

**Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1**

*Jenny Saarloos*  
**Beach**

We are held by the soft  
hand of the earth.

We kiss. Sun  
burns through mist.

You say you love  
the sound of waves.

Earlier we walked  
until lost.

Sometimes  
while our lungs

take in air,  
so our hearts  
pump blood,

we have to  
say yes.

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### Summer Night

I love the stars in your hair.  
I love how I have froze  
the slice of moon  
in my mind—froze  
the outline of trees  
against sky.  
This night. Not a lifetime of nights.  
Bed facing sky—  
facing night  
I held you like I  
would never hold you again.  
As though it were our only night.  
And it was.  
I love  
this summer night.

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### Song for Silvia

Her name is music  
She sings for no one  
She is everything beautiful  
and beauty is her

Her name is music  
I buy her silver and silk  
my heart is a piano  
my eyes are the ocean  
I see the ocean in her eyes

Her name is music  
it sounds like silver and silk  
Silvia of my dreams  
You are light  
When you are alone  
you sing  
and I have stopped breathing  
to listen