

Moon Shining Through Trees

Light wakens me, and I rise,
follow its path across the floor
where you and I made love one summer night,
the house only partially built.

Since then: Bricks. Glass. Doors. Locks. Death.
Tonight, moonlight slides over me,
silk over skin. Your hands on my breasts.
Under the flowering plum,

fruit falls onto grass. The scent of you.
Staring into milky light, I want
only to see your face, feel your hands

touch mine, lift me
beyond this room, beyond my body,
beyond the point where branches enter sky.