

One Glance

From its western podium
the setting sun conducts
for half an hour
a symphony of colored sky:
loud oranges and penetrating purples
resolving into softer pinks and muted blues.

Under this musical sky,
noticing your smile and breeze-tossed hair,
I glance deep into the centuries
behind your clear eyes--
and I remember.

This moment was and is and will be.
It never was not, and never cannot be--
one precious moment of purest love,
breathless and deathless.

Inner spirit needs only one glance, no more--
no rush or embrace or kiss or promise.
One glance opens your soul to me,
and I know your soul and love your soul.

This musical sky is fleeting;
these bodies will grow old and cold;
but my memory of this one glance
will never fade, as must the sky.

Our symphonic sun's bright colors
have mellowed now to a somber gray
as we walk along
not knowing what to say.