

Each season sends its best
And you, Beloved, have always been right on time
Your cadence as you walk
The lilt in your step
The way the words slip out of your mouth
Like warm running water
The slow blink of your eyes
The stretch of your back
And forth
And back again
A perfect arch
Upholstered with your softening skin
Exfoliated by the sun and the wind and the rain
That we lay in
The pit in your stomach
As you express your deepest desires and your longest longings
Yes each season sends its best
And you are right on time

And you are right on time