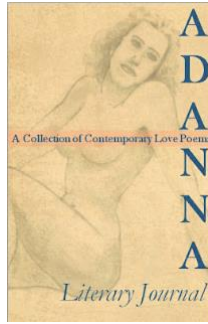


## At Last



Not the giddy effervescence of first nights,  
nor the trembling jolt (though there's that, still)  
but a languid joy,  
a low hum idling in my chest,  
fueled by the timbre of your voice,  
the times your skin meets mine throughout the day,  
your eyes shadow dancing with your beautiful mind,  
**now a tango,**

*now a waltz,*

*now a music yet unnamed . . .*

You make  
paths of candlelight on summer nights,  
feasts of music, food and words,  
You wear the scent of figs,  
ripe and clean,  
then knit me up in your embrace  
where I am ever happy  
and all ways home.