

As first interpreted/performed by Diana Rose on "All Souls Day," 10-31-08, on the Diana Rose/Sara Pelfrey Halloween Show on Contact Talk Radio. Originally received as the last epic poem of the book of Poetry, "The Eternity of the First Kiss" by Diana Rose.

The First Kiss of Eternity

By Diana Rose

I

Where is forever?
I know what it is,
I think, and what
Time it occupies.
But where – *where*
Is it? If it exists
Then it exists
Somewhere. Where
Goes on that long?

II

It was just a thought
About how to love
For a long time that
Brought it on, this
Question about where
We might be going
For such a long, long
Time. When I sign
Off "Always,"
How many places
Does that mean we'll
Be together, really?
How many lifetimes
Is "Always..."?
What will be revealed
And can we cover it
Over again, if we have
"Always..."?

III

It came to me floating
In my mind's eye
That "Always" is a feeling
I have when I hear
Your voice lacing in
The morning air or
See your quizzical
Look then run over me
And empty my trap;
I was full. I see you.
Suddenly I feel "Always"
In that erosion of
Fake faces until One
Stands out, sloping
Toward my descent
Into the end,
These crests of Eternity.
What is it, then?

IV

Mourning morning,
I split in two;
Part of me awakes;
Part of me goes on
With you...

V

Black night;
It wraps around me
Like none other
Wraps me true.
Divided we stand;
Together,
We do not end.

VI

Life is an intricate
Jewel, a mass
Delivery of fiber
And tool trying
To find out what
It's for. Why am I
To lie beside you,
To renew us again
In a little race, a
Place inside you
Where life begins,
A place inside me
Where life wakes up
And welcomes you.
We are two, now
Twins, now one
Little baby life, filling
Me up with you; and
I pull a cardigan
Over my belly where
New you hides out
With *new me*
To see what we will
See when named
Like States, the residue
Of consensus and conception
Forming something new.

VII

The child, an
Orgasm of our family's
Resolve to bear
Independent life
In a protective blanket

Where once a part of
Me and a part of you
Were voting, put in
Our voices, our
Contributions of
Difference become
Democracy. A tiny
Child of our moment
In the Sun, where
We agreed, no matter
If we were dissimilar,
We were to become
One in this new being,
This young thing
Between us giggling --
And without shame it
Burst out laughing
Into life, crying for
The touch of *us* whom
It knew to be the *same*,
The One who loved it
As no other loved it;
Its creators, home again
In a single cell
Bearing its name
And immortality.

VIII

It carries us on and
Will carry us on in
Its veins into another
Generation of fame,
Voting with someone
Else in a few decades
To become one cell again
From two, one thing
From many things...

Will these little things
In the centuries between
The voting remember me?
Remember you? Are
We still in the vote
Ten centuries from now?
I vote for your beautiful
Eyes with specks of
Gold to grow within
That two-year old a
Thousand years from now,
With my loose fine hair
Wisping, glistening
On her brow. She does
Not know we voted
Or that she will vote
A thousand years
From then, sending forward
Hope and a quick laugh,
A lucid, languid voice
That was her voice.
She looks back.
Can she see us?
Did some birthmark
That lasts a thousand
Years remind her
That we were here,
Too, and once touched,
Voted to become her
One day?

IX

Do we look back?
Do we know who
Voted to be us,

To send this long finger
Forward to play the notes on
My wooden – oops,
Electronic – piano
In our day? That could
Not be seen then
But was waiting.
When she plays
Will the feel of my
Fingers still be in her?
Is there music in
Me that will make
It there, through her
Fingers to declare
Its victory ten centuries
After I thought of it
And sent it to her in
My cells? Cells always
Meant to play then?

X

Will she go on?
Will her vote count?
Will your exquisite
Eyes find laughter
In hers after ten centuries
Of tries? She is
Perfect. We made
It there. A strand
Of hair waves back
At us, lying here.
There is no Time.
She has my hair,
Your eyes, my
Vote, your vote for
Tenderness in our skies
While we lie around her.

Somewhere in these
Last few moments
When life began
Between us, is the
Cell of that small
Child, too, in that
Moment of me, that
Moment of you, we
Began a thousand
Year journey to
Become her and others
On the way.

XI

I wonder what she
Might want to
Say to us as we
Lie here holding
Each other together,
Voting for the
Future together,
You inside me as
We race for victory
And love to
Love each other,
So deeply touch that
We invite in Time,
A womb to all things,
And let it live in us
And scare us
Into Reproducing.

XII

I hear a voice.
Is that from you,
An *ancient you*?
It knows me too,

Finding its way into
My squeal as I wonder
Just how much I
Can love you when
I howl. Am I holding
Ancient you too,
Its having found
Me in a look or
Growl or taste bud
Touching skin and
Knowing this does
Not end, I vote for
You, and *ancient you*
Begins to live
In my body too, where
I did not know so
Many generations
Could squeeze into
One small cell and
Register to vote...

XIII

Was there a first *you*?
Will there be a last?
Or is voting eternal
And form merely
Evidence of one
Universe's democracy?
But if there are many,
May I vote again?

XIV

Can we start a new
Universe merely by
Voting here together
In this Black Night
Of New Life? For that's
What it is. Perhaps
Long ago – beyond
Remembering – we
Voted for this,
This moment, this
Kiss; and all that
Came between was
Because we voted then
To be here now on a
Sheet of gold rose
Bedding twisting our
Hair together until
You cannot tell us
Apart, so happy
Are we to love, to
Start a new life
This day,
Touching what was
Meant to be touched
So many eons ago
When we knew
We wanted to come
Here.

XV

Here we are.
Will we be as
Careful and loving of her,
That little star child

Who will feel us in
Her fingers and see
Through our eyes
A thousand years
From now? Should we
Be thinking of her
Already and how we
Will prepare to be
Loving, then, and let her
Remember us well?
That we took care
Of her now so that
Pure life would
Be hers then, when one
Day she loves to
Touch another and
Hold *his* hand, or look
Into the eyes of
Another *her* and see
Love there?

XVI

Must we prepare
Now to love her then,
With what we
Send on to her
In body and thought
Of her already in
Us? How many lives
In this one tiny
Cell begin?

XVII

Oh, my ancient friend,
Hold me,

And you will hold her
Too; we cannot help
But vote for her,
Soaked with love.
So when we love, let
Us think of her
Beauty, breath, and soul
Riding our waves into
The future until she
Stands. We will walk
In her, as the ancient
Moments of love
Walk in us. The
First moment of love,
The first touch of hands of
Woman and man
Still walks in our steps; we must
Make them proud.
They gave so much
Of themselves just
To be here today
In us.
To live! Dear God!
To live! Is it not this
Most precious thing,
To breathe and laugh
And know reprieve!
The relief, the release!
You in me, me in you!
Still walking together
After all these years..!

XVIII

You can't leave me.
I can't leave you.
For we never left
Each other...

XIX

That first entry of life
Into life, that first kiss
Of skin becoming
Men lives on in every
Kiss now. Did we
Forget that we voted
Then, the two of us
Loving, to become
All of us now?
How could we forget
How much we
Wanted to become
This? This kiss
Of life, when billions
Of us kiss today
But it is but that
One first kiss, that
Cry of life, become
The larger One.

XX

Let us kiss together
Remembering that
We did it to love her
Together once,
And now we must remember
That original bond – to
Love her, the one we
Will become; to
Honor her future so
That she will vote
To carry on, to
Carry all of us
With her and in her
And into a great
Beyond, ...

...kissing Eternity, going on
And on: Are we
That? Humanity's
One long kiss?
Is that how we
Got here? It was not
War or we would not
Be here, for it cannot
Reproduce my fingers or
Your eyes in her,
Our hearts thinking of her.
No, it must have been
That kiss...
That must have been
How we got here;
And now we kiss
Again – is it truly
An Eternity, this kiss?
Is this how we go
On? Is it so simple?

XXI

If it were, why do
We not kiss all day?!
Would that not be
Better in a way
Than not kissing?
Is the first kiss
Always eternal
Knowledge, eternal
Bliss in a glimpse?
Eternal life in a
Kiss that goes on
For the generations
Of us meeting in our
Lips a memory,
A creation of
All life?

XXII

I hold you in me now.
I wake a moment
From this dream I had
Of kissing forever wrapped
In Black Night.
You are still there.
Peaceful in me, you
Breathe and I breathe
With you as I have
Never breathed before.
For I *remember*.
I will never hold you
In me again but I
Do not *remember*
this dream of life.
And the next time
I kiss you, I will
Put all Eternity
Into this Kiss,
And make each one
Hold the seeds in
The first kiss of
Ours, so long ago,
That ancient look
Still in your eyes –
That's what I see!
When my heart screams
For you in joy and I
Know we must go on
Forever, that kiss of ours,
Become Eternal!
I will *remember*;
And touch you and
Look upon you as
It were the first
Time, the First Eternity...

You and me,
Remembering
This,
Long before
Life!

XXIII

We were here already!
Kissing. Lasting
A long time...
Let us begin Eternity,
We said. *Let us*
Start It with
This first kiss...
And we settled in
To love its Lips,
For there in ancient
Witness, It Began...



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