

We are standing still,
so very still
under the pale whites of
this summer moon.

It grabs at every
feature on our faces
and pulls them upwards.
Making our shadows ominous,
almost religious
in it's stillness.

Pale whites

We have driven for hours
to this
our new home.
The land we
have just marked as our own,
by looking only at small photographs
and talking on our phones
to a man named Jonathon
for months,
months of placing all our bets on
the splendid dream.

And here we are

fourty miles
from any
near by town,
ground solid beneath our feet.
Where our day has turned into
our night,
and we stand looking out at her
Our new -
Everything.

And she welcomes us
in her long grassed
honesty.
Unfurling towards us
a mass of hills
and silver soaked trees,
breaking through
the darkness of the night sky's
trembling
black
blue
walls.

*She could wake dreamers and split hearts with her night
beauty*

She surrounds us with her biography.
What she has seen

before our births and
those of our fathers.
And she steady's our feet to the spot,
fixing us
to
her grace/
mother like lines.

And we stand
fold into each other's
white skins.
Skins that have not seen the light of day
in the city living we have so,
become tired of/
involved with/
drunk in the rush of it all.

We fold
sew our hands together
Mouths soft from her
and
kiss.

Loosing all the years
between
the day we first met.
Where once,

the only thing between us was
cotton candy tastes on lips
and the promise
of our great love
floating like balloons
over street corners.

And tonight,
here
with our
everything

we are lost in this
now/ forever.