

Bedtime Routine

Without you, I shower twice as long.
I press my cheek against smooth tile,
a cool warmth in the gentle
vibration of pipes so like the hum
of your chest when you say you love
the mole on my big toe.
So I smile, and shampoo rivulets
into my mouth,
and I don't care.

Without you, I dream all the time.
I push my face into soft linen,
a trace of you woven within
sheets, impression of your touch,
threads of memory like the hint
of Spring in fallen leaves before
they are dried by bitter breath.
So I sigh, and pheromones
guide my mind,
and I can't bear.