

# The Messenger

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## Michael Webb

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A man shuffles his feet  
 Restless. In one spot.  
 While his love buys a plane ticket.

—*Michael Webb*

lovers, rise up!  
 there is a river for us  
 with a tiny wooden boat—  
 we're stealing away  
 for this is the season of the moon  
 when young breath  
 clings to the air  
 of eastern evenings.  
 let's go climb something.  
 (how bout a bed?)  
 and when we're standing,  
 let's talk about the first time  
 we ever saw the ocean  
 or the way the sand feels  
 between  
 our toes,  
 especially by the water's edge  
 in the softness of wetted sand  
 borrowed from  
 somewhere  
 we have never been—  
 the  
 essence of lovers,  
 the lacing virtues  
 of bedazzled dreamers,  
 and the chasing game  
 of gods playing  
 in a sea of time—  
 that must be the truth of an hour  
 jeweled with love.  
 certainly,  
 we'll be gathering soon.  
 we'll meet in the street.  
 and we'll remember.  
 there is a home for us.

—*Josh Davis*