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Float Inside

Maura Gage Cavell

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Float Inside

by Maura Gage Cavell

Dark, tan skin
like gold, wheat-deep,

blue jewel-like eyes
filled with purpose and power;

he moves stealthily
like a lion,

comes toward her,
her blood pulling her

toward him as if he
commanded it;

if they'd had—together—
babies—they might

have had his power,
his beauty, her dreaminess,

and a touch of his magic.
They would have been as

beautiful as paintings—
this combination an amazing

melding of darkness and light,
moon and sun, stars and ocean—

but, instead of babies,
they make the brightest

love, sparks so electric
the world is disappearing

as they float inside this place
of magic, this green-bright joy,

a delight so warm, fulfilling,
magnetic, a full-blown hurricane

of excitement, that to live
without it is like being

bruised from the loss—
right down to the marrow.

So, they shift like shadows,
never certain if this brightest

wonder, this translucent dream,
will recur and shift

behind the midnight magnetic hope
and land them into the someday

finally arriving,
a salty ocean love,

alive and never having to
splinter all apart.

