

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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