

YOUR CLOTHES AND THINGS



Your clothes and things silently slide into
You-ness piles onto the floor, the corner, the chair
Like drippings on a candle,
Becoming comfortable
And part of the place
Just as you discreetly
Enter into my blood,
Traveling ever-so-unobtrusively to my toes,
To my heart,
To my conversations,
To my plans,
Til you circulate in me and
with every heart beat,
I can't tell exactly where I end and you begin.
To remove you leaves me
As naked as the room
Without your now-comfortable clothes and things.

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