

Converse

You hold words precious in your palm, like the prayer
you show me, simply engraved on stone.

Your sentences struggle like birds beating against your chest.
Mine soar and fly with the moment, or dive like an excited child

into freshly fallen snow. You listen in silence as my words
dance on tables, or like shafts of light, reveal the dust.

I'll scribble in the margins of well loved books, you, conscious of space
will keep them clear. But we converse with more than words.

I reach for your hand, and later, in the dark
where senses meet, we let go of the words at last.