

# Confession

*by Anne Elezabeth Pluto*

It is not simple to love in two places,  
and I have always been a restless woman  
waiting for signs. Then you appeared  
walking on my very grave while the stars aligned  
themselves in patterns of celestial light.  
I have watched the moon eclipse with you  
drawing breath into the most dangerous of places:  
my heart  
Never leave me.

