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## Nomenclature

*after Pablo Neruda's "Love Sonnet #1"*

Rose: the name of a kiss with an edge,  
rose red like the cheeks of a boy soldier before battle  
and after it. I want to run through the marketplace  
of your name, to gather you in all your colors

until you resemble a wedding party or a collecting bruise.  
Unslip the green cording of your dress,  
let it fall in a wind down your thighs,  
you an unfolding curtain of a name.

Kneeling at the dark of your hair,  
inside the rose of you. Let me stay until  
you poison, until you cinnamon, let you poison me.

Rose. Name of the water on my tongue,  
name of all things carved; show me what carves you,  
which water grows under you—then teach me to flower.

Adam Grabowski

Adam Grabowski's poetry has appeared in *Off the Coast*, *jubilat*, *Drunk in a Midnight Choir*, and elsewhere. He received his MSW from Westfield State University in 2012 and is an instructor at Pioneer Valley Writers' Workshop. A regional rep for masspoetry.org, Adam lives with his family in Holyoke, Massachusetts. [www.adamgrabowskipoetry.wordpress.com](http://www.adamgrabowskipoetry.wordpress.com)