

10 Love Poems



by Bill Eberle

10

Love
Poems

SAMPLE

by Bill Eberle

wcePub

wcePublishing 2023

Cover Photo

Thanksgiving Light November 27, 2003 Birch Point State Park, Maine © 2003, 2023 William C. Eberle
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Permission is granted by the author to distribute and recite the 2nd poem, "wedding poem," attributed to the author, at any public or private wedding.

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wcePublishing

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Published electronically in the United States of America

Eberle, William C. 1945 –
[Poems. Selections]

ISBN-10: 0985018216 (pdf)
ISBN-13: 978-0-9850182-1-4 (pdf)

10 Love Poems / William C. Eberle
Second updated PDF Edition

Publication History:

First electronic editions created in 2012 (PDF, Kindle, ePub)

Updated PDF edition adding three photos in 2014

Updated PDF edition, updated URL links, in 2023

Limited paper book print editions with photo cover (4.25 x 5.5")

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for
Dagney C. Ernest

Forward

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that the spark for all of the poems that have come out of me is always love, a desire to tell someone I care about something inexpressible and wonderful, something worth remembering.

Bill Eberle

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Orange Tangle May 25, 2003 Waterman's Beach, Maine

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wedding poem

and if you wonder how you can possibly
be happy over and over
again and again
achieve each time
the forgiveness of forever

the gestures of eternity
are born from simple will
and the love in us all has always been
and will be
for always

melting

first there's
feeling what is
there

can't be rushed
but sure can be
ignored

been doing that
most of my
life

who would have thought
that trying
doesn't help
and stopping does

so every once in a while
I'm quiet
sitting
or moving with
what hurts
feels wrong
feels right
feels good

not to understand
just recognize

God in you
God in me
has never been frozen

shhhh

it
doesn't speak
our language

there is nothing to hear

nothing to speak
nothing to grab on to
nothing to perceive

it is

in that which can't be gotten
wordless presence beyond
our kind

from the spring
of our existence
the perfectly melting
stream of the Other
rushing over bright stones
of what we think we are
bubbling towards
what is

and we are everywhere
at once



Skin January 28, 2003 Camden Maine

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kisses

kisses
soft yielding

melting deep inside
each to each
you to me
me to you

lips with no
beginning no ending
full mouth
one tongue
the inside of my mouth
is yours
inside of your mouth
is mine

driving south
I feel the insides
of our mouths
in me
in my mouth
the pressure
of your lips
and your tongue
remain

Spring 2006

Thank you

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