

Justin Katz

*Timshel Literature*

jkatz@timshelarts.com



www.timshelarts.com

P.O. Box 751

Portsmouth, RI 02871

401-835-7156

### **Our State and Fashion**

by Justin Katz

I think of you when the stars come out,  
And the moon caresses daffodils.  
When the words I merely mutter echo,  
Echo 'cross the rivers and roll along the paved hills.  
I wish that time would speed then stop  
On moment's perfect memories.  
On our meeting mount blink one then two,  
And 'fore too long couples count in threes.

Though it scares my balmy breath away,  
The thought of riding on forever, dear;  
I'll never fear to live for you,  
For there was nothing to live for without you here.

The candle flutters with our breeze,  
And time between us sparkling pass.  
What god or devil could deny  
The rites of our own evening mass?  
Every ailment and each malady:  
It seems you are the cure for mine.  
If love can heal a lonely leper's past  
Could the world's cure be far behind?

Though it haunts my mind what we so simply do:  
The fragrance of our hearts' smooth passion.  
Who could help but envy us,  
And seek to dupe our state and fashion?

This road I've traveled half as much,  
In twice the time it took to take.  
This time the word feels my coming:  
The bridges bend and the hills do quake.  
And the words I mutter warp the walls,  
The trees lean every limb to hear,  
"I love you, love, with all my heart,  
And there'd be nothing to live for without you here."