

Light That Behaves Like Water - 1982

Deborah Burnham

We stood in the pouring moon, dressed in that light
So thick nothing could break it. It fell in curves
As whitewater throws its strong arcs over stones;
Its single stream drenched pine, oak,
And our quiet skins, refused to split.

Each night I turn into my sleep and find you
Floating in light, saying "Breathe with me."
My breasts wait for your hands
That move to me, full of light
Like cups of water swelling above the rims.

Now the oak labors under snow,
Pines bend to stones;
Light hangs on branches like the moon's blossoms
While I wait to run like water under your hands.