

and this night

and this night
shall be the bridge whereunder
the graves lie of our loves
and this night shall be the bridge
whereunder I fell

far from
afar

and our dreams
shall be rivers that leave
the edge of the evening
and our dreams shall be rivers
beyond question like
old folks, or stones

& me

I want to be
a word or a star to fall
from the bridge afar
into the lap of the river, and I
want to be a word or a star
and be like the light

shining
out of your hand