

writing lesson in silver

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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.