Meeting

Letters to mail and a twilit beckon from the dimming sky tempted tonight my walk to the mailbox that never seems to come to me.

At my first turn the fat, lop-lit moon shouldered me and whispered,

"I'm here with you, never not here. Turn you to dust or turn you to ash, I will be here."

I mailed my letters and walked for home.

So simply it came to be-my ageless friend and me slipping past tree and tree.

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