

For Amanda on your 60th birthday

That spring night in September. A moon
with no baby in her crescent arms
 talking eternal sadness to the evening star. Each night
 I watch lovers create a child...
 ...never, never I will hold.

I am alone, but you are not.
 Go. Her bright eyes know you,
 she waits and will awake and talk.

You were asleep, Amanda,
 your small frail finger grasping a larger hand.
 Afraid of hurting your smallness
 I stood bewildered while your mother smiled.
A spring bud, held tight.
 My thoughts swell swift like soft water welling in my eyes.

In a sacred silence, in a silent night
 I wait for your voice.
 Close my eyes to hide myriad thoughts. Stars...
 ... in their black velvet cloaks know.

Your small eyes glisten bright. I hear your voice

I waited in my dark warm castle.

Knew, heard your footsteps.

In my mother's castle I see brother Marc, strong, swift.

Jason awaits a brave journey

with Argonauts on a ship of stars...

... in a moonlit sky.

Silent. I stand. Watch your eyes.

I need food, you say and fall asleep.

Wake, wake and talk!

Your glistening eye, soft with silver tears beckons.

I listen to your dreams dancing with

Odile, Odette, Aurora, Titania of the Night and sad Giselle.

We talk of Pyramids shaped and why.

Mermaids, myths, mythologies and names and why.

You smile. You are the life enigma... I talk

... while you fall asleep.