

## first met

he looked into her eyes

sinking into the depths of her mystery  
his vision of the universe

of who she was

kept expanding

suddenly  
he began speaking

looking straight into her eyes  
he watched

the storyteller

in wonder

her eyes gently unfolded  
his vision

and he told her the story  
of how they had met  
and loved one another  
long ago

half the story he knew  
had experienced and felt

he remembered  
his feelings in the early morning  
before he went down onto the battle field  
and died

remembered knowing then that he would die  
fighting on that day

and that he was willing

he didn't remember dying  
or any part of the fighting

he remembered his emotions  
in the dawn  
all of the beauty in the soft early light

remembered his gratitude for what he saw  
and knew  
and was

that gratitude  
was part of him  
sustained him in who he was now  
this new human being

we met before  
he said

as his vision  
of the past  
in her eyes

unfolded

on a plain  
locked in a fight  
to the death

we both knew we must fight beyond  
our abilities  
or die

as we fought each other  
towards an end of a day of fighting  
after much killing  
on both sides

we knew

each of us

that we had met our match  
now would die

we both were happy  
and knew the movements of our fight

the movements within ourselves

and the movements of our  
arms and legs and torsos  
as we danced with sword and shield  
and each other

were perfect

we looked into each other's eyes  
as we fought

and fell in love

final adversary  
we fought on and on  
our fighting  
was our best selves  
willing  
to be magic  
whirl and fly  
parry and strike  
willing  
    to love  
unafraid of death  
we each smiled  
in a way that usually  
meant we would win  
    and survive  
neither of us had ever smiled  
    that smile  
and seen it smiling back at us  
that's how we knew  
    each of us  
this was our last fight  
it was perfect  
and we were perfect  
our love flowed  
we each knew we were loved  
by the other  
we each knew we would go on fighting  
    joyfully  
and kill and be killed  
on that afternoon  
we didn't know  
we would meet again

as lovers  
perfectly matched  
to remember  
how we met  
long ago  
and loved each other  
so wonderfully

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