

## Last Love

It is just a property of water  
that lets us drown.

Even purest light must break  
upon a wave, refracting out  
in every way.

Then comes a wind to shake  
some darkness out of rain  
while cirrostratus clouds go frame  
their question overhead and say  
*Not yet, not here, not now,*

As you try again to float the world  
into the coming tide.

ROBERTA SENECHAL DE LA ROCHE