

## *Love Incarnate*

By day he lived with a wooden box,  
Twelve by two by one,  
tucked under his arm.

It was a kind of coffin  
for the longbody of his ancestors,  
who would always remind him  
to be wary of love.

Their very life depended on their longbows.

At night though it was different.  
He would lay naked on his bed,  
which became a one man canoe,  
twelve by two by one

And then he would sail  
to other shores  
and let himself be loved  
by bird, by tree, by man

And by God

He was then

Love incarnate