

## **Flexible**

My body readily adapts to new situations—  
sleeping in a new bed, running three times weekly,  
altitude over 8,000 feet. It's the only trait  
that's kept me alive.

Last night, I remembered what red wine does  
to the blood: heats, elevates, sends to the surface.  
In bed together, you cradled me close, no matter  
the temperature of the room, of my skin.

This morning, you woke me with your tongue—  
in the curve of my collarbone, trailing down each  
individual rib, exploring between my legs. You can name  
every muscle as you squeeze them.

I promise not to love you. Instead, I'll arch  
and bend and gasp against the ridges of your fingertips,  
kiss you back, steal any dawn where I arrive in your arms.  
I promise not to love you. Just never quit turning me

into gateway, portal, Jericho's walls tumbling.

## **Pull Me Back**

I want every cell and molecule  
that makes up the anatomy of your perfection,

this corporeal form you've offered me

in exchange for peace, deep quiet

between my temples. It's primal: how  
you pull me back into you, mandatory,

territorial, fitting my pelvis into yours  
like puzzle pieces we cannot share with the kids.

You open and I enter, a willing participant  
in this sorcery, this explosion, this body built

of blue and bone. I cannot scrub you  
from my pores, now stained with the evidence

of our passion. Take me from this tiny Earth  
if ever I should try.

### **Refrigerator**

I cannot trace when exactly I fell out of love  
with you, but no matter when, it's true.

I hold onto things way past their expiration date,  
which is not to say you are a bottle of milk  
or leftover paella forgotten behind said milk. You aren't  
disposable, expendable, a coupon no longer valid.  
Love isn't a punch card at a frozen yogurt shop  
or a Starbucks account absentmindedly reloaded  
every visit. You are not a metaphor.

But this relationship is—a sweater much too small  
for comfort, a CD played so many times

it always scratches during the chorus in track 9,  
tea gone cold before the sugar can dissolve.  
We are so beautiful in the mornings, held open  
by cool air and need for each other. But drowsy love  
is not sustainable love. Neither are lust, gifts,  
a promise to just stay until it hurts less.

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