

SIMMER

1.

Something about the morning makes me cautious. Stunned again by sleep's amnesia, we're quiet, awkward with each other. I wander your house after you leave, searching for what might give you to me: your wooden box stuffed with crayons, cards tacked to the walls, a stone turtle. Every love has its mythology, I tell myself, artifacts in place of words. By night we gush and release like a zipper unbraiding its little metal teeth. We can't help ourselves.

2.

Tonight I need no more than the fact of hands and lips. I want to simmer all afternoon like water just before boiling, to skim the twisted roads toward your house, a rug swept along a hardwood floor. I want to stretch like my fern toward any strain of available light, desire and need bound in an embrace. Let's trust our bones: nothing but push and grow, the sure click of unlocking each other.

3.

Today I wake and for a moment surrender all ambition. Your arm still crooked into mine, sweet ache of coiling bare into each other before the alarm pulls us apart—only this,

not the coffee flakes we'll stir into water.
Not the early idle chat, agenda of separate days.
Today I think I'll hover on the rim
of sleep and wake a while.
Later, maybe, I'll write a love poem.

4.

This is to say thank you
for giving me back my elbow,
its dimples just right
for a tongue to nest.
Bone-bulb, one touch and suddenly
you're alive, you hinge, you flex
and bruise black as a socket.
That's why kissing your elbow
is best, because it's been forgotten,
an unappreciated knob. The body wants
what it wants. It bristles, it waits,
desire in a constant hum.