

## Weave

The turquoise light  
in this old truck  
glows twelve-fifteen  
and the sound  
of my loose  
speedometer cable  
ticks the miles  
until I turn  
onto her street, hoping  
for her touch.  
I want to weave with her

Tonight  
is the aftershock  
of our extremes.  
We bounced around  
each other, trussed  
our hearts and tabled  
too worried minds until  
the burning  
of being two people  
was too much.  
I want to weave with him

into something new,  
an entanglement of grace  
and sheets and sweet  
loud wordless love.  
We are food  
for each other  
and I have been starving  
far too long.  
And I have been

driving much too fast  
and not fast enough,  
and it's all the same  
when all I want is her

thinking about the last  
several weeks of  
this courtship game,  
and I think I want his

hand on my skin and in  
my hand, palms kissing,  
our breath mingling  
like steam off  
two cups of coffee.