

# The Object of My Love

by [Guy Walker](#) (September 2019)



*Woman Applying Makeup*, Ernst Neuschul, 1930

Madam, whom to 'objectify'  
Is modern sin,  
I can't, yet, help, faced with your feminine,  
But view your form, your nape, your hair and thigh,  
As beauty's definition; wired  
In me, a deep imperative,  
To seek this lovely difference, desired,  
Despite my will, (though hoping you forgive).  
May be, while we are other, we're the same,  
Sharing the human species and its aim?

To super-add the person, who  
Is who you *are*,  
To your rare person, to increase so far  
The pleasure of my conference with you.  
To bestially efface her, I'd  
Refuse the double privilege  
Of human being, seeking to divide  
Your nature and deny our lineage.  
When you require my love to touch your skin,

You have me touch intelligence within.

So since, sweet love, imponderable

For us, that we

Cleave indivisible duality,

(And flesh a lens for better mutual

Knowing beyond our eyes) let's use

Our differing forms in Love's extreme

Articulation, bringing with it new

Endearment, causing even life to teem;

Obedient, let's consent to kiss and play,

Agreed rejoicing is the proper way.

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