

Poem for the Power

A storm blew up from the sea.

We waited. Wind.

There between strike and thunder,
spinning birds and rain,

There you are,
booming silence.

Fire

White embers fall
orange, stir.

Your hip to the curving ground,

night blue over mountains
burns where we lie,

fall, stir.

the sea, the sun

through the screen, under fans
legs, lips,

salt

Heavy limbs
shift shirts and drag zippers.

Perk at the chill,
swimming into night.

Blackness all your hair.

Drink

Your mouth
peaches, night

air into
my mouth,

night drinks

us,
deep.