

## **Beneath Sleeping Lady (Mount Susitna)**

Night rests on this mountain  
like a great thigh.  
You have said a woman's breast is a moon  
and her mouth a sweet river.  
I am, as usual, cold.  
My hands seek an accustomed warmth  
inside your jacket.  
Again we've stood our glass up to the stars  
and named the constellations.  
Sometimes I wonder how we go on  
loving the familiar and the magnified.