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A Silence in Perfect Cursive

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A Silence in Perfect Cursive

Broken blinds let in the blueness
of morning. Summer has been and fall
takes its lap in oranges and yellows.
I sleep like it's July again, my naked limbs
pale, contrasting the cherry headboard. Patterns
of skylines surface in the wood grain
and I trace them with one finger, thinking
of the thirty one Thursdays we've had,
when you drew circles across my skin
in the dark. I couldn't see your face
but I remember how good it felt
to be healed.

If there were suggestions of hope,
they came now, in each promising November
snowflake. You can see your breath on the air,
even when you dream. Sounds of centuries passing
like loose change in the pockets of children.
Memories sleep on the hands
of a clock.

Time lends itself away and we're stuck,
motionless in a brilliant reflection. Stars embossed
into that night, spider webs
on the edge of a dock and our breath
hot against April's chill. The world can stop -
unless you ask it.

Sunday morning coffee like forgetfulness,
I wake from a dream of lovers. Music comes
from somewhere, perhaps tomorrow.
I think of the words you've left on my back,
looping across my spine. I can still feel the stain
of those breathless circumferences.