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The Wish

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THE WISH

1.

In this season of mild evenings
What we can see of the city drifts out
Against the horizon
Where converging symmetries of lights
Mark patterns as strict as our own.

Tonight, you are quiet as a child asleep.
I know your dream: a lifetime
Like this, the nights clear
And the low circle of the moon
Keeping the world forever the right shade

Of silver. I should say it's my dream,
But I watch your face, haunted
By shadows in your corner of the porch,
And think that love is the wish
That grows between us like a ripple of darkness.

2.

Again, it is the dream that frightens you.
I know it by heart.
What follows you in the dark is more
Than anything this night
Beating at the windows, will change.
As always, I do what I can.
Always, when you lean out of the tunnel
Of sleep, I catch you,
And in that awakening we both hold on
To the same shape of nightmare.

Nothing can stop this.
The night stays exactly where it is,
Its space an emptiness
Into which, forever, we do not fall.

3.
Today nothing should be forgotten.
All morning thunder prowled a sky
Dark as the earth you worked in the garden.
Outside now wind rakes
Explosions of water across the yard.
In here we try to find things

We have not thought about for years.
We listen carefully for what silence brings.
In the room's half-dark we wait
For something more enormous than this weather
That has sharpened the edges
Of everything we live with, each day, together.