

Closure, Thomas

Your one lid, which, at
the end, to peep about,
you had to lift
with two fingers quite
like a magician
as brown magic glittered
in the roundness of your other
eye
refusing to lose focus
when I called you
“Love, friend dearest”

Good lid. Pure eye.
Let them each rest as if
for my lips since
closure, Thom, might
be just like that kiss with
my own hands in your hands,
my own lids shut & no matter
what distance stands between
we will be closing in for a deeper

opening