

Tangerine-Hearted Lover

For Giorgio

I don't even need to look at him
to know he's stealing a glance at me.
And there's no way I can hide it.

He can recognize those revealing
sparkles in my eyes that betray
how much I love what I am reading.

Certainly he has known for a long time
now that every time I love a poem,
for at least one single moment

I also hopelessly fall in love
with its author – oblivious for an instant
of him and the whole world around me –

and he's afraid I may give all of my heart away,
segment by segment, leaving
none for the one who loves me back.

That I deserve his love,
(silent and reserved, like he is)
I've always doubted.

That there will always be
some segment left for him
to squeeze and bite into

until my heart bleeds
from sweetly painful bliss,
this I know for sure.

(Appeared in *Philadelphia Poets 17* (2011); awarded with the third place)

The World through Your Eyes

*For my favorite poet –
And all of his dreamy wor(l)ds*

If you were a pair of lenses,
I would wear you all the time.
The world wouldn't look the same –
On this for sure I could swear.
Words would be crystal prisms
Refracting transparency into
Multicolored shades of meaning.
The Moon would be different –
Its halo wouldn't project any shadows,
Only silver my skin with stardust light.
The frosted river asleep in its bed
Would glitter and glisten like a giant
Prince Rupert's Drop tempered
By some fairy-tale glassblower.
You would fool me with one
Of your stories then, and tell me
You met him once, yes, he lived
In the golden pot at the end of a rainbow
You once happened to see beyond the sea.
I would smile and pretend I believe you,
For the world seen through your eyes
Is exactly like you: disarmingly pure,
And too incredibly good to be true.

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