

Billy Swift

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Afterthought

WHEN REQUESTING CLARITY

Find a storm on a mountain
ridge to reel in. If it is reluctant,
breathe deep, lure it with a sob,
offer it a plea of 'please,'
show it your open
hands, beg for it
to extract every drop of dew
you have inside you.
Patiently wait for it
to unhook itself from
the snowcap, for the
rainbow, like a prism's ghost,
to appear on the sky. Cast
your nets quietly.

THE LIGHT FROM STARS TURNS TO SNOW

Under the night's night sky: blind
darkness. I can't see you. Arms at our sides,

like wind chimes, our fingers intertwine
when a winter tide of wind slides

in the blackness. An owl's head unwinds
navigating trees. Our tongues, impatient,

float on bottom lips of mouths wide open.
Soon, the first snow will arrive. Anytime

now, we will become children again.

AFTERTHOUGHT

Now, I write,
you walked out
a few minutes ago;
I will miss

(it is
the sway of
your hips
that first
made me
love you.)

obvious,
the door,
I realize
you.

IN SCALE

If you think you are
as insignificant to the world
as a cricket hiding
under August blades of grass,
only leaping when night falls,
then I am merely a hair
on that cricket's leg.

If you think you are
as insignificant to the world
as breath is to wind,
let me be the eyelash
a lover holds to the lips
of a lover. I can be
the wish. You could be my love.

I AM THE ANTAGONIST

I am reading in your front yard.
The protagonist is throwing stones at a young woman's window.
You are not home.