

Almost midnight in Reykjavík
This tiny industrial space
Somehow appropriate
For our last night

He sleeps
While I listen to jazz (Gershwin for Lovers)
And the sound of traffic

Through the open pane
The smell of waffle cones
Drifts in stealth
From the ice cream shop below

Icelandic vodka
Slides down easy
Tinkling cold
A warm melancholy
Springs back

8 days of images
Captured in my heart
My camera mourns
the ones I missed

The red fishing boat
on black volcanic sand
Cascading waterfall #22
Ponies in a field
Of impossible green

Such strange beauty
Like the lingering twilight
My stay must end
But I delay it
One more drink
One more song