

# Nehwareven

*by* Carl Santoro

In the switched-off  
time  
of day's blackest  
rest-  
so many  
unaware  
of others  
and of  
each-  
know nothing  
of two-  
alone on a beach  
their arms  
are all  
tangled-  
in a web  
of permanent love  
their ears  
hearing only  
the crying  
seagull above.  
a navaho's blanket  
from some faded memory  
hides their  
warm love-  
from the  
cold night's  
blow.  
chilled  
bottles of wine  
embraced by  
the sand-

age quietly now  
awaiting a  
thirsty hand.  
the traffic  
of waves-  
a background symphony..  
lulls the  
human cocoon  
to childlike  
sleep.  
their small  
crackling fire  
nourished by pines  
glances at them-  
taps them, nudges  
like a new baby born  
but waits in silence  
for  
the day's brightest yawn.

