



Cradle

How we are afraid.
How we fight our fear.
The young man at your side
is me dressed in grey.
We walk home.
The love between us
is strong;
it is easily bruised.
I break.
I want to be whole
in your fingers' cradle —
body of power,
warm planet
in a near universe
where our love is foretold,
a palmist's stone.

JOHN BARTON