

Her eyes follow his eyes though his eyes
look away towards the overlap of crowns
of cottonwoods black against a fade
of sky left for the night before all the stars
blink on once more in her eyes
she can see still what stills him what
regret or unknowing rises in the question
of what were you thinking when I asked
what in the all the years you would
change she asks of him and it is the whoosh
of leaves far above their heads which turn
their hearts to memory a summer once
when their boy was still a boy and he
spilled open his heart into every laugh she says
she wouldn't change a thing and means it though
she can see in his eyes now as he looks direct
into hers what a wonder it is to be this long
in love with love and the wide expanse
of family their family this little clutch
of connection tucked sweetly in
amongst the chaos of all those years yes
it's true she says there are likely things
worth changing but they are small little wisps
of what we thought we wanted when yet
it was this we wanted and she lifts her chin
tilts her eyes toward the sky broken open now
with great great distances of stars
they'd had their eyes resting upon
all along.