



I'm not used to sleeping with someone else. Christmas Eve
I lie $\frac{2}{3}$ asleep holding you stirring – Morning
A hand round your heart, the prickle of your *mons*. DM
All this morning I've been thinking about
That tender morsel of lukewarmth,
While the moon & the stars wear themselves out.

The snow is quietly silting up the glasswork
When you open your eyes and paw my palm.
The flesh of your neck is like opened fruit,
And your arms around my waist hurt.
Here is your tongue, and here is your navel;
These are your hands & this is your side.

I remember the first real girlfriend I had, HR
Blue eyes & a scholar's stammer.
She was an atheist; she was the only girl
I ever knew who slept more deeply than me.
I used to hold her, of a wintertime, and
Trace the sign of the cross on her brow.