

During the Interim

by Philip F. Clark

Time is of the essence you said with your open arms,
standing in the breeze and salt, watching the waves.
But these months have garnered their opulence
of memory; their vast ability to flounce retrospect.

My body is an array of your shadows and touches
like some new cashmere that softens regret.

The length of longing disperses our old rebuke
and the clamor of its armor.

Nothing remarkable in this, that I love you or
something to that effect. More is seen than spoken.

I can neither look ahead nor see behind me
without some beauty fastening itself to this now.

There is something to be said for persistence,
its fallow jaunts through my time and days.

Nothing changes; the moon arcs its mindful
lemon eye and sets my faltering clock inside.

