

Rendezvous

- for Brad

the Tchaikovsky,
curious Squirrels,
sunrise
burning in the rain,
the physical
and metaphysical pine,
something to hold,
old words,
and lace,

I looked for rest
before your voice;

then, softly,
you placed your hand
upon my life

and now
I bow
to the miraculous resurrection
of the human laugh

knowing
I can walk
through winter again.

Love,
jhj