

Loss

By Vanessa Page

You are
lamp light
spilling in pools
over blind surfaces
& the deadened ends;
softened from memory bone
to tendons and later on to dermis
still warm, and flowing aubade new to
curl up small in the dimples, and the shapes
you left me, flooding golden over somnolence;
and when at last I sleep, you are breath on my cheek,
beating tiny as eyelashes, & masculine scent, deep in linen.