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**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.

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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?