

## SEMANTICS

You're still asleep, an arm's reach 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.

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,  
the same for both bodies.

You turn, exclamatory-- ankle, belly,  
mouth underlining the fluent exchange.