

Sidney Wade

De Rerum Amore

I rest my hands
On the tablecloth.
They are hungry.

The lamp smokes.
The bread and milk
Arranged on the table
Invite the heart
Of the night
To partake.

It enters, expands.
We eat.

A silence lies under the skin.
The stars drift away from the windowpane.
It is a beautiful night.

Empty Sleeves
Athens, University of Georgia Press, 1991:19