**night birds**

who knows how long it was?

the whiskey, the perfumed night air

unable to still the flood

every cell of my body screaming

for your touch

for love

past the stars and the tall coneflowers,

you lead me in

looked into serious eyes

and despite the pull of the moon

gave the slightest push

tongues and skin and legs

enfolded each other

filled to beyond the brim

I called out

and I heard you laugh unexpectedly

in my confused night

you stroked my hair

kissed my tears in silence

that said so much

made sense of my life

you laughed and I cried

and it meant the same thing

Andrea Charendoff