

EACH MORNING LIGHT

Naked you are as complex as calculus
And yet so easily differentiated
Because it is a nakedness
That I have come to know
So that my mind calculates the area
beneath the curve
Without but a thought
And tells me in the darkness
That it is you.

Naked you are the coast of my intentions
My passport to abroad withdrawn
My heart confined to house arrest.
Statements that I make
Are vetted by my love for you
Yet prisoner of conscience
I am provided with all the comforts
Wished from life.

Naked you say you love me
It is a statement without clothes.
It smells of your skin.
It throws its arms around my neck.
It is as warm as your body.
I stroll around it all my island day.
And after the lonely tide of sleep
It is the sunshine finger writing in my
sand.

Geoff Stevens

