

**YOUR TRUTHS**  
By Ruth E. Dominguez

your truths are delicately hung  
as ripe apples  
bruised,  
and waiting for fall,  
where they,  
plop  
and  
decompose beneath  
breezy shade  
of windy leaves...

yesterday you returned  
from  
your ocean voyage  
smelling  
of salt and brine  
with bags  
of clay  
medallions  
and harvested  
dried fruits,  
ground  
and unground  
spices

we barely spoke  
of the time  
while i waited  
in the orchard  
and you gazed  
through  
midnight  
waves  
and full moons  
telescopically

you poured  
cinnamon  
on my tongue  
and i acquiesced  
that i had  
become unaccustomed  
to anything  
but  
flowering green

you said  
the walk in the  
desert was  
longer  
than the last  
and i recounted  
how the layer  
of winter ice  
was thick  
and sturdy  
on the pond

in those  
few  
hours  
we gazed commonly  
on familiar terrain  
as if from  
celestial views