

A "Good Night"

Watching the TV set's voices dance on her cheeks
she sits beside me silently

Head turns and watches the wall rust with color
autumn leaves on her jaw

Frozen stare

I want to kiss her porcelain skin
where ear meets neck I find my hand

Backs of fingers slide down to the collarbone

I bend to a ball in her hair

A the wild brown beautiful curly catastrophe

Caught in her net

breathe me to sleep

Late we shake outside in the cold dry air

it blows between chilling our bellies

she sways with the sliding clouds on the moon

I take anchor in her coat

numb noses tough

I want to cry as her arms wrap warm around me

I touch her face like a blind man

Speak with a kiss

Melting together in the moonlight