

There Needs to Be a Word

by Andrew Horsfall

There needs to be a word,
The adjective form of this verb:

The verb is,
Slouched in office chairs,
Talking trilobites and mounted fossil ferns.
Those are roaches,
I think,
Of questions.
Good questions,
Thank Wikipedia.
And listen to answers.
Good answers.
You grew up around those things.

The verb is not,
Staring out the front door,
Talking common futures and fake wedding rings.
Its one size large,
I think,
Of questions.
Good questions,
Never to put to you.
And listen to answers.
Good answers.
You grew up around those things.

Look at sitting me, staring me,
Caring diamonds for cubic Z,
Caring roaches for fossil ferns,
Caring both times though to learn.

So delighted once invited,
Knowing sighted, passion lighted,
Kindred spirits reunited,
Or a love still unrequited,
Said in those chairs was _____?

Mysterious experience,
Delirious in every sense,
Heedless of a recompense,
For love in an infinite tense,
Said out that door was serious.

Where I love you and your stone
There are many words I'd own.
But where you're better loved alone,
There's no word I've ever known.