Wound Closing (II)

Slow quiet,

the pace begins,

fingers circling,

certain,

as though of nipples

or fruit amid the moss.

Slow quiet,

the pace begins again,

rain drops as mouths,

sun as hands & every breath

tracks for a train

going right over the ocean.

Slow quiet,

the pace that doesn’t end,

spirit in the train’s steam,

windows of passengers, the glass

flesh, all an arc for the waving

palm & we who board

to find a forest of pearls

where mouths meet

sealing the cycle

once thought broken

beyond repair.

Love, so I open

into that closing, darkest

Tulip for warmth’s ruby grasp,

& the sea of forget is also

the sea of remembrance

pulsing moonlight to cleanse

the good, the ivory bones

of this rugged platform

I move from now