

where there seemed to be no reason we quarreled
to the point where
 no new quarrels were needed to continue what we were.
 fugitives in the shadows of a moon
 that has only borrowed light.

how does one explain dwelling where things cannot be explained
casting our bodies like the cut bait of angry fishermen
 who only catch the heart with
 which we started
 and cannot find anchorage
 in someone else.

we moored against the docks where there is only illegal trade that
believes cunning completely satisfies
 and it is no wonder we could not stay longer.

there seemed to be no reason.
wf.h.
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