

Watcher

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I am a watcher
see me

I fix my eye on tendril hairs
that frame your used face

I bent my gaze to lightly stroke
the furrows of your brow

I want to touch you somewhere
I rise

to give my cheek a closer view
I stoop

Strangely angeled
I out myself inside your hollow, listening

to the old metallic turning of the leaves
Hear me

I answer yes before you pose the question
It is a lovely place where you walk

Twirling like a trick of paper
I am beside you

