

Untitled #1

Jesse Forbes

you moved from the window
and touched my hand
it was snowing again
a driven reassurance
christwhite
against a clear black sky
the stars of which
hung low enough to blur the treeline
and cast a shadow across the floor
advancing within a few inches of your dress
before pausing and dissolving
canceled by the thought;
the silent equality of light

there was a word then
which would have held it all
perhaps
would have convinced him not to come
as we were kingdom enough
when you bent to kiss my hair
and rested your hands on my shoulders

outside, the snow blanketed the fields
recalling
the mercy of the world made flesh
i lifted your dress
and you whispered my name;
a lovely corruption of warmth
given as you shuddered
raising yourself a little
pressing your neck to my mouth
my hands found the line of your center
and moved

when i was a child
i held
that all were of the maker
i stand corrected
and cannot conceive of the color of your blood
the marrow of your bones
but this is not what i mean
this is not what i meant to say

draw me after you
your name is oil poured out
your every breath a prayer
troubling the murderous slumber of god
this is something that i did not tell you
that you will not hear
you are the quiet engine of my birth and undoing
set apart,
driving