

CPR

Today

Interrupted arcs of water fall
From sky to earth
From up to down
And we can finally
Call it rain, instead of tears;
In place of sadness,
There is redemption.

A momentous occasion! For
The heat, electric charge of
Hand to cheek
Skin to skin
Is finally a comfort –
Call it love, instead of loss;
To replace confinement
There is sincerity.

In actuality, the circle
Of the embrace –
From the curve of her chin
To his half-moon eyes
Is a continuum –
Call it anything, call it nothing;
Labels can't stick to
Intangibility.

For as long as the circle remains
She believes that nothing is
Unattainable;
And he wonders about *what if?*
For this is the time –
And that which they want most
Is ever slipping away
When she sighs, closer for a moment and then gone.

She dreams:

*The matchstick branches, tremulous
In an ever-heightening gale
Support the quiet obsidian of the raven;
The showy, moon-faced owl.
Having alighted first, chosen,
The raven stares unblinkingly.
Not sure of what he sees –
Only that he wants badly to see it.
Moon face rotating, reflecting
Varying shades of light and shadow,
The owl bobs – the branch unstable.
Indecisive.
Inevitably the dark flannel clouds
Release the rain, and it
Runs down the wide tree trunks
Like an hourglass.*

*She watches from the cold, monochrome ground.
Hands in wool mittens in fleece-lined pockets,
Braids in her hair, knots in her stomach.
She is the girl who stares intently
Into the eyes of the raven and sees
A familiar smile.
She is the girl who can't look at the
Sharp planes of the luminous owl's face;
Heart-shaped, proud –
And lie.*

More dream than reality, her life;
And her reality found amongst dreams.
She is half.
She knows what she wants.
She is scared to have it,
Or to take it.
She is saving up her
Good Karma,
And hoping that

Someone knows how she wants it used.