

The Thief

by Robert Vaughan

1. Purposeless, as if I could fly away, aim toward the crystal moon. A sliver awaiting my arrival in a pale, porous evening sky. This silent retreat gliding on speculation, the web of solace promises sleep if nothing more.

2. First I stole your cloud, the overhanging arch of delicate freedom. The abandon impossible in lesser states of grace: I said, kiss this. And you waited your entire life for more danger.

3. The neighborhood looks so bloodless on a Sunday afternoon, spillage from churches and synagogues, and temples. Here is time on the diabolical watch: blood, eternal as an ancestor.

4. We swapped sexes for a while, suited us swirling seaside. Nothing separates us from each other, holes are deepening even still. We say we are dissolving into sky, our breath piquant with rumors, whole beings frantic for the leap, the sweet light that follows.

