

## A CONVERSATION OF ELATION

I inhale the moon, let the opaline glimmer  
its impossible arc. I wrap the deep sea of sky  
around my shoulders, allow the stars to glow

cerulean calm. I take the birdsong from the cardinal  
who sits at the tip of the tallest spruce  
and sings. A conversation of elation

along with the arias of the whales, the myriad  
languages of the sea: languorous lull  
to rumbling roar.

I allow the crescent of sounds to drench  
my mind. I taste the sweet salt  
of the sea. Lastly I accept the green luminescence  
of the trees. Finally I am many

different kinds of light, of life. All I need now  
is you.

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