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When

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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