

PERHAPS IT'S AS YOU SAY

Perhaps it's as you say
That nothing stays lost forever

How many times have I said No No
There is a darkness in the cell

And opened my hands to cup emptiness
Tasting its bitten face

I do not know if our loves survive us
Waiting through the long nights for our step

Or if they will know us then
Entering our flesh with the old sigh

I do not know
But I think of fields that stretch away flat

Beneath the stars their dry grasses
Gathering a light of honey

The few houses wink and go out
Across the fields an asphalt road darkens

And disappears among the cottonwoods by the dry creek
It is so quiet so quiet

Meet me there