

Divergence

—Dylan Reyes-Cairo

i see the bending
branch and curling smoke
twining,
not so different from each other,
as spirits that bind shadow and earth
rising
from burning sticks toward murmuring lips

my guitar's steel strings chime quiet
like whispering rivers
silky
as a sated lover here,
where shadows flicker and hover
near gnarling limbs diverged from root
or sky
inviting me to follow

but i dare not tread outside
this smoldering sanctuary on a hill
of our own creating
where your memory lies
waiting
in every patch of moonlit music
and stillness

tiny lights remind me of the distance,
where reason chides the soul's resistance,
and i pray that you
come home