

This moment is yours

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These ducks are your secret

Each beaded leaf,
hanging in space
its sway, spasm
yours, too

Take aimless synthetic-blue water
Take yearning valves of saxophone
Take violent rippled concrete
Take your skin, yes that too,
consumed by light, by shadow

Today you may arrive gentle
Yesterday, holy
Tomorrow, thrashing

Always, suspended
play your breaths soft in this shelter
curl up a wax paper parcel of all you want
curdle the sun, if you want
twine the rain
ball up the winds
Yes, even the elements, all yours. I won't tell