

The Poem that is the Love Child of Our Literal Tryst

Lean in.

Give yourself to this as if I were the paper to your pen.
Begin to end the thoughts I cannot finish.

Let me rest the aching of my forehead to your chest.
Press me with the beautiful ideas of your flesh
so our minds mesh like lips that kiss
slip-twisting out of breath.

Come! Meet me in the rushing whim of this!

Look into and through my eyes trace along the valleys of yourself my lines can marry
with your conscience so it carries mine.

These words like scribbled salve to doubts will fill the blanks within each sentence
can begin to move with you the way your pupils move is moving my script to this candor that exists
between myself and you become my punctuation and the rhythm I pursue a sense for symbols too abstract
that's drafted from a dream which I can't seem to pen where all the syllables collapse to only
one.

And after all our poetry is done, remember if I give myself to you must give me yourself too,
for while it's true that I've been writing it for you are half of this conception.

-Carrie Danaher Hoyt
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