

We

For John

One night I woke up to your face:
a white patch sewn upon darkness.
The night's black hole was repaired.
I gazed into your eyes' pools.

It was as if we were in the silence
of a deep, deep ocean—two fish
sending messages indiscernible
to any ear. Our bodies talked.

What priests and rulers fear
is always beyond their reach,
was happening. The Universe's
golden vein—life—branched out.

Life happened. Smiling, we were
set free. As usual, faithful death
sat near us. We did not know yet
she was a friend—we do now.

Yes, there are those who kill,
who put people in cattle cars,
those, who never have enough;
whose homes are balloons of fear.

We went out and saw myriads of stars
burning and falling, and being born
in silence. Among them, you and I
patching light onto the night's dome.