

yes, something happens in between

The wind blows cold shadows
trees fold their leaves
into blue wilted salads

can you cling here
can you cling somewhere near me

the mountain turns
when you turn

and there is no other side

the range is a façade
we are sitting at the source

why would we ever leave

Do you see the way our bodies change
every time you are near me

one of your hands
has stayed the same

you use it to pull me through time
through the thick illusion
that any of it matters
that we have any control over hands

limbs

how gentle people can be

are those words or trees

are shadows menacing memories of light
are hands alms, forgiving prayers

I have never regretted the shape of a cloud

or when I evolved into a mountain
—deteriorated to the state of a human—
uncomfortable with my place in the melody
because I am just a note
sometimes making love and chords
that resonate black ripples
but so small

how love moved me
and God moved through me
and when I moved with neither of these
I moved only in my sleep

how the pieces of me were scattered
then put together again, with less
and how that
was me

and in your arms I am the moon
that leads my father's lost
platoon away from bamboo
bridges and rice paddies

I have never regretted you.

I don't need anything from you
other than to be near you
knowing that you know the one part of me
that needs to be known

not only how difficult it is to die
but how hard it is to be alive

it was when I let go
I rode

and when I die
I won't say
it's about time, because it's not about time
nothing is about time.

I won't say
it was about love
because when everything was stripped away
there was no equation

the trees were wiser than me
the horses had known more.

I cry for the leaves crunching under my feet
—it's not because they've fallen

it's that they're here at all.