

Sharon Thesen / I WONDER WONDER WHO!  
(who wrote the book called love?)

(lines from Robin Blaser's The Holy Forest,  
for the Eros & Poieisis panel, June 4, 1995)

The births begin on the bed,  
shaped as it is  
by a god

where Amor sits, the body renews itself

I tell you of my prowess  
in love                      to gain your attention

\*

The Beloved is the murmur  
inside the work  
at the edge

of the words

The silence                      is the other  
at the edge                      of my words

who is speaking?

*dear beings, I can feel your hands*

Sharp sighs greedy lips  
sweet conflagration  
purified lily snow of years  
and this

    wheel  
        turns into  
ecstasy

it is the interchange the form took  
like walking in and out of a star

pure tree  
    and in the drunkenness natural  
to me, *ami-a l'eau couleur de cendre*

*Through 'you' I conceal my loneliness from myself  
and make a way into the multitude and into love  
by lies, for my heart cannot bear the terror, and  
compels me to talk as if I were two*

*Unarm, Eros,*  
    shaping  
        and unshaped, Eros,  
*there-then*

(the telephone

on the bus, the small boy, newly  
into letters, spelled out the letters  
scratched in the glass F U  
C K loud-voiced, "Mom,  
what does that say?" "That's  
not a word," she said,  
looking straight at me "It  
doesn't spell anything."

*the heart breaks or is bronzed*

some cinch, some way to live  
entangled and closed in heat

take it this way or that way  
upwards and downwards, sideways  
and backwards

astonished that  
the sweet heart grows in some  
root or depth—and turns  
into ceremonies

the throb  
remembers, sullen or not, the  
long shining

"only the beloved answers"

the kiss of words, the kiss of sometimes

I weave, finding the first love

under you, over you, on you,  
about you

O, sweet, will you tell me,  
packing tinned peas and triscuits  
the colour of being

*The body is the permanence of an endless wave*  
amorous form    and amorous image meets it

*and I was boxing with a tough opponent,*    the footnote  
says 'Probably Eros'

sense of origin *eros*  
sweet bitterness    beloved  
sexual intelligence    and  
stupefaction    our swerve  
folds    in the  
magnificence