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The Dark

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The Dark

One eye watches through a tangled web
Of hair as you rise, cross
The room, wrap your cool body
In thin trousers.
Your white skin is vaguely translucent.
A soft glow separates you from the dark.

It matters little whether you know I lie awake, watching
You move through the dark like fog.
It matters less that you are leaving.
When you've gone, I'll throw back these heavy
Covers, spread my naked limbs across this bed
And let my own pale body illuminate the room.
I'll breathe the shadows that hang like smoke.

Amy Becker