

## Space

I.

What a harsh thing it is  
To have white space

Between us

The ignored palette, neglecting your color  
Your vivacious hair & golden skin  
Fashioned in thick celluloid  
Human fire & fiber.

II.

We were poised for loving  
Poised to be rubbed together  
Like two letters tightly fitted  
Inside of a full word

Ful- Filling ourselves  
While languaging the body

With subtle tones, we speak  
Hungrily without regret  
Our promises, one to another.

II.

Look at the stars &  
How they shimmer  
Against the black canvass  
Of an eternal sky

Look, how love promises  
Safe references:

Ceaseless nodes of fire  
Guiding ships & planes & shuttles  
Across dark, mysterious plateaus.

III.

Journey with me this path  
To meet the ends of the earth  
To conquer, in time, the fullness  
Of the whole wide world  
While blackening with love  
Every nameless path.

## The Moon

I saw the biggest moon ever  
In Columbus. It was 2005, a penny  
Yellow orb with angelic brilliance  
Closer to the earth than we could ever  
Imagine. It felt as if I could drive  
Straight into it and be caught up  
In all its glory, you were the first person  
I wanted to tell as if it was my gift to you  
The first one to make you see *something*  
So beautiful, you said, something beyond  
Our wildest imaginations: this moon, you and I  
The night and its brilliance, setting the mood  
For great possibility. I love you, I said.  
Will you love me back? you asked, Always  
And always. Even if this love descends like the moon  
Disappearing in the brightness of a greater light,  
Such things will still exist for you, it is my gift,  
A universal law to attract and then disguise  
To go hidden and then be found  
To go down and then rise up  
To illuminate and then decrease  
In your view. Always and always.

## Gravity

is the mass of questions we have  
about each other's soul

is the weight of our hearts transfixing  
us in the gluttony of who we are as one

is the vibrations in our hands, rubbing  
our beings like a panacea for the worse spasms

is the poisonous lead between our thighs  
as we long for the other's presence  
like a hurried *tribute* to appetite

is the uncertain proposition we succumb to  
as we fall into an unknown universe

hoping the same force pulling us ahead  
is also keeping us together.