

## Cradle

How we are afraid.  
How we fight our fear.  
The young man at your side  
is me dressed in grey.  
We walk home.  
The love between us  
is strong;  
it is easily bruised.  
I break.  
I want to be whole  
in your fingers' cradle —  
body of power,  
warm planet  
in a near universe  
where our love is foretold,  
a palmist's stone.

JOHN BARTON