
Requiting at Midnight
Spencer Isdahl

Jump and sparkle with your
star-speckled eyes in the night;
they are precious gems, uncut and raw,
perfected in this natural state.
Your sight unfettered and festive,
we'll dance and pray and say to each other
that all we have is need, all we need is here.

This message, all bottled up, adrift,
spilling onto me, washing away
split ends and sickly urchins which
gather in pools of effervescing
memories of being together forever.

What could have run through your mind
when you waded into the ocean, chasing
the reflection of the midnight moon?
In the middle of that wavy white circle,
you looked back at me, waiting on the beach.
You were so cold, all alone on the moon,
a thousand miles away, close enough to touch.

I awoke from this dream, and you followed,
a patch of thoughts, my living reverie,
dancing through my fingertips
like an ephemeral tongue of flame
And now we drift lazily in the sky,
a small patch of vapor in an arc of
blue aether going to the far end of time.

Will you follow me there
or remember the remnant we left behind
and continue to search too close to home?
Crystalize around me like rock candy,
sweet and steady, all sugar and stickiness.
Stick to me, will you?