

PASSING BY

David Sparenberg

Please don't get it wrong...
I am only passing by.
I was discovered by this flower
smiling at the roadside
and I thought, of course, of you.

Last night
the moon came in through my window
full of breathy delight.
And I thought of cascading milk.
But maybe this is wrong
and we should ask the moon
about her light,
whether it is actually white fire
that sheds insight
on the dark images and ancestral
shadows of our dreams?

Please do not grow alarmed
by the strangeness of my words
or the fact that neither of us
remembers my name.
On the road at twilight
it is enough to share a whisper.
And I have made a picture out of
wind, to give to those who
are facing their own direction.

Please remember that this love
is a cup of firefly in the night,
a tree of butterflies
on the horizon of morning.
And that I thought of you
when my heartbeat told me
we are not alone.



Drawing: Cecile Wadlow