

5 quiet poems

dinner party

a dishtowel tucked  
in your back pocket

that i follow  
as we walk

up the stairs  
single file

a quiet entrance  
shoes are removed

the humility of  
standing in socks

before you  
for the first time.

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movie night

low light in the doorway  
thin and pallid,  
sourceless

a glow that works well  
with the evening,  
the mood

on screen a film plays  
out in crimson,  
it bleeds

this place calls for  
something fragrant,  
breathing

a flower.

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cocktail hour

endless summer.

no socks and  
pants rolled up

drink in hand  
with one leg  
crossed, casual.

he's a cool  
match for  
a kid like me

calm-faced and  
quiet, sits  
like a listener

the picture  
makes me  
want to sing

or at least  
to swing down  
and kiss his

bare ankle.

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window treatment

your fingers are deft  
they fold clothes neatly

draw perfect flowers  
cut fruit with precision

tonight, as you ready  
the table, i sit waiting

watching the sun set  
through a curtained window

like smiling through a veil.

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a bike ride / the christening

together we crossed over  
to a place of quiet, of peace

where we will swim  
in the lake of endless depths.

the moment of diving  
the hardest moment

the curve of restraint  
the fear of violence.

shattering light,  
shattering glass

we crossed over  
flying, crying -

with wind  
with gravel

hitting our faces  
stinging our eyes.