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## **Positive Negative** Diane Wald

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**Diane Wald**

## POSITIVE NEGATIVE

They do not own a bed and there is not a child under it. They could own a bed. They could have a child. But they would coddle the child on top of the bed, then put the child in the cradle and make love all afternoon. Under the bed would be only dust, no child. The child would dream to the sound of their hair and eyelashes. No child should be hiding under any bed. No bed should have dust upon it. No afternoon should not be made perfect with love. That is not to mention night. They do not own the night, but the night owns them: they dream of a child, a bed, an afternoon. And one of them makes the bed, and one of them makes the dream, and it is a pure and holy contest to imagine which of the two is stronger. The moon, which has not been mentioned, is the child's little clock. The face of the moon is amber, the hands of the moon are kind. The moon is wound up by the music of their love. It does not tell false time, at least not to the child. The moon ticks and jingles and the three of them then rise up. It is certainly not yet morning, but they are rising higher and higher. The child has a red design on its back: one of them washes it off. The child is clean and pretty. They speak and sing to it gently. If it were their child and it were their bed, they would keep on rising forever. If you looked at the sky you would see them, and would joyfully call their names.