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## Float Inside

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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.

