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Moonlight, Sidewalk, Tequila

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MOONLIGHT, SIDEWALK, TEQUILA

To help her was not in question; she could not help herself.
I would not learn her name, am not sure I can picture her face.
Her breathing came slow— the gaps in a long freight train,
the rattling the track accepts with its slight reluctance.
I brought my hands under her arms, lifted.
I held her weight, startled by the pulse of her heart.

The first time I lifted up a gun, too —
that weight without any words.

The body —
no bartering, no confiding, without any of our tiny prides.
Her body, mine.