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Song For My Illusion

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Song For My Illusion

Linda Elaine

Shh, do not speak now.
Let me sit in silence,
by tonight's moonlight,
as I make real this illusion
that has so entranced me.
See there, where he has stepped
over the threshold of my heart?
See how he has penetrated that space,
long vacant—its restless contentment
a thin pretense?
Oh, do not wake me just yet.
Do not tell me the real line.
I refuse to define my feelings,
or give shape to his face.
Meanings serve only to confine.
I'd rather envy the honored wine glass
that knows the taste of his lips,
and the night wind that blows perfumes
across his skin sweeter
than those of the joshua tree.