

I have felt for a while that...

NICHOLE PAGE, BRYANT UNIVERSITY

Time is passing too quickly again
and I have not had enough time to hold you

in my arms, chest to back,
tangled in each other's limbs.

So what if we took each other's hands and
hearts and strolled into the lover's forest

dance in a fairy circle, play in the fields of sun
soaked lilac, eat from cloudberry brambles.

We need ten more minutes, five more hours,
two more days. We need just until the end of time

to rest against the Weeping Willow
whose luring calls turned persistent pleads led us

here we press our bare backs against her bark
only meaning to rest, stop the time from slipping

for just ten minutes, five hours, two days,
until the end of time, we close our eyes

and awake to find ourselves as the Willow
arms turned swaying branches, fingers now drooping leaves

hair grown into lace lichen and the bugs feasting,
creatures burrowing in our warmth.

Her voice echoes, our voices echo
joined by those come long before us

we are the skipped beat of the first heart in love,
of the ocean finally reuniting with the sand.

The Willow cries that we have been forgotten to all but each other,
fading into our ceaseless beat

bu-bum, bu-bum, bu-bum, bu-bum