

Now and Then

The bladder blocked the seed, you see
and chasing thought in sight of you
I can't begin to see or feel
the ways we've had us through,
settled in the knot
we've twisted, looped
and set the scene
to shape a slow uncertain search
for you,
for me
and us supine
of all the possibilities
a favored way
to spend an airy lukish evening
soft and simple time of something
shared in silhouettes
of hair and hair and hair