

Steve Klepetar

I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes and you are gone.
Everywhere cities erupt in flame,
ravens wheel in smoky air.
Can this be love?
I have made a nest from the memory
of your hair and hung your eyes
high in the branches of a shining tree.
Your voice calls from the bottom
of a narrow sea, wind-whipped
and wild with caves.
You have returned to your mountain
home, or so it seems with sky
transformed into willowy patterns of cloud.
No one would believe these hands,
not now with your scent lingering
between fingers, and all these strange tattoos.
No one would believe this face, born
of some atomic storm.
It would be a miracle if these ravaged lips
could sing anything but your name.
We built a bridge of time,
suspended years across this river gorge.
Now it trembles in the wind.
What a leap into nothingness, what a dream
of arms in flight.
A disturbance in the air –
my ears perk up. Someone speaks
your name, and tigers leap
across a stream, amber eyes flaring golden rays.

Steve Klepetar teaches literature and creative writing at Saint Cloud State University in Minnesota. His work has appeared widely and has received several nominations for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Sweatshoppe Publications recently released his latest book, *Speaking to the Field Mice*.