

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.

