



GHAZAL OF TRAVELING TO YOU

driving in the night as the rain falls I imagine the smell of her skin
and send out a prayer that no creature deer moose fox breaks

into the blossom of my headlights from out of the dark where her skin
many miles away in this darkness against the downbeat of the wipers

breaks through the blossom of my thoughts and glides freely against my skin
a softness against a different softness my fingertips against the curve

of the road going into the rainfall coming in waves the light laving the skin
of the trees and stones the leaves brightening and then vanishing as I pass

my lips against her skin warm smooth attentive questioning the skin
of the tires against the wet sheen of the blacktop as off to the side just within

the judgment of the headlights a deer waits calmly patiently my skin
tingling suddenly alert awakened to the captured flare of light in his eye

the clear understanding that he will wait for me to pass Poet her skin
and its fragrance await you again the rain its steady caress the bond unbroken

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