

Quarantined (March 2020)

I haven't greeted the sun in several days.
I imagine she's forgotten what my skin tastes like.

Last spring, as she coaxed flower buds out of leafy cradles,
We strolled down crowded streets at midday,
Ducking into corners for stolen kisses without her spotlight to blind us.

You were like the corner piece in a fractured puzzle
Finally sliding into place, so I could make sense of the rest.
Around the corner, twenty-five peeked at me:

Crummy apartment with bed sized for a queen
Later, late nights and sweet-smelling skin
Covered in talcum powder, knighting us with new names.

We held hands as we tightroped our way across life.
Over stretch marks growing every year, like tree rings.
A cemetery of roses collected each February.

Then we paused, at eighty, with the world at our feet.
Looked back on the castle we'd built around our hearts.

Locked inside, 5000 miles apart, the jigsaw begins to fall apart
Until I forget what it's like to be licked by beams of light
And my limp hand can't remember how to say hello.

I fear that the day the rope slips away with the corner piece,
My mind will lose eighty.