

That Night

Patrick Gardner

I'm always recalling that night
 where inches we stood by the fire.
It's crackling blinking our eyes,
 it's billowing waves of heat.
 I yearned to wet your dry lips.

I'm always recalling that night
 when fingers interlaced together.
Their gripping held up goodbyes,
 their tightness felt most complete.
 I loosened my hand from yours.

I'm always recalling that night
 how woodland owls cooed overhead.
Your weeping red eyes combine,
 your tears fell upon my chest.
 I burned my heart with your own.

I'm always recalling that morning
 how gusts of wind blew over our tent.
You're resting and still despite,
 your blanket flowing away.
 I pause to take in the view.

I'm always recalling that morning
 when the rush to leave made us forget.
There staying close, a ranger,
 their stakes now trapped in our car.
 I turned the car key over.

I'm always recalling that morning
 where you quickly fell asleep near me.
It's the song that brings me back,
 its sweeping saddened strong strings.
 I play it again to remember.