

Birthday

Again the trees
tap at the window

and the moon in the skylight
is a perfect circle I could slip

on my finger all the way past
the knuckle. I remember

how my mother's hands
turning my ring, were cool

and practiced - 'I'm just
straightening things' -

how I looked down
at that wink of diamond

and wondered if your eyes too
were open, if you could see

through the darkness
deep inside my own,

your way out
and how to get here.