

tonight  
I'll leave the garden gate  
open  
the lights  
off  
you'll have to feel  
your way  
from gate  
to wall  
to window  
to the ivy growing  
alongside the kitchen door  
which will be unlocked  
though it sticks  
sometimes  
swollen  
from October air  
just push  
and keep moving  
into the room  
where I will be waiting  
in darkness  
not for a kiss  
but for you to describe  
how it feels  
coming to me  
on fingertips  
the wood  
the stone  
glass  
and brittle vines  
like bones  
bracing themselves  
for another season  
of cold  
and how it feels  
especially  
in the last moments  
when you are completely alone  
when there is nothing nearby  
to touch  
only faith  
in the existence  
of your words.