

1984

## Morning Haze

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## Morning Haze

Silence nests like fog:  
we mix together vaguely, boundaries undeclared;  
my eyes mingle with your neck:  
strong, turned to side  
twisting trunk of smooth barked tree  
branching into shoulders,  
leaning forward.

Before you — I climbed trees,  
made them bright houses,  
great ships with green sequined sails,  
limbs crooked around me;  
I knew them from inside.

The planes of your face tilt up, out of your body,  
hinged in high cheeks,  
held by box jaw where stubble breaks,  
a strange braille rising to a mouth —  
pink like

peonies.

I dusted stones with their feathery heads,  
perfumed tunnels;  
I put my nose in one:  
ants — millions — spilled from deep inside;  
I wasn't scared, I knew if I wanted  
it was only Juice — blackberry,  
running from the tremble-mouths of peony.

That pink

plays on your lip, ripens inward,  
a shell's pale rim curling rosy, flesh red;  
You are a secret tightly scrolled,  
I want to snail inside and read you,  
trace the curvings, the pocks of your life,  
learn, like the ant in the lips of the flower,  
to creep where your voice hushes black red,  
learn to know your muteness  
like my own pockets, my own skin.

I bathe in your warm silence;  
let things remain unspoken,  
subtle as liquid that cups its arms around my body;  
I will not ask how you see me.  
Without directions or names,  
without a voice designing this relation,  
things are as I find them;  
and I can trickle in,  
crawl through you like sap,  
and shape you — your reliance on me —  
like the hand molds the pocket,  
like bones hold the flesh of your face.