

gathering sticks (between sea and sky)
for two, and a friend

luke martin / march 2023

a melody,
as softly
as possible,
again
and again,
for two
together,
just so,
until
it is done;
a melody,
“in one
un-
determined
line,
between sea
and sky”;
and from elsewhere,
these words
a melody,
once
the same
a friend
sings—
clear
close,
a secret
almost
a moment
or two
maybe on
a walk
or sitting
list’ning;
a melody,
across,
between,
for two,
for three—
and we
are gathering
sticks
for
our
fire.