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Your Touch is on the Fabric

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Your Touch is on the Fabric

Helen Knight

I hate your leaving in the dark,
resent that I only half-remember
your kisses now, as I clutch
the sputtering coffee pot.

My muscles crackle like a forced book spine
as I strip the bed, and when I slip
our fresh sheets from the cupboard,
you move me. I see you surrounded

by the lavender-heat of our laundry,
the way you slick the shining cotton
with your palms to smooth the wrinkles,
press the edge of your hand into the folds,

creasing a perfect rectangle.
I flick the sheets open until they billow
above our bed, snap my arms again
to hear the rushing air, to see them float

and settle like manna. I lay down,
cocooned beneath the canopy
you hung for me, even though
the gauze annoys you. I scrunch

the sheets up in my fists,
let my body marry the mattress.

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