

Meeting

Letters to mail
and a twilit beckon
from the dimming sky
tempted tonight
my walk to the mailbox
that never seems
to come to me.

At my first turn
the fat, lop-lit moon
shouldered me
and whispered,

"I'm here with you,
never not here.
Turn you to dust
or turn you to ash,
I will be here."

I mailed my letters
and walked for home.

So simply it came to be--
my ageless friend and me
slipping past tree and tree.