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# When

Thomas W. Williams  
*Western Michigan University*

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# When

When I have come to know the quiet pulsing of your heart  
Lying next to mine after the turbulence is done  
And we have sung the prying moon across the sky;  
When I have known the sad and happy moving  
Of your sleepy mouth still stained with me  
And like a half-crushed berry pouting;  
When I have watched you in the evening hours  
Listening for the little feet  
That leap upon the floor for water;  
When I have hurried home to see you waiting  
While the great hall fills with tiny faces  
As the coming dark erases at each silhouetted window sill  
The long bright stinging hours we have spent apart;  
When I have heard you whisper  
Heavy-breasted in the silence  
That you want me;  
Then, love, then.

Thomas W. Williams