

Something Good & Centered

Poetry by Mark Petruzzi
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we rested just beneath the stars
our backs pressed against the summer's-grass
the starlight offered gently on us
through us
to the earth below us
and something good and centered in me urged to touch
and touching then made such the moment
that time was not
and nor was I
yet all of it was me
and we
gazing skyward, become our wonder