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Dawn

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Dawn

By Kristóf Oltvai

The rays of gray light, curtain-slit
Fall like grated solar provolone
On two twisting forms, sleeping or pretending –
Pretending, if they'd rather lie alone.

Your body is a poem composed dreaming
Riding softly in the dreamer's velvet mouth,
Those flowing verses melt like marzipan
 On memory.
The dough vanishes at the first real bite,
 – That year's first kiss
 I've tried this sweet before.

The dawn is not for love, it comes too soon
After the bodies flailing in the night before it
Grabbing, hugging, drawing back –
 That, too, comes too soon.
I want the moment right before the night,
 Right before you take off your shirt again,
 Right before I taste your teeth again,
 Right before I know how it will end,
I want that moment when we stood side by side
On the bricks outside Curtis in the fall,
You're telling me your name for the first time, and smiling
 Without knowing yet.

I pretend, but the sunlight's just too strong.
It's 8 a.m. I turn to look at you.
Your face is shut in that hidden land
 Beautiful, and yours, and old.

I dreamed a dream, but now that dream is gone from me.
A twin-XL bed is too small to hold two lives.