

Francesca Weekes

Nightwatching

By the bone-ground my eyes linger;
I am watching the boy take off his shoes,
Slipping them easy as peel from his moon-silvered skinny feet.
He coughs with surprise at the cold rigidity of the ground—
I have seen him do this before, and he is always surprised.
I have never been this close.

The pond is a tight circle of moon, eyelashed with heavy grasses.
His pointed foot will break the skein of water;
I love that bubble-burst every time.
The cold he feels nudges at my booted feet.
The speckles of weed on the water are like chips of dark gold
Under the magnesium moon.

One night soon I will take off my boots,
Slip out from under the heavy trees
And join the boy who bathes in the light of the moon.