

Perhaps she questions  
what he has on his mind.

Long untenanted stares  
Is he attending deep spirit thoughts  
or simply staring?

The isolated phrases  
she cannot fathom—  
Are they soundless  
or only obscure?

He is here one moment, lacking the next.  
She wonders, is it poor reception  
or nothing broadcast?

He diverges, walking sleep.  
The real is so familiar  
as if recognized  
forever again.

He is in the center  
of the great tent  
telling his vision.  
The old ones nod:  
Yes, it is like that.

He dips bare hands to glacial waters.  
He casts acorns at the badger's den.  
He looks at the blue dawn  
and sees Jupiter glowing darkly.  
He has no plan.

She places her hand on his shoulder.  
He turns to her smiling.  
Every cell sees  
Only her.

Is this love, she wonders, this intensity?

Inside the vault lies  
a volume filled with verses  
that rewrite themselves  
unbidden.

If she opens  
the pages  
She will find her name on every line.