

## **The Spot We Have Cleared in the Weeds (an elegy for Ken Owens)**

I found a cowboy hat in the middle of the trail

and put it on as we walked,

The light rain tapping on the brim made you smile

the clouds in the sky above us

were a black cloak trying to stifle the moonlight

the misting air was thick like a dark closet.

I never wanted to leave this place

hidden by trees and brush and the pitch of night.

But the sun was growing consistently crueler

with each day

your body grew more fragile

your skin paler, less elastic

Your eyes were now in full transition,

drifting in and out of the place we were

and from where you are

head on my chest

you whisper "I wish we could do this..."

I cut you off, I couldn't stand to hear you say "forever"

because the time for that has completely passed

"We are doing this" I respond

As the sky slowly cleared for one long kiss

Under the full, naked face of the moon.