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That glistening week
when I nearly fell
and did—
a russet fish
of a feeling
—and let it slide
limpid
like water through fingers,
its fililiping muscle
not mine.

Some sudden seeing
into you, and logic’s
coming away
in fibrous swathes,
your face intent
beside cupboards,
a simmering meal
your reverie’s object
and clear discs of eyes
in profile

as if I could see
sideways through your porthole
and rawly onto whipped distance
—yours a face
for all the times
of these, of our
unstitched and
palpitating lives.
That week
I also
discovered the ball
of your shoulder joint
—a dear, living thing
sought it repeatedly,
its singular life
decreed by billiard slip
and warmth
as I slid my palm
between fabric and
your clean envelope.

That week
unthinkable now
unless shyly
via descriptions of clouds
or salads of legs
heaped generously
as the sentences
we kept inside
the folds of those
rhododendron evenings.

And your little insect admissions
where, like lightning gone quiet,
you showed me
weightlessly, properly
that you'd heard.
You became
thick through with personhood
all ages concertinaed
into that slim wedge
of numbered days.
My fingers,
prohibitively happy,
as if brushing
the glass skin
of a silver-backed creek,
sensing its course,
to trail that thing
we enact more easily
than saying or drinking—
and never name.