

## Adam Fieled

**Contributor profile:**

Adam Fieled is a poet, playwright, and musician. He has released two albums: "Darkyr Sooner" on mp3.com and "Raw Rainy Fog" on Radio Eris Records. His poems have appeared in American Writing, The Philadelphia Independent, Night Rally, and Cake Train. He is currently finishing a degree in English at the University of Pennsylvania.

**Submissions:**

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**On Love**

1.

What is the essence of a too-brief kiss?

The rigor of reaching the thing-in-itself,  
from subject to object, chaos to bliss,

our frail intuition of heavenly health?  
Our love is not molecules, dumbly colliding,

nor is it knowledge, formal and static

nor is it accident, reasoned and plumbed-  
it's real, meta-rational, soaring and gliding,

felt like an earthquake, bringing up panic,

taking our parts and achieving a sum.

2.

The greater part of love is sacrifice-

flesh intermingled, tensing and tingled,  
this is the secret I learn from your eyes.

Giving my body, knotted, single,  
tiny eruptions that come from my tongue;

plunging down surfaces, slicking the flesh

thoughtless as leopards or hurricane winds-  
watching you shudder, watching you come,

rapt in the throes of an innocent death,

giving my life to an inch of your skin.

3.

Thus, we trade in secure oblivion

for reckless reality, messy and fleeting.  
Such is the cosmos - creation, carrion,

motions of molecules merging and meeting.  
Nothing is lost but notions of self-ness,

hard ideations that close and clatter,

rages of ego that strain at their walls-  
nothing is gained but a sense of the deathless,

"there-ness" of spirit, "there-ness" of matter,

ultimate "there-ness" that scares as it calls.

