

RECOGNITION

For my husband

I remember the warm breeze
blown over us
as we sat

blowing away debris
like an early breeze

to reveal one questing,
appearing
like a familiar ghost.

At that moment
your back
grew strong

your large hands
wavered
and warmed.

Like a sudden awareness
of rocks on the beach.
Their silence. Their spirit.

The air between us
tingled

so when you asked to come close
on a wintry night

my body folded over yours
as easily

as waves
sliding over a beach.