

Night Moves

by David James

I could trust that most nights I would drop off to sleep at around midnight and shortly thereafter dream an “us dream”, a how we were dream, a sensing of our bodies undulating, then moving faster, moving with the waves of a special music only we could hear, with me savoring your loud purr and then we'd conclude our tender clutch with a feeling, not a hearing, but a feeling like a release from a wine's deeply planted cork and then we'd hold each other warmly smiling, each knowing it was good, but that was before you left and reconnected with him, taking my dream with you, but, you know, I'm OK with your leaving, I just want my dream back.

