

## Movement Song

BY AUDRE LORDE

I have studied the tight curls on the back of your neck  
moving away from me  
beyond anger or failure  
your face in the evening schools of longing  
through mornings of wish and ripen  
we were always saying goodbye  
in the blood in the bone over coffee  
before dashing for elevators going  
in opposite directions  
without goodbyes.

Do not remember me as a bridge nor a roof  
as the maker of legends  
nor as a trap  
door to that world  
where black and white clericals  
hang on the edge of beauty in five oclock elevators  
twitching their shoulders to avoid other flesh  
and now  
there is someone to speak for them  
moving away from me into tomorrows  
morning of wish and ripen  
your goodbye is a promise of lightning  
in the last angels hand  
unwelcome and warning  
the sands have run out against us  
we were rewarded by journeys  
away from each other  
into desire  
into mornings alone  
where excuse and endurance mingle  
conceiving decision.  
Do not remember me  
as disaster  
nor as the keeper of secrets  
I am a fellow rider in the cattle cars  
watching  
you move slowly out of my bed  
saying we cannot waste time  
only ourselves.