

I CAN TELL YOU A STORY

It's the middle of night, & I've rolled toward Katie,
kissed her shoulder –
 something I do in these hours, she says,
 though I never remember.
She puts two fingertips on my temple,
brushes hair behind my ear,
 as I float on the cloud-edge of waking.

I think these are her favorite moments –
 the helpless honesty of half-sleep,
where there are no words to parse or doubt,
 & a kiss can only mean
 I'm glad you're here.

Listen – I can tell you a story, but not all of it:

 I can tell you blue ink, how the nights ran together,
 how I'd wake to her breathing, ashen & full,
I can tell you the window she never kept closed,
 the shadows of trees
 & her voice – a whisper, *okay, okay.*

Listen – there is no way to end this.
No matter how it begins, how many times.

