

Infinitesimal Me - Infinitesimal You

I lie here in this broken snowbank
reciting forgotten hymns, losing track of the hour.
And the man in the moon stares me right in the eye
and he winks, and he jokes, and he strikes a silly pose.
I giggle - forfeiting the match.

The snow crunches violently beneath her feet
and the owl hums his slow haunting tune.
She takes her place beside me,
and like a pair of roughly hewn puzzle pieces
we drift silently through time.

The stars feel familiar -
the constellations our friends.
The night sky a canvas,
inviting us to sing our song of past tense,
a pocket full of lies.
Four and twenty heartbreaks,
concealed within her eyes.

She bears the crown of Cassiopeia,
and I Orion's belt;
and we dance the mambo across the milky way.
I dance like there's no tomorrow,
She dances like there was no yesterday.

As the moon dips slowly toward the horizon,
we embrace after one final twirl.
We drift blissfully back to the present,
back to our broken snowbank,
into our broken world.