

The Meeting

As when the ripest of red plums
Suspended
Tempt the passing traveler
To reach and grasp and pluck,
So, too, do you
As you flow toward me,
Slowly descending the stair,
Your smallest motion
Of foot or paw
Straining my breath -
Inflaming my mind -
Wrapping my heart
In fragile bands of adamant.

You are all the beauty I know.

Or were I the plum,
Waiting in perfect, parviscient peace,
Serene in my ignorance -
And you the fair wayfarer -
In trembling eagerness
I await the moment
When your soft, black fingers
Meet around me.
I welcome the pain
Of the parting stem,
And revel in the experience,
The newness,
As you take that first bite.