



Love for Sale

*I have become
a merchant of Love,
selling piecemeal from
the trunk of my car.*

*Hundreds pass me by each day,
so afraid of my ragged joy.
But for those who risk
my Wild-eyed strangeness,
I have a bargain
they could never guess:*

*Their stopping was my payment,
and in return
I fill their hands
with Rubies and with Emeralds;
Sapphires dripping
like blue fire—*

*They cry "Enough!"
yet still I pour
the Jewels of my Heart—
falling through their fingers,
gathering like
Spring's blossoms,
drifted
around their feet.*

—RICHARD WEHRMAN

Richard Wehrman