

*Love*  
&  
*Marriage*  
*Poems*

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44 Poems, Long & Short

(Four Longer Poems and Forty Sonnets)

Lovingly Gathered from:

*Collected Poems* (Ed. 9.1.22) & *Recent\* Poems* (Since Ed. 9.1.22)

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## *Epithalamium*

("Before the Nuptial Chamber")

A

Nuptial Ode

(or Ceremonial Wedding Hymn)

I.

**I** call not to the muses but to you,  
Our loved ones here, to help me now to sing  
My joy – to celebrate the feeling true  
Devotion to another soul can bring.  
Come friends, come family, come beloved all;  
I summon you to witness with the stars above  
The bounty that is ours at Cupids' call –  
That endless banquet of fulfillment: Love.  
Yes, come and help memorialize this rich new life  
We find laid out before us now as man and wife.

I. Longer Poems, poem #1: *Epithalamium*, the first—continued

II.

**W**e have been blessed with that most precious gift—  
Unwavering joy in one another's arms,  
In which embrace our nourished spirits lift  
With ease and comfort past all earthly harms.  
For in that rarified existence shared  
By two devoted souls (who yet are born  
Again each day into each other's care),  
No truth need be avoided, none forsworn.  
O come rejoice with us in this unfettered life  
Revealed to us through honesty as man and wife.

III.

**Y**es, here within love's space— that Godly state  
Of mindfulness (of keenest, merest being)—  
We find ourselves without the need of hate  
And its systemic darkening of seeing.  
So clear becomes our vision of the good  
In what we have that we can see beyond  
Our want (where nothing's truly understood)  
To the eternal in our lives: our bond.  
Come, share with us the measureless, this vast new life  
We now embark upon in love as man and wife.

I. Longer Poems, poem #1: *Epithalamium*, the first—continued

IV.

**O**urs is the greatest story ever told:  
The truth of how the love two people feel  
For one another can transmute to gold  
The metal of mere bodily appeal,  
Availing them to that more ardent lust  
Which burns an incandescence clean and whole,  
Sustained by that most pure of fuels, trust;  
Two beings merged into one flame, one soul.  
So come, partake of this bright love that lights our life;  
Illuminate the world with us as man and wife.

V.

**O**ur story tells how lovers can be friends  
First—how a man and woman can so love  
Each other for their person as transcends  
Romantic appetites in bed—enough  
To choose to wait until their lives allow,  
To wait until they get to know their hearts  
Before abandoning their worlds to plow  
Right in and learn their other body parts.  
Observe how half a decade's wait as friends for life  
Matured profoundly into love of man and wife.

I. Longer Poems, poem #1: *Epithalamium*, the first—continued

VI.

**Y**es, recognize this light in which we bathe  
Here, high upon our pinnacle of bliss,  
And testify to those below (whose faith  
In love has waned) the power in a kiss.  
It is a force of lightning strength, we know  
Who've felt it break to shards the gray routine  
Of our unsavored days and make them glow  
Like stars illuming worlds unforeseen.  
O tell them come and leave behind that part of life  
Which does not know this kiss we live as man and wife.

VII.

**I**t is this very kiss you've come here now  
To witness, this event momentous of  
That reverent concord honored in our vow,  
Which consecrates the greatest life force, love.  
For in this union of our lips we taste  
Creation's spark, the passion of the stars,  
Connecting us to all in which is traced  
The endless possibilities now ours.  
Yes, save this kiss within your hearts; it is our life.  
We bid you nurture it; embrace us, man and wife.

I. Longer Poems, poem #1: *Epithalamium*, the first—continued

VIII.

**T**his blessed kiss is but the corner stone  
Of a cathedral we aspire to raise,  
A monument to that devotion shown  
Each other through support, respect, and praise.  
We'll work upon our temple every day,  
Yes, make each word and action but a force  
For love, for affirmation. And we pray  
This love infect the world at its source.  
O pray our work inspire others seeking life  
To find it here where love transforms us, man and wife.

IX.

**T**his synagogue, this mosque, this holy church  
Of every faith we build each moment of  
Our marriage, shall preserve our constant search  
For peace—first in ourselves and then through love  
For others—touching, moving fellow men.  
For there's no limit to the love the heart  
Can hold; the more we give the more again  
We find instinct in us to re-impart.  
I invite you all to rapture, yes, to life  
Ecstatically embraced, as live this man and wife.



I. Longer Poems, poem #1: *Epithalamium*, the first – continued

X.

**A**nd I invite the world at large, all living  
Things beneath the stars – the fish and birds  
And beasts throughout the waters, skies, and echoing  
Trees – to witness here these joy-warmed words  
And the exalted temple they'd describe,  
Where's kept the relics of discovered bliss  
In every thing we do, each dignified  
By its essential pleasure – by its kiss.  
And let each kiss be like a prayer for deeper life.  
We pray now, woman and her husband, man and wife.

XI.

**N**ow let us all perform the muse's work –  
Inspire one another to create  
Our world anew – to dance in light where lurked  
That darkness cast by all that we negate.  
Come, let's partake of this fine food with verve;  
Exalt in love and nothing will we miss.  
Let's eat, drink, dance, sing – live right at the nerve.  
Above all, let us worship with each kiss.  
We press our lips together here in search of life  
Itself – the infinite in us as man and wife.

## *Love's Banquet*

(Second Epithalamium)

## *Love's Banquet*

1.

The table has been laid with reverent care  
Befitting this rich privilege we await:  
To witness, honor and, yet more, to *share*  
In that sublimity two souls create  
When they step forward to entrust to each  
The bounty of attention in love's reach.

2.

Bound in with this attention is that wealth  
Of feeling for *another* in whose sphere  
One can escape the fallacy of self  
And its sufficiency – yes, volunteer  
To live that larger life than can be found  
Where our lone ego sits enthroned and crowned.

3.

For, we've evolved, developed, and survived  
As *social* beings, not free-standing things,  
And cannot even grow to health deprived  
Of someone else to whom the child clings.  
And thus, to flourish is to *interact* –  
Co-ordinate with whom we would attract –

I. Longer Poems, poem #2: *Love's Banquet* (second Epithalamium) – continued

4.

Yes, find another who would yearn to live  
Within *our* world and, with us, recreate  
It, customized for two, with all the give  
And take that's furnished by a willing mate,  
And drawing each within *their* circle of  
Shared comfort and support that we call LOVE.

5.

But let us pause a moment at this word  
That we make commonplace throughout each day  
And savor now that sense of how we're stirred  
Alive by it each time it would convey  
To us this feast held morning into night  
By anyone possessed of appetite.

6.

This appetite for one another's life,  
With all its cares, is central to that feast  
We call a healthy marriage, where no strife  
Seems too unseemly to be shared at least  
As fully as each joy. And in pursuit  
Of *this* we find revealed love's truest fruit.

I. Longer Poems, poem #2: *Love's Banquet* (second Epithalamium) – continued

7.

It offers up a nectar sweet *and* tart  
Because it's drawn from that *entire* bond  
Our lovers forge, not just the honeyed part  
The magazines depict with magic wand-  
Like airbrush tricks, obscuring what is real  
Beneath the lure of fanciful ideal.

8.

But I digress. We're here to celebrate  
That great abundance that is PARTNERSHIP,  
Where contribution toward each other's fate  
Provides the both with so much more to grip  
Of one's existence than is ever caught  
Within the ministries of higher thought.

9.

This copious variety of chance  
Unveiled to us at love's great banquet leaves  
Us giddy with the thrill of great expanse,  
Like promise of the prospects one conceives  
In the exhilaration of a dream  
Where *and* is one with *or* in how things seem.

I. Longer Poems, poem #2: *Love's Banquet* (second Epithalamium) – continued

**10.**

And like this process of a dreaming brain,  
These lovers standing here before us now  
Can revel at love's great buffet contained  
Within each willingness to share in vow  
The truths of two transformed into one bliss,  
And seal it with a most delicious kiss.

*The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*

## I

Forget the rose, my love; for all its use  
As symbol of romance, it can't seduce  
From us that breathless shudder of deep thrill  
The lusty bougainvillea can instill  
Upon first sight – much like that sudden bliss  
Enveloping our union in a kiss.  
Why yes, despite those qualities that long  
Have won the rose first place in song  
And image as the emblem of all love –  
That blossom representing, far above  
All others, amorous intrigue – this might  
Be less the depth of sensual delight  
It draws than its antiquity among  
Those cultures in which songs like this are sung.

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

## II

For, this was all before that crucial year  
Of seventeen and sixty-eight when, near  
The town of Rio de Janeiro in  
Brazil, one Jeanne Baret, who'd later win  
Renown as but the first of her fair sex  
To circumnavigate the globe (and vex  
Male natives on the way), had here discovered  
In a jungle what might help her lover's  
Venous ulcer: that which kept him back  
On board, unable to collect and track  
Rare specimens along that two-year trip  
Of Louis A. de Bougainville's two ships.  
This Jeanne had found some bright red bracts, it's said,  
She thought might soothe her botanist in bed.



I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

III

And these same quasi leaves, quite paper-thin,  
Surrounding three small flowers just within,  
Would prove to be none other than what gave  
Acclaim to Bougainville beyond the grave—  
*Way* more than as first Frenchman round the world—  
A plant with petal-looking bracts unfurled  
In glorious profusion, like a spray  
Of adoration in fierce disarray.  
And though our botanist's bad leg grew worse,  
Despite his lover's jungle trek as nurse,  
This *otherwise*-medicinal vine shrub  
Would spread around the earth's warm tropic hub  
To ornament the terraces of kings  
On down to lowly walls to which it clings.

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

IV

Which brings us back from my digression to  
That point itself our poem should pursue:  
The fact that even here, where we escape  
The brutal northern gloom and cold to traipse  
Along the tranquil sun-drenched beaches of  
Sonora's desert coast; where we make love  
In the abandon of all worldly cares,  
Like hedonists let loose as millionaires  
To frolic on our luck; yes, even here,  
Where we pursue our creature pleasures, clear  
Of clouds and chill, to soar on what unrolls  
Into our sparkling Now, like breeze-borne gulls,  
We sometimes turn a corner by some dune  
And stop within a heartbeat of a swoon.

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

## V

For, what we find before us, like some great  
Volcano spewing forth its red-hot fate,  
Is that forgotten bougainvillea, back  
Beside some crumbling remnant of a shack,  
Extravagantly blushing brilliant hues  
Where few but its own pollinators cruise.  
Yes here, where roving dogs might come and comb  
A curb for some old long-discarded bone,  
We turn and find a fabulous display  
Of color blazoned bright against the gray,  
Like an epiphany revealed to some  
Unready prophet suddenly struck dumb.  
And just like this, the two of us stop dead  
Amidst our tracks, forgetting what we'd said

I. Longer Poems, poem #3 *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

## VI

Just then, and clasp our hands when both our hearts  
Squeeze bursts of sudden-risen blood that smarts  
Like pricking needles at our scalps and ears  
And stimulates our widened eyes with tears,  
Which seem to well up blindly from some thrill  
Our forebears must have felt when they'd fulfilled  
Some basic craving or escaped sure death.  
But though the world in which we catch *our* breath  
We taste within a privileged paradise  
Of wine-sipped sunsets without sacrifice,  
The *feeling* we experience remains  
As vivid as the ones rewarding brains  
Of old that searched more fundamental needs  
(Which leaves us riding joys of bygone deeds).

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

VII

All *this* amid some bare, dilapidated street  
Ignored by all the affluent elite,  
Who typically will allocate great sums  
In chasing titillation that becomes  
No more exhilarating in its rush  
Than this most natural reflexive gush.  
Indeed, our species' whole economy,  
From hunter-gatherers to you and me,  
With *all* our smart technologies, appear  
To anthropologists as engineered  
Around our brain's most basic appetite  
For that rewarding feeling we excite  
Engaged with anything that helped confer  
Survival, *gene-wise*, of an ancestor.

II Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

VIII

And this, of course, included not just things  
From which to jump and run, but those that bring  
Us *closer* too, inviting us from out  
The shadow of instinctive fear and doubt  
To chance *connection* with some entity  
Conferring pleasure on the conferee.  
So, just as your own beauty strikes that chord  
In my most primal feeling of reward,  
Inviting me to seek within your being  
Everything that now seems *worth* most seeing,  
When the bougainvillea fills my view  
I feel my lust for life itself renew  
With value that transcends the merest fact  
Of my existence (which soon grows abstract).

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

IX

Now, let's return to our forgotten street,  
Well off the grid of luxury, and greet  
Our lonely bougainvillea one more time.  
Yes, let's just stand before this most sublime  
Embodiment of vegetative life  
And contemplate, without dissection knife  
And microscope, the dazzling splendor of  
Its quiet revelation far above  
That unforgiving world through which it blooms,  
Full nourished by what little it consumes.  
Is there in all our floriography  
A plant more emblematic of that tree  
Of life through which connection springs from one  
Vast beauty we can bask in like the sun?

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

x

And which among those memorable traits  
Of this great tree-like vine-cum-shrub elates  
Its viewer with the most immediacy?  
Quite likely, it would be ABUNDANCE—key  
To that subliminal aesthetic of  
Survival, procreation and, yes, love.  
Indeed, abundance, unlike sparseness, calls  
Like some enticing siren's song to all  
Of life within earth's harsh economy  
(Where nothing ever really eats for free).  
And so, it shouldn't be surprising that  
Some symbol of it will, straight off the bat,  
Elicit strong emotional response  
In us down where our instincts are ensconced—



I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

XI

*Beneath*, that is, mere tweaks to what we've learned.  
And now, if we step back from where we turned  
To find this brilliant vision in our sight  
(In this anatomy of appetite  
Our poem has become in its pursuit),  
We'll see more clearly how this most astute  
Progenitor of ours endeavors to  
Sustain its future. In the end, it's through  
Such lavish attributes that join to bait  
Whatever life might come help pollinate  
It, broadcasting its essence against death.  
Perhaps it's *this* that makes us lose our breath:  
This bold expense of resource spent to lure  
Attention to it, so it may endure.

I. Longer Poems, poem #3: *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*—continued

XII

And here we come full circle to the thrust  
Of this, *our* expedition, which is just  
That how we've come to share each other's joy  
Is ever rooted in that force employed  
By all the rest of evolution's fruit—  
ATTRACTION: that which drives our keen pursuit  
Of intimate connection with some sure  
Safe otherness in which to feel secure.  
And like the bounty of this greater wealth  
Than can be found within the bounds of self,  
Our bougainvillea brings to mind this bliss  
I rediscover in our every kiss.  
So, let us keep this gorgeous bloom, above  
All else, the potent symbol of our love.

## *Ode to a Nightgown*

I: Strophe

1

**M**y art awakes and, rousing from my brain  
A sense of wonder, shows how I am drunk  
On life and you, my muse – as if cocaine  
Were emptied in the veins of some old monk,  
Inspiring him to see the stardust in  
His hands and sing enraptured of those things  
Celestial gleaned within his dim-lit cell –  
All this evoked by art, which fashions wings  
From out the plainest words in which we dwell.

2

But art alone can't satisfy my thirst  
For your warm gorgeousness, and I am left  
With deep, unquiet longing to be nursed  
To nonsense in the bounty of your breasts,  
Dissolved into the warm oblivion  
Of your allure (from out the hubbub of  
A world boggled by the brashest noise)  
To fade into the current of your love,  
Where I forget the ways that time destroys.

I. Longer Poems, poem #4: *Ode to a Nightgown*—continued

## 3

For, you've become, with me, that great event  
No craft in words can more than celebrate,  
As art can only strive to *represent*  
Those feelings that our eager nerves create  
(To translate life into experience).  
Art measures *how it feels to be alive*  
Within the presence of ideas and things  
And not those things themselves we strive  
To know. And it's from *this* our poem springs.

## II: Antistrophe

## 4

Yes, as the object that this thirst observes  
Cannot be apprehended *in itself*  
(Since written in the language of live nerves),  
I sing in order to explore the wealth  
Discoverable through sounds shaped on the tongue.  
And so, I'll choose a metaphor for you:  
Some figure in our speech I'll use to show  
How you're revealed to me, as if but through  
Its medium alone you're mine to know.

I. Longer Poems, poem #4: *Ode to a Nightgown*—continued

5

And what might better serve me as this veil  
Of revelation than that nightgown, sheer  
As exhibitionism in detail,  
You wear in my lust's eye whenever near?  
As if reversing all that went before,  
I now propose to sing the virtues of  
That very obstacle inviting me  
To violate its boundaries toward your love  
And, through it, to exalt what I'd set free.

6

Now, to apostrophize some piece of gauze  
In place of one who lends it life may seem  
Absurd to those untutored in the laws  
Of logic your philosophers esteem,  
But I maintain this concept we call "cause,"  
Seen independent of "effect," displays  
To its inquisitor such truths as would  
Lay bare the myths obscuring why we praise  
Or damn the stuff we label "bad" or "good."



I. Longer Poems, poem #4: *Ode to a Nightgown*—continued

## 9

I cannot see you, rumped at our feet,  
Where I had tossed you in hot haste back then.  
For you've become, once more, some indiscreet  
Contrivance of a waking dream of men  
That sees a woman as some tasty treat,  
*Forbidden till unwrapped in such a way.*  
And you remain, therefore, symbolic of  
The stratagems smart lovers like to play  
In order to keep sex the lure of love.

## **II. Forty Love Sonnets**



## II. Love Sonnets, #1

*Economics 101*

In my economy, you are the gold:  
You are that valued good round which is turned  
The raw commodity of my most bold  
Desire into satisfactions earned.  
I set my currency with worldly things  
To that high standard of your wisdom's range  
That gleans the moral grain impatience flings  
Aside in search of pleasure's pocket change.  
You are reward supreme for time well spent  
Appreciating what's most real and true.  
And so, in practicing my best intent  
I but accrue still deeper love for you.  
For this there is no cost too high to pay;  
I profit by your presence every day.

## II. Love Sonnets, #2

*Taking Inventory of My Love*

I itemize the world to find my way:  
To clear a path for recognition's light  
Throughout the tangled, seeming disarray  
Of boundless matter and event in sight.  
Each day I live thus, with a list of things  
Conceived articulate against the blind,  
Rapacious din our earthly process sings.  
(This way I glean what's me from all I find.)  
But when I try to frame my love for you –  
Yes, name into significance each part  
Of how I crave you – I am lost. (Why do  
We think the brain a measure of the heart?)  
For, love is *felt* when known, not understood;  
I feel your beauty like one knows the good.

## II. Love Sonnets, #3

*Our Life Together*

When we're apart, the world makes little sense.  
Its things impinge upon the nerve and prove  
Existence in my brain, but as events  
Unweighted by significance or truth.  
I listen to the sounds the treetops make –  
That clamor of community we've heard  
As evolution's voice – and can't help take  
It in as noise: loud bourse of bug and bird.  
When we're together though, my love, instead  
The world seems my mother tongue. I know  
Its idiom like thirst knows drink. What's said  
On every leaf I read in love, and own.  
Life shared with you reveals my deepest dreams:  
Those visions of fulfillment where life *means*.

## II. Love Sonnets, #4

*Your Body as My World*

There is a landscape closer to my heart  
Than any on this luscious earth – terrain  
I yearn for like a nourishment, to start  
My soul toward its most sensual domain.  
It is a country ample of the lush  
Enticement nature wears to urge her own  
Replenishment – the ripe, ecstatic blush  
Of springtide's sway – conceived as flesh and bone.  
It is your body, love, I worship here;  
Your substance *is* my world. Each gentle curve  
Of you forms my horizon, bounds my sphere,  
Wherein my deepest being is preserved.  
Your body is the landscape of my lust;  
In its soft warmth I come to find my trust.

## II. Love Sonnets, #5

*The Anatomy of Love*

I love you with my body, dear, because  
That's where my flesh resides – the *corporal* me  
(The *only* one) – that place your being gnaws  
At mine with physical intensity  
And proves the source of everything I feel:  
The all I see, hear, taste, smell, touch, am, know  
As meat of my engagement in the real  
Live world of what our nerve cells undergo.  
Yes, this, *my body*, is the engine of  
All predicates and subjects we construe –  
The carnal truth of how I am and love –  
The all I yearn to merge with what is you.  
Your lover is no ghost in some machine  
But that real corpus built of world and gene.

## II. Love Sonnets, #6

*Let Eros Make Our Bed*

To sleep (perchance to *dream* of sleep at least)  
Is deathly dull employment of a bed.  
Let ours be first that sanctum where we feast  
Life's deepest appetite aroused instead.  
For sleep will come, eventually, to all,  
While love's delights, deferred, are but bequeathed  
Directly to oblivion. So, sprawl  
Luxurious upon my love unsheathed,  
My love! Let's leave this bed as evidence  
Of life lived in exuberance, for two;  
Of pleasure's evolutionary sense  
In bringing flesh to thrill at rendezvous!  
Let Eros make our bed for more than rest:  
For waking us to life's profoundest zest!

## II. Love Sonnets, #7

*Pleasures of the Flesh*

Upon your lips I find my paradise –  
That earthly banquet of delight our flesh  
Is heir to naturally: to best entice  
Itself towards life against the blank of death.  
Yes, in the luscious bounty of your kiss  
I taste the sweet oblivion I crave  
To sate, alive between love's thrill-clutched hips,  
And savor its *free* bliss in which we bathe.  
For, this rich hunger's *ours* and needn't wait  
On superstitions of the starved, who're taught  
To spurn all food that might but stimulate  
Their appetite and lead them into thought.  
Yes, we who think fear none of life's allure,  
Which slakes that emptiness beyond death's door.

## II. Love Sonnets, #8

*Between the Sheets*

We know each other best between the sheets  
Of this choice volume of our life we share,  
In which is bound with trust the fleshly treats  
That reinforce through lust this love we bare.  
Concupiscence regilds the dull routine  
To which the binding of two lives submits,  
Illuminating once again the keen  
Cohesive pleasures chasteness soon unknits.  
This gathering of leaves of love, fresh pledged,  
Within the spine of ever-livened want,  
Preserves for us attachment's precious edge,  
Which negligent re-shelving would wear blunt.  
The library of our connubial bliss  
Holds as its greatest treasure our *next* kiss.



## II. Love Sonnets, #9

*Sleep & Love*

Each night, as life's great bounty grows too much  
And we lie down, unburdened of our hold,  
To grasp at recollections of its touch,  
We lose our selves together in love's fold.  
Within this nestled warmth our snug embrace  
Affords we drift away beyond the laws  
That govern day to roam that inner space  
Where things once lived appear without their cause.  
But though this ghostly realm is each our own,  
We find it nightly via one shared bed,  
Which ferries us to folly and back home,  
Restored, into each other's mind and stead.  
And fresh from our re-membered lives we wake,  
Emergent, into treasure to partake.

## II. Love Sonnets, #10

*Married Love*

We married one another to lay claim  
To that great bounty of attraction's force  
That brought our boundaries to converge and frame  
With meaning how lust's pleasures feed love's source.  
The maps we used to find this place were those  
Our ancestors had modified through their  
Success, despite vast differences imposed  
By new terrains. Yet, here we can forbear.  
For, though our circuitries evolved to spur  
Us on by way of novelty's ideal  
Toward wider fields to sow, we who demur  
Can stay and reap those satisfactions *real*.  
Thus, innate cravings for the ever new  
We've tamed into *attachment*, tried and true.

## II. Love Sonnets, #11

*The Magic of Your Voice*

When through the rude, cold, brash, hard, mindless noise  
The world's commerce makes, my tired ear  
Perceives the love-warmed wisdom of your voice,  
I feel my spirit glide into the clear.  
At once, the strident uproar churned between  
Antagonism's treacherous banks gives way  
As I am carried safe to the serene  
Unhurried confluence where trust holds sway.  
And well behind me now the sirens' cries  
Grow faint in their sensational appeals  
Competing for consumers as I rise  
Into the sensual splendor love reveals.  
For here within the timbre of your care  
I bask *companioned*, past temptation's snare.

## II. Love Sonnets, #12

*Why This Day Is So Very Special,  
Like All Others.*

This day, when birds come down to choose their mates  
And humans pause to love amid their fuss  
With lesser things, I once more celebrate  
My constant joy: our *daily* choice of *us*.  
*We* need no martyr's anniversary  
To feel this exultative state of heart,  
This flutter of soul's wings; the cursory  
Can have no place where life is lived like art:  
In mindfulness, that is, in slow, sure, prayer-  
Like vividness of thought which consecrates  
Each *moment's* grace, each life-rich breath of air,  
Each taste of food that nourishes, not sates.  
No calendar can keep such reverent sway;  
My love, I choose you now *and every day*.

## II. Love Sonnets, #13

*Not in My Wildest Dreams*

Of all my dreams, this one I live with you,  
My love, eludes interpretation best.  
It yields to all analyses no clue  
Beyond its truth: that love wakes life to zest.  
There is no sage on earth can come and read  
In it but myths that rhyme with his beliefs,  
As its most human logic will exceed  
All numbers summed, like facts by joys and griefs.  
It seems I'd slept till meeting you and lived  
As large as this but only while I dreamt;  
For here in love's embrace I wake to give  
Sleep's madness chase, as if from death exempt.  
Not in my wildest dreams had I foreseen  
My life so wide, exuberant, and keen.

## II. Love Sonnets, #14

*Words, Words, Words*

It's said that words cannot express the real  
Experience of LOVE: those tongues of fire  
Licking at our reason till we feel  
Hot desperation for the one desired,  
*Or* then, later, that more temperate kind  
We wake to once these waxed psychotic thrills  
Have ebbed and left us focused with near blind  
Affection that attachment's sense instills....  
It isn't true. These mere voiced signs, *once coined*,  
Become the very currency that buys  
Our visits *back* to these spent feelings, joined  
Now with new *values* their belief implies.  
So, when I say I love you, dear, I *feel*  
How much I do, since words trace what seems real.

## II. Love Sonnets, #15

*The Magnificent Accident of Us*

That you and I exist at all is rare  
Beyond conception in a cosmos vast  
As this, but that we'd come to meet and bare  
Our lives to one another's love counts past  
All odds of destined ends. For, these must heed  
In their trajectory no compromise  
With those diverse events that would impede  
Their goal. And this ignores what underlies  
*Becoming*: we're the level outcome of  
Time's sands of interactive happenstance,  
*Which could have settled otherwise*. Our love  
Then is a process bodies make with chance.  
This key to life dispels the myth of fate:  
The accident of us we *help* create.

## II. Love Sonnets, #16

*Waking Up in Paradise*

I woke this morning into paradise.  
A flock of geese had called me from a dream  
Of lives unlived, of joys long sacrificed,  
To witness the eternal in a gleam.  
For, past our nestled feet I saw the sun  
Light up a sudden slope of brilliant pine  
And stone arising from a surface spun  
In sparkling calm. It shone outside all time.  
And yet, our window opens on a splendor  
Beyond *this* each day we wake up side  
By side. It opens *inward* on what's rendered  
Shimmering in the warmth our hearts confide.  
O all creation's beauty's *here*, my dove;  
Yes, all of Eden, *here*, where flows our love.



## II. Love Sonnets, #17

*At Home in Paradise*

Four years ago I woke into a dream  
Of life with you lived high upon the calm  
Where sparkling water bound by soaring green  
Would soothe our city nerves in cooling balm.  
This dream was ours together, like the sky  
We'd watch each night dissolve into our love.  
To enter its rare light, we would belie  
Our knowledge of unrealized hopes above.  
Yet now I wake to find our vision real—  
Perceived directly from the world below  
Where diamonds dance on ripples to reveal  
The paradise that stokes the fancy's glow.  
We dare to dream because we dare to live;  
Without our trust in love, what dare we give?

## II. Love Sonnets, #18

*Paradise Sustained*

I, whose hair is tinged with gray, now sing  
Once more of paradise: not his that's lost  
And found contingent on an angel's wing,  
But ours that's ever present without cost.  
The morning star illuminating this,  
Our bower of bliss, is *not* the one who fell,  
Defiant, from the light, but *she* whose kiss  
Engenders everything within earth's swell.  
Yes, Venus and her Eros guide us here,  
Inspiring our obedience to *life*,  
Not Superstition, whose dim parents, Fear  
And Ignorance, breed cruelty and strife.  
Our Eden, love, is here on earth, our home,  
Sustained in trust, not seized through war's hot foam.

## II. Love Sonnets, #19

*First Anniversary Sonnet*

One year ago upon this sacred day  
We changed the world forever with a kiss.  
The ambient love released, just as we prayed,  
Lit up a moment's dark to mystic bliss:  
A shiver like a splinter of the sun  
Singed quick each spine, yes woke each life, around  
The epicenter, where we stood – where, one  
With all abundance, our new life was crowned.  
And now, this glorious day, we look back out  
Across the year we've kindled with our love  
And see it glowing still, beyond all doubt,  
Where *now* is that eternity above.  
Each blessed day this past year has unfurled  
We've better served each other (and the world).

## II. Love Sonnets, #20

*Leaving Our Heart Upon Taishan*

The millions who'll make pilgrimage to climb  
*Mt. Tai* will gain upon its lucid peak  
A vantage on a world unchanged by time:  
That state of reverence brought by all who seek.  
They'll feel what countless souls who came before  
Had left of *their* enlightenment here: a sense  
Of permanence in flux; the evermore  
Within the ancient moment's present tense.  
And higher yet than this, they'll find our love:  
Bright joy in living in each other's eye  
And earthly appetite. Who climbs above  
These racing clouds tomorrow will espy  
Upon a chain around a sacred rock  
*Our* reverence, symbolized by a heart-shaped lock.

## II. Love Sonnets, #21

*Within Some Other Age*

Had we encountered one another's love  
Within the boundaries of some other age,  
We might have passed it by, untasted of  
This joy, between some drudgery and its wage.  
We would, perhaps, have turned and looked, but then  
Pressed on towards satisfactions safe (those far  
Enough from what our smarting hearts could ken)  
And missed *today*, where luck holds its bazaar.  
For love first must be *possible* to thrive —  
The consequence of physics, laws, and chance  
No less than soul. (A body cannot strive  
To love when dead in *best* of circumstance.)  
So let us savor, dear, good fortune's role  
In our great love, and keep it as our goal.

## II. Love Sonnets, #22

*Barcarolle*

We wake to opalescent mornings high  
Above the water's scintillating span  
And feel within its gentle pulse the ply  
Of time unweaving rock to windblown sand.  
From out this measured current we can hear  
The primal urge towards boundlessness take flight  
And soar, transcendent of the wide blue sphere  
Where rainbows merge, dissolving back to light.  
And as the evening gathers up this day  
In slowly deepening shadows, we above  
Who watch these fluid processes at play  
Can see in earth's affinities *our* love.  
For, like resolve that's sought through ebb and flow,  
We find our concord *sharing* this day's glow.

## II. Love Sonnets, #23

*Written Just for Us*

Sometimes we live within a work of art  
So deeply that it's ours. Its secrets hold  
Our own so knowingly we feel a part  
Of what's revealed beneath the story told.  
This happened long ago when one whose love  
Was uncontainable sat down and wrote  
It out: desire's map, from anguish of  
Pure self into love's rapture, note by note.  
And then we came and found what he had left  
Us both: the sound of our own desperation  
For each other's touch; the warp and weft  
Of want, with which to weave love's exaltation.  
Now, we hear the yearning in these lines  
And know it's *our* embrace their search defines.

## II. Love Sonnets, #24

*Annus Mirabilis*

Go scoop a year of time from out the flow  
Of its events and watch it trickle through  
Your grasp of its significance, as though  
In meaning's gravity, truths bend askew.  
This seems to happen in my measure of  
That special year in which you had emerged  
Into the light of my potential love  
And lived your life towards mine till they'd converged:  
Within the circuit of my memory,  
A moment in some far-off family's life  
Becomes a golden age I tend to see  
Predictive of our bliss as man and wife.  
This year that gave me you is but cold time  
That meaning's heat has raised to the sublime.



## II. Love Sonnets, #25

*Love & Time*

From that bright moment we first met, till now,  
When we look back across the splendor born  
Of its event, time seems *itself* endowed  
With that exalted feel of love fresh-sworn,  
As if the very *measure* of love's bond  
Becomes at length the matter it would gauge,  
Providing passion's sustenance *beyond*  
Attraction's force, which *first* had set love's stage,  
As if duration's steady trial of trust  
Can render stronger what survives its test  
By weeding out the fleeting in our lust  
To leave just what erects the surer nest.  
Yes, time reveals to us love's *mounting* bliss;  
So, come, my love, extend it with a kiss!

## II. Love Sonnets, #26

*Lovebirds Refurbishing their Nest*

A pair of aging lovebirds made their nest  
Upon a paradise of trust. The house  
They'd called their home was fine...though not the *best*  
They could conceive toward sharing with a spouse.  
And here were they forewarned by seasoned birds  
Whose rebuilt nests had brought *their* love's demise  
(When costly strangers came in noisy herds  
To pry their world apart with compromise).  
Yet our pair, confident in what induced  
So strong a bond as theirs, would go select  
With pluck the fabric of their ideal roost  
With high-priced contractor and architect.  
And once all done, though *fiscally* quite poor,  
Their *love* cooed deeper, richer than before.

## II. Love Sonnets, #27

*Feeling a Tad Psychotic*

I met you in the afternoon of this  
Well-reasoned life I'd led while occupied  
With cogent, philosophic thoughts. That kiss  
I dreamed of from you thereon in hog-tied  
My analytic strengths and left me drained  
Of focus toward my tasks, like tying shoes  
And finding words. But this was well explained  
By natural brain events, which was good news.  
For, were I really nuts I wouldn't know  
"Reality" from what I merely dreamt,  
And I knew *well* this difference by my show  
Of apt responses to your lips, which tempted  
Me to see them in each evening sky.  
And I knew too that SUNSETS DO NOT LIE!

## II. Love Sonnets, #28

*Borodin in Love*

The chemistry between two beings bound  
By love's exhilarations can be heard  
In these complexities of nuanced sound  
That interact with feelings beyond words:  
As if the laboratory of the heart,  
In which we test affinities we crave,  
Reveals its best-kept secrets through the art  
Of organizing pitches upon staves,  
Inviting us to gauge that appetite  
A body suffers for connection deep  
Within another's yearning and delight  
Upon those pleasures found within its sweep.  
And in these fluid properties explored  
We find our *own* bond strengthened in accord.

## II. Love Sonnets, #29

*The Language of Love*

I often hear some couple suffer words  
With one another that provide, it seems,  
Safe distance for respite from wounds incurred  
In trespassing their partner's self-esteem.  
And I can't help but sense in every blow  
Of hurtful comments proffered their high need  
*To take another language up; yes, throw*  
Away these sharpened phrases and proceed  
In softer, warmer, more inviting sounds  
Through which their vulnerabilities are bared  
So dangerously that both seek grounds  
To be protector of the other's cares —  
Till, soon, like us, they find themselves in bed,  
Re-conjugating risqué verbs instead.

## II. Love Sonnets, #30

*A Sonnet to My Muse*

My muse, I've called to you these anguished years  
To teach me how to sing the world anew,  
To find that voice in which our hard-earned tears  
Might nourish joyful reverence for what's true.  
And though I'd thought you couldn't hear my call  
(Because this voice I seek is yours), I see  
Now that you'd never left my side at all:  
You are Love's genius come to set me free.  
And now I see you everywhere I go,  
My love: each port at which my ship arrives.  
I find you in each eye I meet and know  
You in the beauty of all seas and skies.  
I burn to taste the wisdom of your lips  
And learn the world with my fingertips.

## II. Love Sonnets, #31

*Admitting Our Impediments*

Let's talk of love, but not that ideal stuff  
Of stars and ships and well-fixed points beyond  
The reach of time. No, I mean love that's tough  
As life, admitting faults through which we bond.  
It is a thing we make – a thing of nerves  
And not some disembodied force that moves  
The planets. (That's called gravity.) Love serves  
No greater outcome than to help us choose.  
And that's where our impediments come in:  
Because it *can* be lost, our love must hold  
The all of us, and not just traits that win  
Our favor. These will sag as we grow old.  
Let ours be that true marriage of two minds  
Embodying the real in what love binds.

## II. Love Sonnets, #32

*An Exquisite Sadness*

At times, the deepest love can taste like grief,  
As when our happy hold on what we prize  
The most seems lost to our worst fear's belief  
That it won't last, and we rehearse goodbyes.  
It is that haunting sense where beauty stings  
Us with the dread of evanescence, keen  
To what is missing in that vowel she sings  
Relentlessly in search of hope unseen.  
And as we listen to this wordless text  
That reads like our empathic need to feel  
Each other's pain, we savor the complex  
*Convergence* of emotion that's revealed.  
For here, distilled from *all* the heart's affairs,  
A yearning aches to suffer love's great cares.



## II. Love Sonnets, #33

*Romeo, Juliet,  
Lytton & Carrington*

To want what one can't have can forge that bond  
Surviving reason's most persuasive proofs  
By focusing priorities beyond  
The comfort of convention's feel of truth.  
It is to sacrifice the ease routine  
Provides formality, so as embrace  
The precious burden of what lies between  
Two lives long shaped by different fears to face.  
To love someone enough to forfeit hope  
Of ownership is to fulfill our lust  
For deep attachment in that richer scope  
Where intimacy lines its nest with trust.  
And it is this I want for us as well:  
That what we have in love is where we dwell.

## II. Love Sonnets, #34

*At Home on the Roam*

That journey we now share upon this earth  
Between two places we have made our home  
Reveals to us with each new year the worth  
Discoverable in learning how to *roam*:  
Yes, travel *indirectly* – *past* the route  
Efficiency prescribes – to view what lies  
*Between* those compass points of our commute  
As *new* horizons to survey and prize.  
For, all those little rituals we call  
Our life include the ways we soothe our fear  
Of change, though these buy satisfactions small  
Compared with those that thrill the pioneer.  
So, let us keep our destinations set...  
But just *defer* them, *past* routine's regret.

## II. Love Sonnets, #35

*My Spiritual Journey*

I woke to find myself awake amidst  
A dark wood bedroom suite in some motel  
Halfway between my lust and what it fixed  
Upon: a gorgeous woman, hot as hell.  
I knew I wasn't sleeping anymore  
Though, since this beauty I'd been kissing proved  
None other than the one I heard now snoring  
Soft against this shoulder I'd not moved.  
And then it was the reason had occurred  
To me just why conjugal intercourse  
Like ours might cook still with such heat, though stirred  
By reproductive instincts reinforced  
*Well past our procreative age: Above*  
*This waste of seed prevails the boon of love.*

## II. Love Sonnets, #36

*Sharing Our Fortune*

The wealth of nations is no match for ours,  
Which is derived not from commodities  
Agreed to have fixed worth but by those powers  
Trust invests *past need* of guarantees.  
For, goods are only made to be consumed  
And services to be enjoyed, but trust,  
Love's bond, grows most abundant when it's used  
And stays, through vulnerability, robust.  
Though, fundamentally, all love may be,  
Like money, but a matter of belief,  
This doesn't lessen its authority,  
As hormones ply where even faith is brief.  
Our fortune, love, is vast because we care  
More for *each other* than our market share.

## II. Love Sonnets, #37

*Just Being Here with You*

I often think about the life I'd spent  
In search of you: those unlived days before  
You came and loved me into us, intent  
On finding him whom *your* life meant more.  
Awakened by the feel of your desire  
For me, pouring warm as welcome sun  
Across my numbed resolve, I sensed that prior  
Emptiness fill up till it was none.  
It's though this pattern process I call "me"  
Had swelled enriched within the loop of care  
In which you redefined your sense of "he,"  
And this emergent *we* is everywhere.  
For, now life's deepest meanings to pursue  
Seem readiest just being here with you.

## II. Love Sonnets, #38

*Pillow Talk*

There is a place we go within our love  
Where we can share those satisfactions found  
In sensual delight, yet well above  
The pleasures of the sheets we'd strewn around.  
It is our *pillow's* refuge we ascend  
Once sated, bathed in that hormonal glue  
That binds good feelings into covenants  
Of trust and care, till reinforced anew.  
Yes, here's where we return from out our lone  
Attempts to meet our deepest need—to *feel*  
We *matter*—and but reconnect, full prone  
In naked truth, untempted to conceal,  
Exploring all we want in that warm glow  
That only intimacy can bestow.

## II. Love Sonnets, #39

*Rising in Love with You*

To fall in love, as we had done way back  
Within obsession's plunge from reasoned calm,  
Is to surrender something—say some lack  
We yearn to fill to mollify a qualm.  
But when, in time, those hormones ebb, along  
With all the desperate idealizings they'd  
Aroused, what's risen in their place, so strong  
And stead, is that bond commitment laid.  
Yet, this can't hold unless we're each complete  
Within ourselves—till we can give without  
Our really only feeding our own need,  
Like more acknowledgement to slake more doubt.  
Thus, we're most satisfied, *not* when we fall  
But *rise* in love—*above* what might enthrall.

## II. Love Sonnets, #40

*More Beautiful with Every Year*

What is it in these features of your face,  
And all the rest of what I know as *you*,  
That draws me in so ardently to taste  
Of beauty that seems only to accrue?  
Were it that “essence” theorists have conceived  
(Within their dire work to save the soul  
From the impermanence of flesh), I’d cleave  
To that delusion you’d just kept your role  
As younger self, refusing to mature.  
But you’re a *process*, ripening through cares *lived*  
Into that breadth of radiant allure  
Embodying *yet* these traits I thrill to kiss,  
Where Plato and the rest had got it wrong,  
Where singer is not fixed within the song.



### III. Notes on the Dates of Composition of these Poems

The poems in this volume are all the result of an unusually slow process of composition, often encompassing numerous revisions. Some sonnets progressed in this manner over periods of many months. Therefore, in order to avoid offering an unrealistic sense of precision, dates given below to these poems have been limited to their year of completion only, though in most cases this *is* synonymous with the year of composition as well. The poems in the subject volume may be found as well in the larger volume of my poetic work entitled *Collected Poems (& Prose Works)*. Those chosen from that to comprise the subject volume include the wedding poem, *Epithalamium* (Nuptial Ode, a Ceremonial Wedding Hymn), the erotic ode, *Ode to a Nightgown*, and twenty-nine love sonnets for various occasions, including wedding anniversaries and Valentine's Day, as well as *unofficial* memorializations of romantic love. All of these were written by me to express my love for my wife (and muse) Carol. And it was Carol's idea to collect them here for others to enjoy for special occasions of their own.

Only one change has been made to any of these poems: a stanza was removed from *Epithalamium* to render it more universal (i.e., less specific to the particular circumstances of our own wedding). This missing stanza, which had been the penultimate one in the original version, may be found *in situ* as Stanza XI in my *Selected Poems*. Its removal was purely one of practicality and not of critical editing, as it happens to pertain to very specific dynamics of our two families at the time Carol and I married and would therefore sound disorienting if read at almost anyone else's wedding.

Carol's original presentation copies of the poems in this volume typically include a sometimes-lengthy presentation legend, often including an "argument" characterizing the subject of the poem's meditation. Although appropriate to the specific ceremonial spirit of their presentation, the vast

Notes on the Dates and Circumstances of Compositions, *continued*

majority of such inscriptions have been excised from the texts of these poems for publication in the subject volume. The dates and circumstances of composition of all these poems may be found below in a separate section, "Original Prefaces."

Carol's copies of these poems included a presentation preface (or legend, or "argument" [summarizing or characterizing the subject of the poem's meditation]). Although I still believe these inscriptions to be appropriate to the specific ceremonial spirit of the *presentation* of these poems, I agree with my two best critics (my wife and muse Carol and my late friend J. Allan Hobson) that they run the risk of distracting the reader from the *poems themselves* (by inviting, or at the very least *endorsing*, indulgence in extracurricular speculations). Hence, such presentation inscriptions have been excised from the texts of these poems as presented in the subject volume. However, for those who have already confronted the poems without this distraction and who still yearn for more context or explication, I have endeavored to include below a transcription of this original prefatory material for each poem, including date of composition or presentation:

Original Presentation Prefaces

1.

*Epithalamium*

("Before the Nuptial Chamber")

**A Nuptial Ode****(or Ceremonial Wedding Hymn)**

In the tradition of

Edmund Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, John Donne, Ben Jonson, et al.

(Themselves in the tradition of Sappho, Catullus, et al.)

But especially

Spenser's splendid *Epithalamion* (1594, for his own wedding)*Celebrating**The Spiritual, Corporal, and Legal Marriage**of**Two People**Committed to Each Other**Forever*

Cast in Eleven\* Rhymed and Metered Ten-Line Stanzas

Each Comprising Two Elegiac Quatrains

Terminating in an Alexandrine Couplet

Of Non-Verbatim (Incrementally-Repetitive) Refrain

**[\*Originally *twelve* stanzas, the penultimate one having been removed from the poem for the subject edition due to its likely irrelevance to anyone except the subject poet and his muse.]**

[Composed between January 17<sup>th</sup> and March 18<sup>th</sup>, 2005 for Public Recitation

By the Poet at His Own Wedding on September 24, 2005.]

Original Presentation Prefaces, continued

2.

## *Love's Banquet*

A Second Epithalamium  
(Ceremonial Wedding Ode)

In Sixty Lines  
(Cast in Ten Sixains of "Venus and Adonis" Stanza)

Exploring the Idea of Feast or Banquet as Metaphor for  
The Sumptuous Variety of Delicious Satisfaction  
Offered Us by Life  
*When in the Ongoing Preparation and Enjoyment of  
Shared Love*

A Poem Composed by the Groom's Father, David Borodin

*Specifically for the Celebration of the Wedding Ceremony of  
Daniel Borodin and Sirirat Kaewthavorn  
At Lower Twin Lake, Idaho, on July 23, 2022*

3.

## *The Bougainvilleas of Sonora*

[Composed March-April 2018 for February 2019]

A Poem in Punctuated Stichic Form  
Conceived in Couplets and Gathered in  
A Dozen Sonnet-Size Clusters  
In Celebration of  
The Perennially Sultry, Tropical Lushness  
Of Our Love

*For My Carol Lynn  
Valentine's Day, 2019*

Original Presentation Prefaces, continued

4.

## *Ode to a Nightgown*

A Reverently Subversive Parody Ode

In Praise of

Erotic Intimacy

And its Effect

Upon the Health of a Marriage

And

Its Participants

Inspired by the Approach of

The Thirteenth Anniversary

Of Our Publicly Acknowledged Legal Union

To Freely Enjoy Such Intimacy

While Also Filing a Joint Return

(As Well as by, of Course,

The Immortal Odes of John Keats)

[Composed During January 2018,

Largely in Ecuador,

For Presentation to My Muse on the Occasion of

Our Thirteenth Wedding Anniversary on September 24<sup>th</sup>]

## Original Presentation Prefaces, continued: Love Sonnets

1. ***Economics 101*** (September-October 2010) ..... 33
- A Love Sonnet Aspiring to Assess  
The Vast Capital My Love Represents  
In the Household Management of My Heart  
*For My Valentine, Wife, Love & Muse*  
*My Carol Lynn*  
On Valentine's Day, 2011
2. ***Taking Inventory of My Love*** (July-September 2006)..... 34
- A Sonnet by one professional appraiser to another  
Attempting to identify and describe  
(Though ultimately to *value*)  
That most mysterious, magical, and personal of properties  
Which holds him blessed each day of his life  
Married to his intoxicating, unforgettable woman.  
*Collected, collated, and compiled*  
*For Christmas, 2006*  
*For my Carol Lynn*
3. ***Our Life Together*** (late 2006 / early 2007) ..... 35
- A Sonnet  
Addressing the Sustaining Power of Love  
In Time for Valentine's Day, February 14, 2007  
*For My Carol Lynn*
4. ***Your Body as My World*** (September 2005) ..... 36
- A Sonnet  
Addressing the Landscape of My Desire  
(Inspired by *Ariadne Asleep on the Island of Naxos*,  
a painting of a female nude in a landscape,  
by John Vanderlyn [American, 1775-1852], circa 1809-14,  
at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.)  
*For My Carol Lynn*  
On Christmas Day, December 25, 2005
5. ***The Anatomy of Love*** (September , 2012 through January 2013) ..... 37
- A Spirited Celebration of the Body  
As Sole Source and Experience  
Of Love

## Original Presentation Prefaces, continued: Love Sonnets

Conceived in Rhyme *and* Reason  
 In Honor of Valentine's Day, 2013  
*For my Wife, My Muse, My Love*  
 My Carol Lynn

6. *Let Eros Make Our Bed* (November 2009) ..... 38

An Erotic Sonnet for  
 My Wife and Muse,  
 My Carol Lynn,  
 On Valentine's Day, 2010

7. *Pleasures of the Flesh* (November 2013 through February 2014) ..... 39

*Pleasures of the Flesh*  
 An Epicurean Erotic Sonnet  
 Savoring the Delicious Wholesomeness of  
**Erotic Love**  
*For my Wife, Muse, and Banqueting Companion*  
**My Carol Lynn**  
 On Valentine's Day 2014

8. *Between the Sheets* (January through September 2014)..... 40

A Bibliophilic Sonnet Perusing  
 The Enduring Beauty of Our  
 Magnificent Conjugal Binding  
 On the Occasion of Our Ninth Wedding Anniversary  
 On September 24, 2014  
*For my Wife, Muse, and Book-Loving Bed Partner*  
**My Carol Lynn**

9. *Sleep & Love* (November 2011)..... 41

A Sonnet Dreaming about Our Love  
 of Sleeping Together  
*For My Wife, Muse, Valentine, Lover, and Sleeping Companion*  
 My Beloved Carol Lynn  
 On Valentine's Day, 2012

10. *Married Love* (January 2013)..... 42

A Few Quatrains and a Couplet Savoring the Satisfactions  
 Of Living Deep in Love with One Another

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*While Still Married to Each Other*  
 In Honor of the Inception of  
 The Eighth Year of Our Deeply Loving Union  
*For my Wife, My Muse, My Love*  
 My Carol Lynn  
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11. *The Magic of Your Voice* (July-August 2008) ..... 43

Three stanzas and a couplet  
 Rhyming in adoration of the sound  
 Of the voice I love best in all the world.  
*To My Carol Lynn, My Muse*  
 Right in time for Valentine's Day, 2009

12. *Why This Day is So Very Special, Like All Others* (Dec. 2004-Jan. 2005) 44

A Love Sonnet  
 Commemorating St. Valentine's Feast Day  
 February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2005  
 (And the Other 364 Days of the Year  
 In Which I Treasure My Love)  
*For My Beloved Carol Lynn*

13. *Not in My Wildest Dreams* (February-March 2011) ..... 45

A Love Sonnet Wondering in Search of  
 Boundaries Distinguishing Dreams  
 From Mere Dreams  
 On the Occasion of Our 6<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary  
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 This Theme and Title Having Been Assigned to Me  
 By My Muse (and Loving Wife) at 3:00 p.m., February 8, 2011

14. *Words, Words, Words* (April 2014) ..... 46

A Word or Two of Appreciation  
 For the Value of Language  
 In the Feeling and Practice of  
 LOVE  
*For My Love*  
**My Carol Lynn**



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On Valentine's Day, 2015

15. *The Magnificent Accident of Us* (January and August 2012)..... 47

A Sonnet Celebrating the Accident of Chance  
As an Essential Ingredient  
In the Recipe for Life and Love  
(In Repudiation of the Fabulously Ludicrous  
Yet Ever-Seductive Myth of Destiny)  
Commemorating the Seventh Anniversary  
Of Our Accidentally Inevitable-Seeming  
Yet Happily Ever-So-Essential Marriage  
September 24, 2012  
*For My Carol Lynn*

16. *Waking Up in Paradise* (July-August 2005) ..... 48

A Love Sonnet  
Addressing the Splendor of Waking  
With my Beloved Overlooking a Lake in North Idaho  
(Lower Twin Lake, Morning of July 20, 2005)  
*For My Carol Lynn*  
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17. *At Home in Paradise* (August-September 2009)..... 49

A Love Sonnet Celebrating  
Our Fourth Wedding Anniversary  
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In Special Appreciation of  
Our Life Together in Our New Home  
On Lower Twin Lake, north of Rathdrum, Idaho  
*For My Carol Lynn, My Wife and Muse*

18. *Paradise Sustained* (August-September 2009)..... 50

A Love Sonnet Celebrating  
The Paradise in Which We Dwell  
Here in Love  
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(Without Apology to John Milton [or to Anybody Else])

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As Lovers,  
As Parents,  
As Partners.  
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My Carol Lynn

20. *Leaving Our Heart Upon Taishan* (late 2007 / early 2008) ..... 52

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Wound around a marble railing surrounding the summit stone  
In the courtyard of the *Yuhuang miao* ("Jade Emperor Temple") at the summit of  
*Yuhuhuang ding* ("Jade Emperor Peak"), *Taishan* ("Mt. Taishan")  
North of Tai'an in Shandong Province, China, on April 18, 2007  
*This poem prepared for Valentine's Day 2008*

21. *Within Some Other Age* (2008) ..... 53

A Sonnet Celebrating  
Good Fortune  
(One Ingredient Even Lovers Need)  
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To Have Married Such a Wonderful and Loving Woman  
(Three Years Ago Today This September 24, 2008)  
*For My Carol Lynn, My Muse*  
(*Who Gave Me This to Compose Back in October of 2007*)

22. *Barcarolle*, on Frédéric Chopin (2010) ..... 54

A Love Sonnet  
Inspired by the Transcendental Beauty  
Of the Great Late Piano Piece  
*Barcarolle* in F# Major, op. 60 (1845-46)

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By Frédéric Chopin (1810-49),  
 An Intimate Aquatic Nocturne Heard as  
 An Apotheosis of Water  
 And of Love,  
 On the Occasion of  
 Our Fifth Wedding Anniversary  
 On September 24, 2010  
 And in Continued Celebration of  
 Our New Life in Love on the Water  
*To My Wife and Muse, My Carol Lynn.*

23. *Written Just for Us*, on Rachmaninoff's Cello Sonata (2007) ..... 55

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 Sonata for Cello and Piano in G minor, Opus 19 (1901)  
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 – The Music of Our Longing (and Our Wedding) –  
 In Commemoration of  
 The 55<sup>th</sup> Birthday on October 25, 2007  
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*For My Carol Lynn*

24. *Annus Mirabilis* (February 2014) ..... 56

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 For the Wonderful Year of 1952  
 That Witnessed the Emergence  
 Of My Beloved into this World in Which  
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My Carol Lynn*

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*For my Wife Remodeling Partner, My Carol Lynn*  
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Surveying the Notoriously Porous Border  
Between Erotic Love and Plain Insanity  
*For My Carol Lynn*  
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Piano Trio in D (1860-61) and Piano Quintet in c minor (1862)  
By Alexandr Porfirievich Borodin (Russian, 1833-87)  
Composed During the Period of His Meeting and Engagement to  
The Love of His Life  
Ekaterina Sergeevna Protopopova (later Borodina) in 1861  
As Well as by His Nostalgic Revisiting of these Feelings in  
His Gorgeous String Quartet No. 2 in D in 1881.  
*For Another Borodin's Ekaterina,  
My Carol Lynn*

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Treat Each Other in Words  
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Perceived in the Practice of Consummate Love

(With a Nod to the Ponderings of W. B. Yeats  
While Aging in the Midst of His School Children)

*For My Ever-More-Beautiful Carol Lynn*

# *Love & Marriage Poems*

(Edition 11.17.23)

44 Poems, Long & Short

(Four Longer Poems and Forty Sonnets)

Lovingly Gathered from:

*Collected Poems* (Ed. 9.1.22) & *Recent\* Poems* (\*Since Ed. 9.1.22)

by

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