

## AT REST

What could be missed most—

what accumulated treasures?

When I have become the pale dust

settled on someone else's dining table?

Lost fingers smoothing cashmere,

Brushing the good tweed.

Satisfaction abounding.

In that unsatisfying bliss of paradise,

Content such as that would be welcome.

But one day can never seize another, never duplicated,

no matter how much a body might try.

Love—a phantom perhaps—sometimes

might—comes in the dark of night,

And that could be enough.

--J. F. Lowe