

GETTING AWAY

They lie back in the meantime
of another summer, this life
away from their life.
His body learns again
the old wordless songs,
the ones she's always known.
And their movements toward each other
become the movements of clouds
that softly collide and merge.

One month.
They don't try to fill it, and it fills.
They talk about horoscopes, meaning
the rhythms of their bodies.
They talk about giving off light
from the dark
interiors of themselves.

Behind them, everywhere,
the open mouth of holocaust, the world
and its teeth, widens and bites.
But now the universe comes down to this:
bodies in orbit. The astronomy
of the night lamp on the bed.
The moon's personal touch.
The closeness of all things, then
the long trip back.