

The day winds up the opposite.

Hearing her disembodied voice wash over me,
A cascade of coin and blessing,
With the delicious sounds of her waking

I thought today might be a day of blazing sun
With her hair a forest of red birds announcing themselves with song & surety

That each whisper of wind moved to mute song
& singing make a world of silence.

And then I remembered the warning
Issued by my old, tired, bedazzled heart:

The space between a man's hand
& a woman's hair
are filled with many passages
of tremor and trust.

August Wilson