



September 24, 2016
Sperryville, Virginia

Certain people search for people that fully lived
before they loved at last. And so there we were
lingering anonymous at our bustling city corners
swarmed by buzzing pulse-beats pumping arms in place,
stump speeches on their minds like paper avalanche

as separately we distanced from that swarm of elbows,
looked up to see the skies above the Tidal Basin twirl
the dusk to ampersands of pink and rust, and down
to marvel at the blossoms gathering like snowdrifts
to the cobbled streets. And as the frenzy grew

turned inward to some holy cache of midnight
Brooks Range light, of endless wash of desert star
brushed ragged over Bandelier, of zydeco beat
stretched humid on the bayou, of bruising nimbus
split to lightning by the Blackfeet's western peaks.

Then through that stir we caught each other drifting,
knew the other knew that every simple stoplight pause
was sacred, that in any silent moment we could gather up
our erstwhile selves like river stones and meet beyond
this clamor to build a life of all we found that's fit to keep.

And now again we pause where two paths meet,
this Blue Ridge fall a thousand signals slowly moving
green to red. Today we'll stop and gaze upon each other
and recognize our luck – that we had shaped a pair of pasts
both East and West, North and South, searching and finding

in darkrooms and classrooms, among deltas and buttes, alone
and tethered to our cherished tribes. Early autumn Shenandoah
is a technicolor whisper, the barely burning oaks about
this rolling hill hinting that all our histories are fuel for us,
that all our fuel is flame for a shared and limitless beginning.

