

Courting Lightness
by Michelle McMillan

Dense as the soles of his boots.
Fluid as plate glass.
He hides in his shadow,
Pressing hard temper on bone
In bursts of desire for softness.

He does not open his heart to the earth.
He does not trust the gravity of love.
He does not look up when the light changes
For fear of losing his place.
He does not dance when the mood changes
For fear of falling into her and losing control.

He looks back,
Resentful that his passion
Has made no impression on her.
Yet she will not let him leave
And the friction between them
Builds calluses that deaden feeling.

He dreams of leaping
Into the empty arms of the sky,
Rigid integrity stretched
Translucent against the sun.
Strength in the hollow of his bones.
Soaring with grace.

Seductive as an old textbook.
Brilliant as promise.
He hovers in his faith,
Courting lightness like a bird,
Breathless between landings.