

Elizabeth McKim

When We Love

We love strongly
And we are not alone
We come as guests
And we don't know when to leave.
We never learned that. We
Never got instruction on that matter,
And now we are strangely alone
And strangers to ourselves
And our selves are a whole fleet
Of small crafts setting sail
To a faraway country
We can only smell
We can only name through our blind lids
We can only hear at night
When there is a small bell ringing
We can only taste in a tiny berry, or a person
At the first and final eye/blink
Of hello/goodby/hello

Elizabeth Gordon McKim is a poet, teacher of poetry for all people of ages, and spoken word performance artist. She has published five books of poetry, the latest being *The Red Thread* (Leapfrog Press) She is the Poet Laureate of the European Graduate School for Expressive Arts in Saas Fee Switzerland, and part of the graduate Faculty at Lesley University. She lives in Lynn Massachusetts where she is affectionately named "the Jazz Poet of Lynn."