

C H E R R I E S

I am lying here alone in the dark house
and where you are you are putting out the light,
and it is evening.

Your face, quiet with dreams,
the small mouths of sleep—
I watch you with quiet trembling,
and what I feel for the softness of your hair
comes back.

Between your eyelids
the dreams open their eyes like
rotted cherries
and when you die, I will not know it.
And always the wind blows. We speak
to make ourselves remember.