

## Perigee

Smirking moon dips in his perigee  
drawn close by the magnet of lovely, flowering Earth.  
Alone among the million stars  
he watches hovering  
a familiar coupling of youth unchanged  
since time unremembered.

I walk the Santa Monica pavement  
mining concrete blocks and foreign dirt for meaning,  
between leaves of hydrangea,  
among hibiscus flowers always looking  
for death.  
A breeze stirs the high, wilting palms  
and ten thousand seeds fall silently  
to hard ground below  
searching the sidewalk for cracks,  
for a way into the waiting womb of good Earth  
impelled by the sheer, unrepentant force  
of life.

Walking I hear footsteps, and turn  
to see behind me lights  
moving in darkness; hard sidewalk;  
hard, cold time; machines;  
no one.

Gold filigree -- I've heard it said -- is threaded into the soul's coarse fabric  
a rubric for the moon to rise and fall by,  
creeping along the tightrope woven by gravity  
and whispering Fate  
now raising long dormant dust  
enlivened by the wind's alert and nowhere,  
nowhere death.

And solemn moon drifts across  
the heavens alone  
surrounded by a billion golden stars  
he reaches  
a bony hand toward Earth's warm, soft cheek  
sets again without touching.

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