Compline

Cynthia Huntington

“Be calm and keep watch. The Devil, your enemy is circling you like a roaring lion, seeking someone to devour. Resist him, strong in faith.”
1 Peter 5:8-9

For this high, soft bed and the heat of the fire,
for the large white cat stretched on the white quilt beside me, for the lamp, magically creating light,
for my bones’ weariness sinking down into cushions.

[Riding on the train to far morning . . .
held in lover’s arms, dozing entwined, limbs and hair, yes, begin
the sweet sleep journey.]

For the ticking clock, for sleep crawling across my mind and my limbs, my breath, for my eyes closing, for my eyes, for the water in the glass, the table beside my bed, my glasses folded there, for the book with blank pages where I write these words, and the book with another’s words, closed on the table for the red silk robe hung over the chair, and the slippers below.

[Scent in the collar of a leather jacket, musk,
whiskey on your tongue, the last time, wiped away.]

For tomorrow’s mirror with no face in it now for these walls keeping back the cold, for the moon rising in the dark window, for the bread broken into the bowl, and trespass forgiven.
[The coyotes yipping and howling on the hill, the chase in the dark and the deer brought down, ripped open, the others flee, spared, the stench of terror.]

For breath going out into the dark.
For all being going out into the dark.
For the dark going on forever. For the dark where you are.
You, who I fly toward with every thought,
you who I have been flying toward all my life,
for everything seen and done on my way

to you, who are my journey,
you, who have loved me since every beginning.