

... take you anywhere at midnight.

By Helen Young

[...] take you anywhere at midnight.
The hum of your skin will keep me awake,
far enough and long enough and late
until nights and continents are ripe
with our green age. And if I kissed
your palm, would you close it then to hold
onto the dark and strike against the bolt
of song stirring from the ropes of your wrist.
The spider-web-drum of your veins
beats the syncopation of my witching hours
into a pulse like hail [...]