the law of the love letter

M.T.C. Cronin†

Upon unfolding
It is easy to see
That in the mansion
of bitterness
and music
They are distributing
tiny cries
Their throats light the way
like one thousand
evanesences
Their lips are flowers
bending like intimacies
toward certain wet eyes
belonging to us

Reading here
has its own dangers
The wind’s script disorderly
and on fire over
the bone-ache of the
frozen river
A voice with words which cry
I cannot speak about you
without the betrayal
of a lover
A voice eating words
as first people die
without sugar in their tea
and then later of starvation

The tree
in its morning position
turns away from the face
of this page
The near heart

† M.T.C. Cronin is an author of poetry and prose who has been published throughout the United States, Australia, and Europe.

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searches the line

Don't forget Hold me Hold me

for flesh and the soul

But this paper blows wayward

in the flux of love

What does it say

when taken out

on the most hardened

of days?

And what

when you take the mirror

away?

For the preservation

of us both

I read you

over and over

Eyes like eyes

Hands like hands

Hair like hair

My crumbling face

calls my face

And my lungs breathe

like leaves underfoot

It is no metaphor to say

the whole world

is in me

All innocence

All guilt

The letter

and the never-ending flutter

of this emotion

captured in its expression

My dear love

Question me again

and again

I am ready to be judged

by your different heart