

## Leaning

The arched neck, the curving  
Back, your body a dreaming  
Acrobat, as your hands reach behind  
Finding mine at the waist.  
Then your head goes to my shoulder,  
A sweet Chagall image hugging in...

In the mirror I watch us.  
The tenderness is awe.  
How now, love, to turn my mirror  
Elsewhere? I shall try through the effort  
Of moments whose breath already incorporates  
Your air into my shape...

Are you there?  
No longer must I call or doubt, holding  
The canvasses of your soul poems-----  
"You look good."  
I remember your voice, so matter of fact  
Upon waking, with you reaching over  
To hold me, same as you did when the mirror  
Reflected us...

The exteriors of these times fills my insides  
Entire, wandering to the new sights you urge me to.  
Death has not severed that promise & I lean,  
Juggler of our puzzle, to drink in eyes, arms, mouth  
Of this star, that-----

Clearly you are there.