**Natural Rhythm**

full of night, this pregnant hour

winds slowly, through

a river of stars, of galaxies

(why is the night female?

a blackened willow

over my head,

soft tendrils but lonely)

i hear the lights going by

a shadow darting across a darkened ceiling

i am so much here and not elsewhere

soon to sleep, perchance to dream

of waking

inside

my love