

In the new bed, I swim in your hair
while the sound of the highway
laps at the windows. The moon,
a quiet light, a fabled cave ocher.

Your body tosses, rapt in some dream,
over the dogs and the cat who watch
the shadows track up and across
the walls with disinterest.

I can feel it now, the heartbeat
you'd asked of me, in the spot
between my smallest toes.
I should stop here.

We woke up too long later
with hungry animals and wet sunlight.
A hurricane found home in the city.
They gave it a girl's name.