

breathing the her

you who sleep  
at my back, while I keep  
watch on the dark rain  
and chill unfurling  
past the window's edge;  
while I tune strings  
in wait for some sign to sing  
what the moment means

know, this moment  
you mean everything.

your even breaths  
are soft flowers for the dark.  
rhythm of their bloom  
rocks tension to a deep  
quiet ringed with silk  
black rippling. this moment

need to touch does not  
consume, only joy  
at nearby sibilance, sense  
of the dark as wine, room  
as large loving eye.

as I run fingers through  
your name, you exhale  
warm ribbons. I hear them  
come like whisper, then  
pass my lips, the plunge  
deep to the heart of wind;

where song begins.

Noah Zacharin