

Stillness Dancing

I knew I loved you when
I read some joke you made
some throwaway
that no one got.

Who you were
was
so obvious to me then
that though all I remembered of you
was your blues eyes
and your quiet
I knew –
I felt –
I could see
all your colours
raised high
on horseback
and I was with you at once.
Right there,
with you.

I thought –
I knew –
I felt
that though we met
at a time I was shedding lives like snake skin
I would tell you everything
even though
as I was saying it
it was falling away.

I dreamt once
while in your arms
the line
'I blame
the truth
for making me
love you'
and I stayed awake all night
remembering
while our bodies mapped one another
and I counted our breaths,
your six
to my seven
to keep the meter
until our time was up.



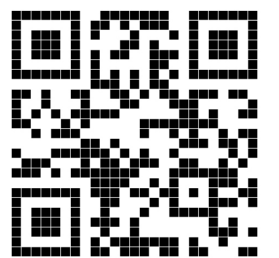
Photo: Jason Henson

Alice Andersen was born on a stormy Spring day in 1984 in Christchurch, New Zealand. She lives there still; in a small wooden house that didn't fall down through any disaster that threatened it.

She raises two pink-cheeked, peg-toothed children and writes poems at her kitchen table.

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