

Writing Play: My Lips Got Lost

Read:

My Lips Got Lost on the Way to the Kiss

My Lips Got Lost

Rumi, translated by Daniel Ladinsky

My lips got lost on the way to the kiss—
that's how drunk I
was.

Luckily though I still connected
with the most tender part
of her.

The moon conceived—what
a wild looking baby
we are going to
have.

Ideas for Writing:

The deep pleasure of this poem, for me, is in its playfulness. Imagine. An affair with the moon. How wonderful! What non-human form could you have an affair with? The air? A tree? The pattern the butterfly makes on its path? The instinct that tells the birds when to fly south? Write a love poem to your unlikely love.

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Can you recall a time you were so wildly happy that you felt as if you were drunk? What set off that joy? Write the details of that moment. What were you connected to just then? What kind of “baby” did you conceive?

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