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**We**

You soften in my arms  
Fixing and doing become memory.  
Mind sleeps. Able to dream  
or be free, curl up  
inside of nothing. We touch  
and it's unlike the second before; new,  
kind. Fulfilling pleasures  
that are unknown  
until we kiss. Until love  
is sitting in our laps. Moving,  
lifting. Catching  
before we stumble.

## The moments before...

She was frail by then  
arms resting by her side  
those around hoping time would stand still  
yet her eyes were heaviest when closed  
buried memories raided her dreams:  
a child lost, the storm that took the house,  
the town she fled.

Lord who she could have become:  
a queen or gypsy,  
a writer  
but she'd chosen  
these children  
this man.

Quietly she drifted  
satisfied  
knowing  
life had promised her  
nothing more  
than what she'd leave behind.

## Time

time motioned onward  
even when we prayed for more  
even as we traveled underneath Aquarius  
it moved  
no warning, no sign  
other than the moon

we knew it not to be disappearing  
oblivious, lost in a moment  
me holding your fingers  
burned with calluses  
you having helped your dad lift  
and carry all summer  
all the while our time never paused  
neither did it slow

once we realized  
searched the stars for more  
cried until tomorrow  
until nothing was left  
love would never be the same.