

Night Song for an Old Lover**I**

Memory of you may be
attenuated by time
but your shadow still spans
my night.

Beyond you
the amble of patient constellations
Beyond you
the winking of happier lights
Below you, below your mastering arch
my body thuds and thuds against
the rim of the dark.

II

Dammed-up river; the metaphor
is old, but like all venerable things accrues
a patina of use. I feel
in this urgency of spring
fingers of curious water struggling through
the gaps. I feel the bridge
that anchored me to you, the bridge of you over me
collapse.

III

It's only the night
making distances invisible
that joins us under the same sky.
Continents snuggle closer together
in sleep.

I still keep one side of the bed
for you, for whoever joins me
in the ceremony of dreams.

—Susan Glickman