

## **Jewel Box of Our Love**

So then go  
And still call it love  
The place where we are ever together  
But I would softly chide you  
When you are gone  
What of you is here with me?  
That I do not turn away does not mean I withstand  
For each moment lays me to waste  
Each moment I lament your absence  
Each time I pick up my lovelorn corners  
Buffeted by the gale of distance  
Your place in me is as vacant as the Grand Canyon,  
It is a wonder  
The gravity of the space does not crush me.

## **Welcome Waters**

The clear and cool lake water  
Wants your body  
Slowly walk down into her  
Ready your skin for a passing tonic chill  
The full embrace is welcome and automatic  
But you sweep your arms through the gentle press  
Moving like a chevron of birds in the reflected sky  
To the other shoreline until toes gravel  
Lifting out slowly a heavier body  
Like the water wishes to keep you.  
And asks for you to remain.  
Even as you learn again  
To walk away.

## Lookout

Vault of pines still etched with char from old wildfire  
That we ran from on our hasty camping trip  
Some thirty-seven years gone.  
Then as now I climbed that tree  
Looked out over the small mountain lake  
Now long dried, filled with sparse yellowing grasses  
Near to where you caught our rainbow trout lunches  
Three times in one weekend, leaving us hungry just once.  
Mother had called the police by then, and when we returned  
You seemed so pleased that they had not found us,  
And so I was, too, even as we were separated  
It was the last time I saw you  
Until I found this obit in the Sunday Times.