

DAVID SHEVIN

Asleep in the Bosom of Youth

for Steve Lewandowski

Last night, Yehuda Halevi's quick blood
pumped against the window.
The same joy the snow gave to falling
it gave to melting. Yehuda
Halevi walks in silhouette
across the neon in my eyelids.

Oh Steve, I don't know who
is visiting or why. I've been reading
pieces of books. Here a dove flits
beside a brook, and there a part
of the ocean is boiling. I tried to walk
with the inclusiveness
of what I'd read. I tried to follow
where Halevi went
before my face. By the corner
of McMillan, drops of night
breathed melodies.

I breathed, too.
Some of my memory
washed away, singing.
And for a minute,
I hoped my footsteps would melt
before anyone walked in them.