

# lighthouse

*by* Rene Foran

i am restless,  
dreamless  
the moon has drawn  
a line  
across your chest.  
a path,  
a gateway,  
an airstrip,  
a sliver of light under a bolted door,  
a weakness underlined,  
a hurdle,  
a wall.  
the urgent, naked glow of opportunity  
or  
the dim fluorescent nuisance of an object out of reach  
you sleep soundly  
as i fight the pull of the tide  
exhausted  
i put my hand on your chest  
a silver, white shoreline  
swim parallel.

Rene ~ 2010

