

Hush

Bowerbirds

I couldn't feel the earth move
in its slow dance with the cold moon,
as I picked my steps over the ridge,
quiet on my leather soles.

I couldn't see the full sun this afternoon.
I couldn't see the ferns as they bent and bowed.
I couldn't see your eyes as clear as I ought to,
as I crouched along the bank with you.

There is a pull between our hearts, love.
There is an empty, open mind
in the flock of swallows diving,
diving and turning, diving and turning.

With the black winged birds
circling
in the glass pane of the creek,
in the column of air
to the tall white sky,
and in everything in between,
and in everything in between.

But, hush, says your mouth on my warm neck.
Hush, says the stream, as it coils around.
Hush, my mind is much too loud.
Let my breath, like the tide, go out.

I feel the pull between our hearts, love.
I feel the empty, open mind
in the flock of swallows diving,
diving and turning, diving and turning.

With the black winged birds circling
in the glass pane of the creek,
in the column of air
to the tall white sky,
and in everything in between