

Losing You

by James Diaz

don't go, I say
into the light no longer on at the end of the hall
stay awhile
here
with me and the moon hung so low
against the sky
tell me one more time
where it is I come from
how I got this heart-shaped mouth
and inside me bones that are shaking
thinking of storms rolling in like punches off of dark hills
into this bottom, where I fear my home may really be
a bird nest, broken promises
this skin is so tired
let me lay as I'm meant to lay
this time of night
hand to the wall, it's the small things that matter most
early morning light fallen across your face like a great divide
this kind of love that jumps right through
as if fire were no obstacle to water
when there is so little of it in your hands
just enough to remember
what the good things are
and how they cannot last.