

Synapses

Darkness befriends us, the shelter of trees.
Even when stark shell-shocked centers petrified,
they stand willing. Afterwards, gently breeze- blown,
they are again solace sources.

So this moment palpably lives,
flesh lending warmth, steam-soft.
Hands funnel through like traffic,
fog-caught, lost and seeking.

Hands become thresholds,
paths recognized, appreciated, by-passed.

The lone continue journeying towards home,
exhaust, a trail left, mingling like sighs.