

RESUSCITATION

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Last night, while we slept,
your wedding ring bit into my Adam's apple,
luring me to the surface
where I found your cupped palm
floating beside my pillow—
guiltlessly.

The rest of your body leaned against mine,
the usual welcome of your encroachment
displaced by splayed limbs, pointy
reckonings, their haphazard advance
driving me over the edge
of the bed, off to retrieve
kicked away blankets.

Moonlight, through the blinds,
spread out all over your breasts,
slatted shadow and light;
I returned to your side to return you
to yours, with a gentle push tried
to create enough space to settle in.

But you resisted repositioning with the dead
weight of body, slipped from my grasp,
a foreign terrain: lost footholds, uncharted patches
of hair, folds of skin, even the curve of your hip
welling up to meet fingertips at troublesome
elevations.

And then you awoke, murmuring
into my ear, a bent arm and leg
securing my chest, thigh, ribcage;
your familiar, rhythmic breathing,
returned, mine soon a match,
the quiet thumping of pulse released,
and alternately caught
in my throat.

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