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Poem Beginning With a Line from Patrick Kavanagh

We will have other loves—or so they'll think.
 Mounting the hills and rivers are the swarms
 Of Others, who intend to spend the pink
 Crisp eventide in my heart, or your arms.

We'll answer them, and heaven will at last
 Reach maximum capacity. But I
 Shall keep a room for you, the door locked fast
 And but one window open to the sky.

Don't worry, darling. The others proved true,
 But they've lost count of years and promises.
 We're lost again, and I will walk with you
 On bright Orion Avenue. This is

The shifting tide, the starved sun going down—
 They'll keep our secret, we'll wander the town.

—Meg Hurdado



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