

XXXV

Chess-like your move to out maneuver me
Queen to my bishop rooked & beheaded.
What verve & nerve! You sway! Out-psyched.
Byronic my response ends in choreography

Of show & loss. You hide. I seek. You leave.
I follow. You thrust your blade. I swerve.
You wound me with care: your rapier tongue
Swift & to the target strikes down my song.

Poet de-worded. Defrocked. Defeated.
You stand astride: swashbuckling swagger.
You take away what I've so long needed.
Checkmate. Soul mate. Crown me with a dagger.

Poems I've only left to conjure you in air
To bring you back a ghost of love's warfare.