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Erase the Steam

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Our ghostly reflections gaze back
through a foggy mirror— blurred
figures painted in oil pastels.

Your towel still envelops your hips
as my hands descend your ribcage,
imprinted ridges on a seashell.

Rivulets roam down your back,
as I comb through locks still laced
with conditioner and soap. Mother

always pulled too hard on my ends,
so I slowly climb the comb upward,
until I'm so far into you that

I discover your mother's early grey
strands strewn through, and your
father's thick roots. My breath

grows goosebumps on your neck—
grains of sand on your skin. You take
the comb from me, while I wrap

a towel around your shoulders
to harbor your heat, then move
my palm in circles to erase

the steam. The porthole reveals
a portrait of naked hands
detangling my hair.