

# We two

*by* Ed Higgins

have this entire lifetime left, so let's waste it  
still in whatever repair we can manage. I'll  
bury my face in your still beautiful hair, breathing  
in all our forgotten and remembered treasures,  
the grey-streaked years melting like a Dali clock.  
We ripen in time like fall colors of the tall liquid  
amber we planted beyond the pump house years  
ago. Our mixed pulse an extravagant music of  
complexities, joy and grief, while we pause here  
on this moonless night listening in one another's  
arms. Embracing all those lost ghosts, waiting for  
others to arrive, bound to their voices.

