

To the source

The floor of the deck looks nice
since you mopped it.
The rubber in the drain, too,
since you bleached it.
So spic and span.
I should have told you that.

The odds and the ends are enough,
the sparkling water and the grapes,
the chocolate and the toothbrush,
the meal and the towel.
The little things deserve thanks.
I know I tell you that.

How you hang up the phone hurts,
when you sense my mood, wired,
when you think you can't handle me or it,
when I'm talking too tersely too quickly,
when you give up on me.
I've tried to tell you that.

The hollows of your collarbones hold shadows,
their curves catching light, lighter
than the green of your eyes, deeper
than the knuckle lines on the hands you gave me.
You're beautiful.
Have I told you that?

I wrote you a letter once, paragraphs
about your arms and how they fit in my memory,
my first feeling of what it is to be touched,
what it means to be loved or held.
I love you.
I'll never stop telling you that.