As close as the clouds
(for Cutty)
by Andrew Grimes Griffin
As close as the clouds
As far from me now as you
Lying together
I’ve lost the means to measure
Distance—closeness—you and me

AGG20130810
(for Cutty)
I see your number
Your face pops up on my cell
Before answering
I smell the fragrance of you
Feel the smooth curve of your skin

AGG2013806
(for Cutty)
At midnight I walk
To meet you at the metro
Thunder—lightning—rain
You sleep salt-stained in my arms
Outside—thunder—lightning—rain

Rumbling distant drums
Glissando of slick car tires
Rattling of windows
Crescendo of wind-stirred leaves
And still your chest—rises—falls

AGG20130624
(for Cutty)
Rainfall before dawn
Rhythmic and reassuring
Eases into me
Seeps into sudden dark dreams
At light—still—just me—the rain

AGG20130813
(for Cutty)
He’s working two jobs
Between graveyard and daytime
He rests in my arms
My palm on his hand—fingers
Knitted—two mating spiders

Forty-five minutes
To sleep—his snoring rumbles
Deep in his chest—shakes
My already trembling heart
As I watch the clock count down

AGG20130706
(for Cutty)