

Convergence

so sever their link
with the sure
and plunge alive in-
to the river's equilibrium
going still stilling as
cold flesh mingles
with water and

to refuse withdrawal his face
and arms trailing broken
branches immersed
in an excursion
that the soul might be called
into her face

doubled specter afloat
in nightfluid reds and
honeys bleeding
under the pitch skinglow

two of our kind at their
common brink a face uplifted
opens the throat he pulls her
in their eyes don't
but their touch avows

by then barely responsive
limply bundled
in his grasp the fugitive
light laving shoals of
her arm when he releases
her into the drift
and she startles