

Logan February

To Try Touching Heaven
A Kundiman-Sonnet Duo

Urgent in the evening sky, your body: a mountain rage I watch
from a window seat, silhouetted in the eagle-eyes of slow descent.
Gravity is a psychic order, a force of desire. What calls me to you
like a tide to break upon the rocky shore is what pulls me

off too, into lasting horizons ... it is our native intuition.
What else remains after life, if not the epic of life? An ocean
abandoned in my leaving, traded for a new sea arriving.
Both are one fluid fantasy, a long ancestral song. My Atlantic,

my Thalassic. We meet between the measureless miles, always
briefly, beloved, but what we forgo is not forgotten.
On wings, without end, I glide over your bodies of ancient water,
no perch, no resting place but my dream of being again with you.

I tell you, my odyssey is across a land of the dead. I speak
as a thing rooted in the earth, damned to try touching heaven.

Gravity declares against the desperate, a ruthless conductor
in spite of slow motion. My fingers, tendrilous, cannot reach
the tender thing. And left of the sky, the evening is no longer young.
We must be composed at the same speed as memory fades.

Had I not lost myself and my motherland remained— Had I not
to be uprooted, fated to shed this symphony of falling leaves—
A green vein branching out its way from the middle path.
Wake now, my city, before the sun climbs over sea, before

we are finished withering. I don't know where to put the poems of
how I got here, I place them in the slender leaves. Between the lines,
a league, a lightyear. You and I are disciples of desire, good citizens
of severance, subservient to gravity's trajectory and timekeeping.

I sing of you from the seashore, the forest floor, the hilltops.
But you, my love, do not come. You must remain.