

His Smile

(In response to: "Your Laughter" by Pablo Neruda)

Take my diamonds, bury my treasures
and burn my books, but *never*
take away your smile.

Don't take back the carnation you picked
as a child, the baby food left on porcelain plates
or that golden light on everything
on the day you were born, son.

Your sadness—each day of it—
pools into the lining of me: those many worlds
on your brow and in your gaze's shadow.

Let me tug them from you as you sleep
not far from the turbulent ocean:
such mystery and regret.

I smile at you.
You didn't smile back then.
But you do, now.
I walk away, glowing.