

**Destination**- 1979*Grace Butcher*

Her hands, he thinks,  
are so small  
they will be lost  
on his body.  
They will not know  
where to go.

But like falling of feathers  
they drift across  
the singing and crying  
of his skin,

wrap like roots  
around the very center  
of all his songs  
and fears.

Her arms, he thinks,  
are so slender  
they will not be able  
to hold his vastness.

But when, in the sullen  
steel-gray gears and machinery  
of the dreams he himself  
does not even see,  
the invisible earth  
opens beneath him,

and he falls, he finds himself  
held above the abyss  
as easily as if  
he were a child.  
He burrows deeper into  
that circle of love,  
not knowing that he murmurs  
in his sleep  
all the necessary words.

Her legs, he thinks,  
can never match his strides  
nor anchor him contentedly  
in any kind of harbor.

But strongly as he moves  
over snow, over meadows  
and mountains, she is there  
moving steadily in her own brightness,  
sometimes in her own path.  
And she is the one who waits.

Amazed and glad,  
he lies down over her.  
Wrapped in her body,  
comforted, he sleeps  
and finally feels  
a stillness, as of deep water.

He does not drift away.