

You Again

Beyond the divide
there is no divide.
Death does not bring the edges of our being.
They do not end.
Someday we will be as nothing,
a touch in the sky,
nothing will hold us in,
our flight will be love's own.
That touch, transforming.

For now, we are filigree islands,
mapping and unmapping the sections
where, the world, our body, joins us.
Lace flaps at the window of our eyes.
I see you. I see you, seeing me.
I pull ashore your drifting craft, as I do,
the waves of your smile, the ocean
of your skin on mine, relentless.

Helen Burke