

Mountain Laurel

Shearwater

I peeled the shirt from your back, had a look at your
scars. They healed over so well that you forget where
they are, but they radiate like stars.

When the cataract falls from the darkening air, and the
bones of the earth have all been laid bare, then heaven
is right there.

And in the mountain laurel, yes, I loved you,
Oh, and yes I watched the blossoms fall.

We will stand in the waves while the colors all run, and
our minds fill with light until we start to go numb.

And then we'll let it come.