

## the woman who fell in love

it was by chance that i met her,  
the woman who fell in love.  
a right click on her part might have taken her to Paris,  
a left click on mine might have taken me downhill.  
an outage that day and i may never have known her,  
the woman who fell in love.  
however now, thanks to this binary occurrence, i  
have found out a lot:

A woman's love is at her absolute center,  
and deeper than most men surmise.  
She is always walking in the ocean,  
the waves touching her breasts,  
the salt shining in all her hair like the very  
glow of existence itself,  
uncompromised by doubt  
unalloyed with reason  
untroubled by death  
irreconcilable with certain agonies of struggle  
that plague the male mind.

And as she steps, the ocean bottom shifts, so that  
one moment she seems to be emerging,  
to be ready for the sand and the shower and the beach toys,  
the picnic and the umbrella, ready to ride shotgun  
back to reality;  
and another moment, she is in  
over her head,  
the woman who fell in love.

Her words burst like bubbles in the foam of the waves  
'the love of my life'  
hears the ocean bird, hears the sparkly plankton, the child  
of earth's beginning;  
'forever'  
hears the sea breeze, fleeing the cold wind  
of the land, of the dry, crusty floor on which man has built  
his world;  
'all my heart'  
hear the clouds, and they worry, as clouds do,  
that she may drown in it –  
the woman who fell in love.

'Who's the lucky guy?'

i ask the sea breeze, the ocean bird, the sparkly plankton, the lonely sky.

"You will never know," mocks the sea breeze gently,

as breezes will do, with a lilt and a sigh and a prayer.

"Ask your own heart," chides the ocean bird, flapping ironically,

sailing on nothing, the taste of a ripe clam in its beak, and in its nest  
the world-egg from which will emerge the first-born of the universe,

*Phanes*, The One Who Brings to Light,

whose other names

are Ἡρικεπαῖος, *power*, and Μῆτις, *craft, skill, thought*,

(and in the secret books, *magical cunning*.)

And thus, in this lineage of the sea, does she become a myth –  
the woman who fell in love.

And it falls to us, to the men who see and hear and yearn  
to know her heart

but to tell her story, to chant her epic in ten thousand lines and  
ten thousand tongues and ten thousand ways

in the hope that one day she will walk out of the sea  
and touch us;

that she will walk out of the sea  
and love us;

that she will walk out of the sea

and let us live.