

Confluence

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That love took quite a while.

A near lifetime of spaces
punctuated by the presence
of half-remembered things:
an afternoon at the library
a letter folded and unfurled
so many times over
the furious scrambling for the
phone
in the middle
of a shower
a guitar peppered
with dust
by its lonely corner.

That love took quite a lot,
I should know. It took me away
from myself, but only so I can return
myself back into
myself.
Again.

And now,
in the silence that overlaps
sleep and wakefulness,
after the reeling whirlwind
of all that waiting,
you have
come
home
to
me.

As a single drop of rain
that tumbles into the wind
falls its way into a puddle
on the cracked
pavement
so that one day it might become
part of the river,
part of the sea
whose waves now
fold and unfurl our dreams
together, furiously
into a beautiful sleep.