

It is Her Breath

From the window
night breezes stir our room's air,
in which she sleeps
and I stand.

To my left and right
somewhere among inked trees
two foxes bark the heat into a twist
of waves under granite clouds.
The stillness tightens, shifts in
onto itself, a horse about to bolt.

Her breaths slot in and out of our lock.
The window heaves around me,
arms open. In its chest,
gaping, thick promise of the unknown,
into which I lean, sniffing, reeling
into the sumptuousness of fear.

When I fall, mosquitoes will catch me,
bear me down to where my weight will not bend
a single blade of grass. The foxes will come,
unafraid, and give their smells for my skin
but my wanderings will fade
into the labyrinthine cracks of night soil.