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Romance

Cynthia Huntington

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Romance · *Cynthia Huntington*

I know there is a beautiful woman you speak to
when you are walking alone on the sidewalk.
I know you are asking her things, just to be asking,
just to bring her into this life. I know there is
a girl you knew once, that you think of that sadness
she always had, that you couldn't reach, how it lay
so deep inside her where we bury our fathers and mothers,
a sadness like water the moon sinks into at night.

I know you are thinking of her.
Her face is unreachable, though you felt for the bones
just beneath the skin, though the skin was white
in the darkness when the moon came across the sheets.
I know the moon is keeping you awake at night.
You try to talk to the moon, but it won't come closer,
the moon who keeps her sorrows to herself, the girl
whose face you held, who slept in her own white body

near you, thin as a child, curled on her side.
She slept and behind her closed eyes water
was rising and filling her; water comforted her
with its stillness. I know, I know, don't tell me again.
You slept beside her, she unanchored floating; you slept,
sinking into sleep, swimming toward her, diving
for the moon in the water, while the moon passed slowly
overhead, behind clouds, the last eye closing unnoticed.