

Dialogue

“Sometimes it hurts,”
You said to me.
Whether we’re inside or out,
Whether you’re on top or below
You said to me,
“Sometimes it hurts.”

I wondered which twist, which turn, which thrust,
Just exactly which exhale
Chimed in prior to
“Sometimes it hurts.”

We’ve supped from the same plate,
We’ve slept in the same bed,
We’ve breathed in the same oxygen
Many late nights.
At that point when your head falls limp
I’ve carried your weight from sofa to slumber.
And though I lean into you
On inopportune moments
You press back with your eyes open,
And after the unbridled horses slow to a trot,
Your pupils gape
And I see the thought –
“Sometimes it hurts.”

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