

Floating spore flecks my arm;
a hawk calmly swerves
or I swerve, hard to tell.
A lake of wheat buckled like a picnic cloth
glows in patches – yellow, soft.
A little longer.
Drain the last reserves of sky.
Let it all tip here,
filtering, pulling in to this spot.
Divers in their rapture never feel
this sheer, terrifying, comfortable silence,
the perfection of stillness.
Counting the seconds.
Soon, soon,
but not yet.

THE KISS

At twelve months your crazy chatter
is dappled with one learned word
a teasing familiarity
in a muddle of foreign language
but tonight instead of this
another gift –
your awkward approach
and the first ever goodnight kiss.
Your tiny wake when you go
laps my mouth for hours
as if it could save me,
could wash me forever.