

The Sinking Pearl

What I feel is not expressible with blue slashes
 across a narrow white plain;
So how can I justly fence in the universe
 with my pen?
I can't put to words feelings that rebel
 against the tight harness of the mundane.
Yet my hand falters and yields to the explicit
 words of men.

An instrument imputed with life by this
 unseen force
Flies across this page as sure as expert
 fingers stroke the strings.
In vain I choose to follow this, a strange
 and unknown course
Chasing an elusive pearl that defies its
 gritty setting.

What can I say when the looking glass is
 almost clear?
For in the lighted window of your eyes,
 humbled am I at last to see
Your feelings laid bare and open, proudly
 without fear;
Ready to touch, willing to give, laying
 them down to accept what is me.

This is the closest we can come to showing without sounds, without words: "I love you."