

SOUTHERN NIGHTS

by

Janet S. Hunter

The nights slide into one another like empties
finding their way under the table

Moons grin widens till it engulfs blackness
hiding from a host of thirsty stars

Enters and leans in invitation catching bright-eyed
a tossing head of recognition

The fantasy lit again an involuntary hand
leaves the keys out of reach

Finds embrace across an interlocking table
fingers and meeting eyes

Whenever the hand ...

Another night returned from the North
and where and where

Waiting again under so many witnesses
at last

And for no reason no word exchanged but
reading lines and feeling pulse

Somewhere else
but rose in the air and played around our heads

And we were high
on nights proximity breathing hard