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Poetry

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The sky goes on living it goes
onto dusk that cannot see nor
cares to see. An expression held
steady, as if the recollection of
regret preceded the event itself.

A scene begins, in the spilled blue
peeking over incandescent
towers of glass made smooth
by the moon and you
offering a vision to bring this

whole thing into focus. The dust
has settled and the flowers cut
after first bloom. Left wreathed
in unfinished pattern, and never
named because it is dark and you

are hungry. Some day it will rain
and you will miss home despite
whistling that old tune. Without
notice, directions abandon your feet
and on the far side of the hills

we will be waiting. And when it
is too late you will start again with
nothing in your pockets except
hands and a warmth that kindles
from the memory of separation.