

David Campiche

Moon Skin

For Laurie

Crossing the bridge over
the Hamma Hamma River,
remembering you,
rising just now
from your warm bed.
You turn back the Amish quilt,
study the intricate patterns.

Your eyes are dabs of blue
between charging clouds,
tiny patches breaking through
winter sky.

The pewter river races along
spilling from high ground,
mountains in the clouds.

Off the highway
I will stop and gather
simple presents:
an agate with a Buddha's face,
hawk or crow feathers,
a limb gnawed by a beaver.

Without bark
the wood is as pale
as your breasts in moonlight.

Across the Hamma Hamma
the small red car charges
into sunlight.

