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FIRST NIGHT
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First Night

If we could, our bones would go softer and our flesh more elastic.
We would explore the full meaning of an embrace; one end of my body to the other taut
around the sudden plasticine ball of your body.
Or we could be two flags pulled to meet each other from end to end, overlapping perfectly.
Look at us now: one of our arms caught between our bodies, then paralysing from being in
one position too long.
His knee against my hip; numbing it first, then rounding it to an ache.
Sweat gathering between my face and the side of your neck.
A hand dead between my thighs from the weight of his leg upon mine.
But, of course, we settle into something like a mutual disappearance.
These moments we only keep working for.
Nothing now; no body part out of place or trapped, nothing too heavy or too far away.

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