

Places I Have Known

Of this place
I wish to remember everything
the green out cropped islands
left to wildness
stony ruins jutting over the thin division
of land and sky
with light diffused in gathered clouds
from a low sun

Hamlets less claimed by civilization
the inflection of words;
and the staccato of foreign tongues
in teeming streets;
bridges trolled by the unwashed
for another coin in their cup

We still hear the music rise
to our open window in the night
to carry away our sleep
as we unravel a mournful dirge
from this lands brutal past

of you my love
I know vast tracks
I've known your taste
when need was everything
the slope of your shoulder
and the measure of your taken hand
the uptilt of your chin
just before you speak
and the topography
of your ear as you tuck a wisp of hair behind it

yet I may catch you
in an unguarded moment
after clearing dinner plates
and I can see the wine
has carried you

to archipelagos of darker thought
that are foreign to me where
I dare not take
my clumsy step
so I touch your cheek
and then you flash a smile
to say you've returned.