

He quotes his heart

He quotes the lines he has written for her,
shaped from the stones of her sides.

For as in a poem. they have not lived in time,
and they have not lost their vantage on eternity.

But he knows no longer whether she is of day, or
of night, life or death.

But she has gone down in his mind as the life
of day, caress of butterflies, kindness of birds.

The distances she preserved through all those months,
Drawn only to the light of his pen through all that
time, like the death tick of watches to him.

Now, measured by dreams and the flowers call.

And he writes still, to preserve her life, to seal
her release from her pasts festering stars.

His image of her, writhing through the dark.

She walks through sleep as he lies on his side, with
the clouds that are in his eyes in their own crucible.

Who can tell anymore, her special spirit.

He becomes the past as her eyes shine with
the peace of the future.

She has gone from the land of the dead,
where he was not in their time.

But he is there now, and is decided.

He will be her poet all of his life.

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