

SEMANTICS

You're still sleeping, a touch away.
Winter light seeps under the shades,
analyzing yesterday's verbs. I inhale
this a.m. differently, altering chemistry,
alternating electrical currents, changing
the magnetic field of the sheets.
The new day's dynamics meddle
with my circuitry, with the words
that overnighted in our pores.
Words-- mere sounds-- the loudest being
those not said.

I concave against your back, a compress
of blood, bone, forgiveness: Sending
and intercepting red, blue, orange.
Shop talk in cells, semaphores blossoming,
nodding like neon begonias, skin through skin.
Language is a body of inventions, diverse
around the globe, tensed with misunderstanding.
This is conversation pure and simple,
not the same as morning mumblings.

You turn, exclamatory-- ankle, belly,
mouth underlining the fluent exchange,
spelling out all of yesterday's missing words.
Message clear.
N

BODY LANGUAGE

You're still asleep, an arm's reach away.
Winter light seeps under the shades,
analyzing yesterday's cold verbs. I inhale
this a.m. differently, altering chemistry,
alternating electrical currents, changing
the magnetic field of the sheets.
The new day's dynamics meddle
with my circuitry, with the semantics
that overnighted in our pores.

I concave against your back, a compress
of blood, bone, forgiveness: sending
and intercepting red, blue, orange--
shop talk in cells, semaphores blossoming,
nodding like neon begonias, skin through skin.