My Darling Turns to Poetry at Night

By Anthony Lawrence

My darling turns to poetry at night.  
What began as flirtation, an aside  
Between abstract expression and first light

Now finds form as a silent, startled flight  
Of commas on her face — a breath, a word ...  
My darling turns to poetry at night.

When rain inspires the night birds to create  
Rhyme and formal verse, stanzas can be made  
Between abstract expression and first light.

Her heartbeat is a metaphor, a late  
Bloom of red flowers that refuse to fade.  
My darling turns to poetry at night.

I watch her turn. I do not sleep. I wait  
For symbols, for a sign that fear has died  
Between abstract expression and first light.

Her dreams have night vision, and in her sight  
Our bodies leave ghostprints on the bed.  
My darling turns to poetry at night  
Between abstract expression and first light.