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A man shuffles his feet
Restless. In one spot.
While his love buys a plane ticket.

lovers, rise up!
there is a river for us
with a tiny wooden boat—
we’re stealing away
for this is the season of the moon
when young breath
clings to the air
of eastern evenings.
let’s go climb something.
(how bout a bed?)
and when we’re standing,
let’s talk about the first time
we ever saw the ocean
or the way the sand feels
between
our toes,
especially by the water’s edge
in the softness of wetted sand
borrowed from
somewhere
we have never been—
the
essence of lovers,
the lacing virtues
of bedazzled dreamers,
and the chasing game
of gods playing
in a sea of time—
that must be the truth of an hour
jeweled with love.
certainly,
we’ll be gathering soon.
we’ll meet in the street.
and we’ll remember.
there is a home for us.

—Josh Davis