When the Moon Blooms

by Paula Ray

Your faded presence in sepia dream returns, firelight whispers and vanilla scented ash.

We were a beautiful knot: sinew and hemp, burlap and magnolia petal, concrete and vapor.

Gray kisses hovered overhead, misty visions, a strong invisible grip inside a prayer, hands folded into origami chapels where our heart-shaped bells rang.

Time swayed, quiet, slow-dancing in starlight. My heart, skipping across the water, only to sink before reaching your shore.

And somehow, a magnolia moon has found you. You, with your shovel, beaded brow, and purpose, digging up roots to set me free.