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The Dark

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RITA NAUMAN

THE DARK

The light streaming from the kitchen is just enough to discover your curious eye, like mossy places underneath bridges. But we find delight in the dark and turn the light off. Water drips easily from the sink. I watched as your calves flexed down to your tapered ankles when you went to fix it, the bone on your heel jetting out like a spur. You return to me, lay your head on my chest, and nudge your shoulder into my body to remind me that you like to be petted. I find the place in your back that remembers my touch. You snuggle deeper into my curves and remain there, always there, happy.

A. L. HIGHAM
Einar Jónsson’s Birth of Psyche