

# Reunion

*Susan Sindall*

Inside the chatter of  
 an evening reunion, glasses  
 chime small bells. The oak  
 covers the terrace; tangled roots  
 have compressed rising sap.  
 Old friends, he and she, laugh at  
 how they've aged. Moonlight lobes  
 from shifting leaves disguise  
 their faces. Both spouses?  
 Just fine, and the children?  
 In his voice, a lower  
 vibration; they step closer.  
*Encephalitis. Nearly died.*  
 Liquid pressed his teenage  
 son's brain. The inert  
 spinal column. She whispers,  
*Egyptian hieroglyphics*  
*danced neon for my son.*  
*Grand mal seizure.*  
*Waiting, they say. Medications.*  
 Two sons smile from the night  
 behind these parents. The air  
 between them has heated. The moon  
 blows higher. Love and death,  
 always a couple, revolve,  
 their backs touching.  
 Four, six, eight arms combine.  
 Snow-bank, molten, then human.  
 The oak already knows this.