

Honeymoon

Wren Donovan

the long way down with you
through tangles of rhododendron poison ivy towering hemlock
ancient poplars we can't get our arms around
cold bathing raucous river
broken leaf-brown mossy-gray and mirror-black where
you stacked silent sentinels of round rocks
among afternoon shadows and
salamanders wet-red. we traced trails of ants and slept bare-soled
and I couldn't wait to get home to a soft bed
but now my worn soul treks the long way down
to the water and the smooth stones and the rhododendron branches
that we grasp to lift our bodies from slippery rocks against gravity.
clad in sky-skins our carefree ghosts
again measure trees and balance rocks with warm hands.
we inhabit in memory those translucent forms
erasing distance, dissolving time, when we desire

Wren Donovan (she/her) studied literature, Classics, folklore, and psychology. She writes poetry and flash fiction, reads history books and Tarot cards, and tries not to worry. Wren lives in a small town in Tennessee with her husband and three cats, and can often be reached on twitter @WrenDonovan.