

Moon waxing

I have answered her call.

Though I carry my heart with care,
unquestioning I came seeking
her white love.

This field is an island of light,
peripheral trees hugged by darkness
listen intently for my heartbeat.

Air sucks at my saliva
and I tast her pale breath,
sweeter than colour
in this the moment
of the souls' primal rapture.

A ring of wounded dreams shudders
and stars converge
as the tongue of the mystical voice
flicks at my ear.

Away to the left,
a night - hued fox
rests on his haunches - watching.