

Conjugation

Once we get things sorted out, and time
is no more, the sun comes up white as stone.
We bow before the last dance can begin.
I take your hand in mine to lead you home.

Who said the past must be conditional?
or who decreed perfection should be now?
Step-by-step the dancer shows us how.
We twist and turn, we rise each time we fall.

The shadows by the river fade away,
and flowers bloom, each one a separate hue.
I pluck one and place it in your hair. You
proffer fruit full ripened from the tree.

With grace we pledge to never be alone,
to cleave together flesh to flesh as one.

—Donnell Hunter