

you look at me

unfastening my thoughts and
watching them fall to the floor,
shattering into words that I cannot utter
and I stutter at the many
"I love you's" that never seem to communicate
exactly how much I love you.

and even less subtle is the way I
always seem to fumble with
whatever I'm holding when you
look at me with those eyes-
windows looking into windows,
infinity witnessing itself.
my heart beats too loudly and
it always gives me away.

your eyes have seen me
the way the late-night moon has
seen me:
my soul stripped of every veil.
your eyes-

a forest thick with green-
warm in the amber glow of
sap that drips like honey from trees,
leaves and earth still wet from
the morning dew,
a slow-moving mist flowing through
the canopy.

I still feel you on my skin
when you have left and gone back to that bed,
our bed,
still shuddering with the quiet breath that
we share when our lips are so close
I can feel your heart beating in mine.
It is a breath that is full with this
cosmic quietness-
the infinitude we swim in when the summer nights are so hot
that we cannot fall asleep.

Sveta Kaznachev

