

Above Love

by Adam Sifre

(edited 12/18/16)

This is what you taught me — what you taught me with your
absence and your touch:

Love was a false summit; a ledge from which we
leapt;
A reckless jump, your hand in mine, neither
leading.

I admit, for a time I did not understand, I cried.
I mourned for leaving love, the denied child.
A poet without words, ignorant and blind.
But, we did not fall from love's ledge,
We landed in this unknown place,
Lost and found in each other
here, beyond the words.
Somewhere above
Love.

