The Cycle of Waters

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I open the door
the first cold air
and behind me
whatever I leave

In November
the first change from color
this new stillness

A dark haired girl
we found each other
I wanted to touch
to enter her to believe
as our minds jerked together
she was all
though doomed
it would have been
once
and could never be cancelled

Night
whisper my grief
that slinks against the cold
dreams
and the silence behind them
the ringing silence
in whatever space we are

THE CYCLE OF WATERS

There are no property rights
this matter flows through and around us
no deed to a lake a river
to the roots of trees to wells
to a stagnant pool become cloud

What we can hold we can put aside
the field we walk through the past
the stones we hold in our hand and skip
on the surface of water
the weeks without rain
the boundaries we look for
where creeks become streams

The relief from August and the boundaries
of skin
our world circumscribed by water
The bodies of women
flow from the moon
Water runs under the sea

What we allow for virtue
a cat that sleeps in the wind
We look for direction
drink and be whole again
water from a cup we can hold