

Yellow

A light to wake to,
the eyes not open yet
though there is
that particular cove
against the lids &
maybe a voice, husky
warm butterscotch
which is the Sun
of whom, what
the day may love

We've Seen

The walls, the holes from explosions
Big enough for a soldier to walk through
With an infant.

This is the city. These are its arches,
Hungry old stones. One

Could be a woman with an 8 a.m. beer.
A few more could be a cause. Another is

The cost of medicine. Sick, sick. Open
Your mouth. Pour this down. Maybe it's

Empty. Maybe that's imagined. Pry
Eyes. Stand you up, & keep standing...

Standing by, withstanding-----
How long? O

Good stones, we'll light a candle, set
A plate, have a cemetery picnic
Tender as a hyacinth

In some soldier's hand

The Clutch

Heads enclosed
By the necks, a pulse
Along the edge of felt
Collarbones, shoulders
Molding to ears & two
Backs perfectly heart
Shaped.

Whose is whose if this
Shape defines neither me
Or you but an Us thrumming
Quite intricately circular?

I find your hands as though I
Misplaced & rediscovered
My own, find your sighs
Synchronic to the breath
Only these few moments
Could stretch over time,
Time holding how we're
Held

& knowing more

Now Voyager

This is no joke.
This is us on crystal girders
Above a meltdown.

Voyager, now fired by the adventure,
Wire yourself to touch.

The space between us, the
Space between our astronaut zoot
Suits, our life support cables, our
Precarious perch, swings into zing
& the zing sings of serenity.

Here's an abundant focus.
Here's a zone composed only of gazing
Intention, of pulses steady &

Watch how close, how the moment
Approaching will launch this crystal
Girder & throw us straight off towards

The others hands. Watch the catch occur,
The parachutes furl open & our arms

Be of sheer knowing that time is of
The voyage & that this voyage is

Now