

Open Moon in Blackness

Tonight I will visit my friend among the dead.  
We'll walk along the ocean and talk about the soul.  
Mine has gone to the high mountains and I don't  
understand; he'll say the mountains are  
beautiful this time of year, wet with spring.  
I'll think I understand such answers, the rhythmic spray  
of salt, the stars expanding, an open moon in blackness.  
Once I saw you in the dark reflection of a window.  
He smiles and the night sky becomes a portal. I should  
take your hand here, say *I'm sorry*—but so much  
time has passed I won't remember for what.  
I should ask the immeasurable, but I am silent  
and let the ocean pass between us.