

## This is Not the First Love Poem

This is not the first Love Poem but if it were  
the boundaries of such must be set  
it must be gentle in its touch  
let its nerves temper over-confidence  
it will need to know that some things are impossible  
But how beautiful it is to hold hands with the infinite

If this is the first love poem  
then it will have to learn its pattern and repeat  
maybe engage a chaperone to help write the delicate  
and a diplomat to pave the smooth path where words can meet  
it should ask a good friend to shadow tail the lilt and caress of syllable

Let's now all together call this love poem the very first  
let's copy it and in multiple send this poem safely out  
enclosed in an envelope with the help of twine or ribbon  
or sealed with a nervous piece of Sellotape  
let's send them and hope in unison that no single poem goes unread  
and that this first love poem is then  
excitedly and secretly hid.

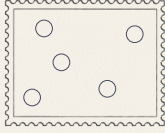
*'Which way from where we came' - The Vivian Gallery, 19 Oct - 1 Dec 2019*

*Dear*

*I read this poem of Iain Cheesman's and after I had finished reading it I sat quietly and thought of you...*

*Yours*

*xxx*



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