

Kate

by Robert James Russell

It's that laugh of hers that gets me

(gets me every time)

like an electric shock it wakes me,

pounds me prattling into cohesion,

and with one look in her eyes

(those greenmarbled sunsets)

I know.

She sees the patterns no one else does,

the beauty of it all,

her words floating up and around

over me

over us

always beaming bright, that smile that laugh of hers

(those greenmarbled sunsets).

