

Jupiter Glowing Darkly

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 stands 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.

