

## The Nave Of Your Arms

You share a shard  
of your pillow,  
and I nestle in  
the nave of your arms,  
reaching for that  
pink throb tip,  
sometimes the center  
of your being.

And so I ride  
the ancient rhythms of your body,  
pulsing with the ebb and flow,  
going nowhere in the air.

Cares are meaningless  
at a time like this,  
nestled in the nave  
of your arms.

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