

untitled love poem

Under my breath, sometimes,
 when I'm by myself
 and all the lights are out
 and the shades pulled,
I whisper dark words

 not for spite
 or in anger--- but to fill
 some void that is
 always opening up
 in your wake.

If there is a wind, and the
 window is cracked,
 it will steal the words
 quickly,
 pulling them sideways
 from my lips
 like smoke trailing out and
 dissolving over the trees.

As the words clear, I can see you
 there again, on Long's Peak,
 holding yourself like some trophy.
 A smile danced up
 between your eyes---
 moved along the length of your
 left brow and got lost
 in your hair---
 and me, standing there staring,
wondering if I was just
 in the right place at the right time
 to catch it.
 The wind has shifted now---
 and a coolness
 blows in and moves
 over my skin,
 stands each hair at
 attention.

I know this darkness is
 short-lived --- you will come
 back and I'll be
 glad
to pull aside your blond hair and

uncover your face,
search the tangles
for the right spot to kiss,
know I've found it when you
look me in the eyes,

but for now, I am savoring the
sounds of these
few words,

and the few flakes that
just fell white outside
to hush the growing grass.