

Eros, Philia, Agape

I.

Mixing and merging, grain with grape,
yeast one to the other, fermenting slowly,
they seek to ripen fully. They wrestle,
young man with old, brawn against wisdom,
love with good sense.

Thrown together in the vortex, they jostle,
each holding the other back, even as
they overflow their cauldrons.
Which bread, which wine
will emerge fulsome?

II.

The moon rises full over the horizon, fiery orange,
pregnant with ancient longings.
You sidle up to me, arm through arm,
as ideas immeasurable flash through your mind.
The contagion leavens love's wisdom, replete now,
ever young, ever old.

Kenneth Garcia

©

August 2017