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

—*Michael Webb*

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*