# Things that are true

I would dance for you

lean down and tell you sweet things

a soft wind blowing gentle to your ear

and rich in the perfume of roses

tell you of things too small

to be part of the everyday

things perhaps magnified

by the lens of perception

here are tiny gifts:

the edge of a leaf

the thread hanging from a scarf

the hair suspended in a glass of water

we miss them: our eyes seek big things

children and dinosaurs

but the truth is in the grain

of the wood of your table

I would dance for you

hold you fast by the waist

brush my lips across the nape of your neck

a touch like a bird’s wing

tell you of the smallest of the small

are they particles? are they strings?

forever lost in the well of the infinite

and us, mostly empty

shells in motion, tied to the impossible

we are both here and there

what our eyes tell us may be truth, may be lies

but is always now

a single stone, sand

on a beach of the uncountable

it cannot be any other way

lift it and turn it, and let it disappear

I would dance for you

lift your veil, penetrate

the smooth illusion of your life

with the sweetness of sensation

tell you of sad things

the utter length of loss

how once gone, innocence

is never recovered

save in the shape of the slow

the next to invisible

these pebbles need no meaning

no intent, no warning

no fear for the observer

reversing the zoom

the telescope becomes

a microscope, seeing ghosts

I would dance for you

reach through the infinitesimal

to slip my fingers into the world

between your breasts

tell you of the shortest distance

the smallest voltage

the atom of time

some things cannot be divided

but finally, I must ask you

do we care?

we are moral creatures

and mortal, one and the same

things, true and inevitable

finally, we cannot be

for this reason only, we cannot

refuse to be, have no right

I would dance with you

mingle my fragile bones

with yours, and only yours

and this, intangible, is my truest thing