

The Night We Met

*When we first met, I little knew
How large my heart would grow for you;
It swelled until I couldn't bear;
I thought it'd tear me half in two.*

*We met again; I could but stare;
My heart burst down the door and stairs
And made the highest hill a shore,
An island washed in foam and air.*

*The more we loved, the more my gyre roared
And over the island poured;
We swam but sank through ocean sound
And made our home the sodden sward.*

*Inside the seagrass where the sound
Of storms above can't shake the ground,
We won't be lost if left unfound;
We're lost apart, together found.*

Read more, and buy his chapbook, **Nature, Love, and Solitude**, at JaradBushnellPoetry.com



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