

## Aimless Love

*by Billy Collins*

This morning as I walked along the  
lakeshore,  
I fell in love with a wren  
and later in the day with a mouse  
the cat had dropped under the dining  
room table.

In the shadows of an autumn evening,  
I fell for a seamstress  
still at her machine in the tailor's  
window,  
and later for a bowl of broth,  
steam rising like smoke from a naval  
battle.

This is the best kind of love, I thought,  
without recompense, without gifts,  
or unkind words, without suspicion,  
or silence on the telephone.

The love of the chestnut,  
the jazz cap and one hand on the wheel.

No lust, no slam of the door—  
the love of the miniature orange tree,  
the clean white shirt, the hot evening  
shower,

the highway that cuts across Florida.

No waiting, no huffiness, or rancor—  
just a twinge every now and then

for the wren who had built her nest  
on a low branch overhanging the water  
and for the dead mouse,  
still dressed in its light brown suit.

But my heart is always propped up  
in a field on its tripod,  
ready for the next arrow.

After I carried the mouse by the tail  
to a pile of leaves in the woods,  
I found myself standing at the bathroom  
sink  
gazing down affectionately at the soap,

so patient and soluble,  
so at home in its pale green soap dish.  
I could feel myself falling again  
as I felt its turning in my wet hands  
and caught the scent of lavender and  
stone.