

Pastoral.

You drove me home from Charlottesville one time.
We were both in the car. The sun was too.
I said, "The sun is on me. I am still."
You said, "My arm is straight, straight to the wheel.
I see you." and I said "The light hits through
the window. It hits. It is light. And dark.
It is light again." And you said, "I know."
A car door shuts. A car door shuts. Softly.

You followed me up the driveway. A hill.
And you said "There is gravel here and sound."
And I said. "I am breathing and you are.
We are breathing and there is gravel here."
"I stand behind you and a red maple."
"I will lift up the lowest branch. It bends.
I hold my arm up high and let it fall."
"I am behind you: your back, your shoulders."