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# Perhaps It's as You Say

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PERHAPS IT'S AS YOU SAY

Perhaps it's as you say  
That nothing stays lost forever

How many times have I said No No  
There is a darkness in the cell

And opened my hands to cup emptiness  
Tasting its bitten face

I do not know if our loves survive us  
Waiting through the long nights for our step

Or if they will know us then  
Entering our flesh with the old sigh

I do not know  
But I think of fields that stretch away flat

Beneath the stars their dry grasses  
Gathering a light of honey

The few houses wink and go out  
Across the fields an asphalt road darkens

And disappears among the cottonwoods by the dry creek  
It is so quiet so quiet

Meet me there