Recent* Poems [Edition 10.30.26]

(*composed *since* publication of Edition 10.24.25 of *Collected Poems*)

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The Kiss

Standing Together in the Radiant Enticement
Of Gustav Klimt's Massive Shimmering Masterpiece
Of 1907-08 In the Upper Belvedere Palace, Vienna
On October 1, 2025

For My Carol Lynn
On February 14, 2026

Amid the dazzling indifference of
Earth's processes profuse, we strive in flesh
Tones, soft and warm, to feed our hungry love,
Which throbs behind this veil life manifests.
From out its pulsing cells we're seen revealed,
Engaged in deep connection, deaf to those
Distractions all around us where we kneel
In love's abundance, on a stage enclosed.
It is this longing to but feel and taste
Each other's life these nerve cells thus impart
As meaning, like mere burnished metals chased
Into the spangled pageantry of art.
And through this kiss we share in something vast:
A great mosaic formed from pieces of our past.

—David Borodin, December 1—February 2, 2026

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Death Sets a Thing Significant

Losing Loved Ones
(And Even Watching Loved Ones Lose Loved Ones)
Makes Us Mindful of the Value of Our Own Companionship

(Daring to Pick Up Where the Immortal Emily Dickinson Left Off)

For My Loving Life Companion, My Carol Lynn
On Our Twenty-First Wedding Anniversary
(Amid a Year of Significant Loss)

Not just by shining light on common things,
Now prized as vessels of remembrance, but
By framing them in nothingness, death brings
Clear meaning to the life it's fixed to shut.
Each version of our self we've shared with those
Now gone is gone now too, wherein we see
(Too late) that questions we had yet to pose
Must stay unanswered. Death becomes life's key,
Unlocking every room in which we could
Have cared, each door we never thought to try
Because we hadn't *really* understood
That even love, since made of life, must die.
What's set significant by death is this:
Our every act of *us*, each touch we'll miss.

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Going to See the Relatives

Inspired by a Revelatory Visit to the Sedlec Ossuary
In Kutná Hora, Czech Republic

For My Co-Discoverer of this Affirming Truth,
My Carol Lynn (Who, Herself,
Had Placed the Order for this Sonnet)

Our vision sprang from a handful of clay.
The abbot, home from Golgotha, had brought
It back to scatter on his church's graves
And buy some souls the paradise they'd sought.
News spread, and loads of corpses would arrive
From far and wide till, gradually displaced
By newer ones, old bones amassed so high
They'd need be used to decorate the space.
Now we confront vast walls of skulls and bones
From nations all around and can discern
In them a likeness we had never known.
Because beneath the superficial turn
Of lip or lid that wears away in years,
What's left exposed is *us*, their kin and peers.

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