

Derek Jon Dickinson

Portmanteau

(“a word formed by blending sounds from two or more distinct words and combining their meanings” —*OED*)

Love—I see half in lone and more
in covet. In locket and venerate,
locution and oeuvre; in loam and votive,
longueur and trove;

in Venus de Milo, entombed in
the Louvre; the strings of Cervetto’s
violoncello. Othello shivers—pillow
and motive.

Prologue has a portion hidden
in its middle. As does hover, implore
and epilogue. Loud yet furtive—King
Lear’s ‘gilded’ riddle.

In valor and poverty—and yes, I’m alone and vexed—
in plot and novel—and yes, in loss and sovereignty.