A Silence in Perfect Cursive

Carissa Dismuke

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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.

Carissa Dismuke