

A Heart Most Rare
by Noelle Dunham

To trace the space of a borrowed heart,
is to trace the land with the sea.

What shallow space could be found in waves,
that frothy frame and wind untame.

Search deep the waters,
search high the sky,
beyond all loss is a mortal sigh.

And light, so light, the clouds above,
soon float away spinning myths of love.

Take down the light from the level of your eyes
and see the stars so clearly.

In cupid's care,
a heart most rare, is lost to compass, freely.