Days since the day

Tim Hetland

Our backs make love while we're asleep,

joining in the space that we provide.

And is this marriage? This canyon of sheets,

these shams and throws and this naïve rollover, this innocent turning

of the body, this simple turn away; this disjoining of union and this

recession into the days before the flowers, the dresses, and the ties.

Is this marriage? This space between two bodies, this crevice of emptiness where

our backs catch glances, and in their longing, move across the distance

and touch
and make love.