
(*heavenly*) skyward.

The hues (*chosen*) had form,
the shape of two becoming one.

Love is patient, love is kind.

But I am impatient.

A want-ought enters –
could I belong as one singing (heart-beating),
become one (from two) for sake of

sound-color-feeling?

A whisper reverberates:
it cannot be forced; found.