

amaranthine
by Craig Dabney

we have seen atrocities together,
love. we have the forearm
numbers to prove our suffering
but that's not something I ever wanted
to show. how long have I known
you, love? I loved you then
the sun shined I loved you
 then the moon decided to move the waves
 with the current in my heart I loved
 you then the Greeks loved muses but didn't
 know what love was Poe pined for Lenore Dylan
 wept of heartbreak and I had you, love

do you remember the first time
we fell together? your breasts full
your heart amaranthine eyelashes
so blue they echoed the rain in
the sorrow of the deep night
lightning crashed above but the
ferocity in the stratosphere was
just God looking down
and admiring the passion of two
lovers ravaging each other's
young bodies, well, your heart
is still amaranth, love, and I
see the decades in your face
the pain of arthritis could never
keep me from your beautiful
crow's feet and the elegant way
your breasts sag
upon my chest
when you mount me
with teenage vigor and how time has no presence
in the fading of love and how I will always love you and
how I look at you still
with the lightning flashing

Author Bio: Craig Dabney is a junior at Stanford University. He is pursuing a Bachelor of Arts in Human Biology with a concentration in International Health and a minor in Creative Writing. Since becoming interested in health care he has worked in the Wat Phra Baht Nam Phu HIV/AIDS hospice in Lopburi, Thailand, the emergency room of Sequoia Hospital in Redwood City, California, and the Division of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery at Stanford University's School of Medicine. He is also interested in human

rights, refugee advocacy, social entrepreneurship, music, and photography. Author email:
cdabney@stanford.edu