**night birds**

who knows how long it was?

the darkness claimed us, a soft blanket of night

outside, life and humble noise

crickets and tree frogs, cicadas and night birds

twined like vines, we circled each other

rain in a cup

i felt your breasts against me

your otherness, your not-me-ness

you bled on my blanket, painted me red

and thought this should disturb me

when you made a quiet noise

i knew it was good and i laughed

later i rested

my weight your happy burden

i could not see your eyes

but felt tears

i didn’t say stop, because you needed this

you didn’t want me to know

how could i not?

i kissed your tears

i laughed and you cried

and it meant the same thing