

Julie Leibrich

LANDSCAPE

Turning a corner in our conversation,
I find myself staring at your shoulder.
Caught in a moment's memory
while still in the moment.

The light is bright. You have
just remarked the sea is coming in.
Asked does it ever come in
through the window.

I cannot take my eyes off the curve
of your shoulder, my arm alongside.
Cannot stop thinking about the exact
contours of that curve, the colour

of your skin, the clarity that came
from this unexpected union
with the sea, the light, the warmth.
Your shoulder still cradled by my arm.

28