

# LARRY SMITH

## *A Story of Marriage*

Trees grow in the space between us.  
We touch them when we have time.

All day you have been turned  
looking at the stones within.  
And I have been watching you  
like a fish.

Comes a time and you are watching me  
digging holes in the sand.  
And between us lies the sea  
where the birds are thick with silence.

Then in the night falls a seed  
beside us.  
We pick it up together the next day.  
It opens to the songs of children laughing.

The sky falls each day, they say.  
Only some days we catch it in our arms.

