

Megan Fereday

luc bat to mr. beam

your whispered words hushed round
a sun-warmed pillowed land of
South Georgia sunsets, and
bougainvillea blooms; hands to hold
and promised stories told
of daughters, lovers old, trapeze
swingers and graffiti.
In between your trees and towers
I'd gaze away my hours
safe from view; surrounding spectra
blinding from refracted
oil-light off tarmac. As you
fingertipped your way through
measured musings, down below
your tightwires I would slowly
mimic your steps; growing day by day,
a cursive script's embrace
in which to rest—safe in the sound
of whispered peace around.