

Of Destiny and Moonlight

In the moonlight the quilt has no color.
Is a patchwork of different darks, only.

In the woods the hoot owls are calling each
to each and my destiny is three score spent.

This afternoon you visited, wanting to talk
of old times. It seemed an adultery to comply.

Lying here, awake in the moonlight,
I recall an ingot of sunlight that lay

on the floor between us, a wrenched geometry
of gold that could not be lifted.

@ Larry Kimmel 2010