Movement Song

By Audre Lorde

I have studied the tight curls on the back of your neck
  moving away from me
  beyond anger or failure
  your face in the evening schools of longing
  through mornings of wish and ripen
  we were always saying goodbye
  in the blood in the bone over coffee
  before dashing for elevators going
  in opposite directions
  without goodbyes.

Do not remember me as a bridge nor a roof
  as the maker of legends
  nor as a trap
  door to that world
  where black and white clericals
  hang on the edge of beauty in five oclock elevators
  twitching their shoulders to avoid other flesh
  and now
  there is someone to speak for them
  moving away from me into tomorrows
  morning of wish and ripen
  your goodbye is a promise of lightning
  in the last angels hand
  unwelcome and warning
  the sands have run out against us
  we were rewarded by journeys
  away from each other
  into desire
  into mornings alone
  where excuse and endurance mingle
  conceiving decision.
  Do not remember me
  as disaster
  nor as the keeper of secrets
  I am a fellow rider in the cattle cars
  watching
  you move slowly out of my bed
  saying we cannot waste time
  only ourselves.

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