

by Jane Williams

for Sarah

Hemispheres apart we have been this way for years. As I rise with the rising moon, you sleep on through oceans of dreaming, losing and finding yourself in the tidal push-pull of your divided heart at each equatorial point of yearning such a long way away ... But listen! Today I saw this painting and you were in it. In the returning curl of each wave, each cloud, in the seaweed flowering purple, your favorite color, in the tiny white birds hovering over the crown of the sun going down, let's say doves, for old times' sake, on the rippling path of water that lead nowhere but moved when you moved, rested when you rested and yes in the rising of the moon the same moon.

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