

STEVE WILSON

Of Marriage

Shadow. Dark watcher there.

Would you taste it then,
in thinking toward some other?
A want that worries sleep,

lulls a way into. Turned, so
suddenly, you'd sense yourself
awake, but of a moment made,

still spare as light, uncertained
upon wandering. Breath,
insistence, desire now—

your hand open, old words,
body—how they drift their hurt
down seas and seas and seas.