

## GROWING LOVE

*For Anu and Michael*

A drop of amber whiskey  
over fragrant spices,  
iridescent alchemy.

The weathered oak barrels, the unbroken clay pots  
around courtyards of different vegetations,  
different sounds, memories.

But wait!... Don't tell me,  
for love, secret and wild,  
raises all the mornings of the world  
on a patch of vegetables and herbs,  
of sun, fur and feathers,  
tames  
a drumming pulse that swirls with the earth,  
on an acreage of music.

6.7 magic wave,  
throwing autumn leaves to the sky  
for more stars;  
0 rolling down the bowling alley,  
knocks the pins;  
a blossoming laugh  
cascades from friend to friend...  
Laugh me a river.

A reel of thoughts written over silk,  
white nights tearing apart the shadows,  
a fist of revolt caressed into open hands.

Improbable architecture,  
unlisted artwork,  
organic.

Life on open wings.

*Christine Arveil, Boston, Octobre 2021*