

“Travel light”

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [October 30, 2013](#) issue

Command or description, I want  
to glow as I walk through my day,

as I glide through the halls  
of the nursing home where I find you

dozing in your bed. I want you  
to see how I’m learning to float,

the air thinning between our kisses.  
And yet, the weight—harvest of moon

and fruit heavy with sugar. In August  
heat I lift a melon, smell this long

summer pressed against the earth,  
what I will carry to you tomorrow,

offering slices of remembrance.