

**Leslie Palmer**

## THE KING-SIZE BED

I hear your strange high-pitched sounds,  
whimpers and groans, distant as  
calls of the beluga whale circling.

When I try to get to you  
through a tangle of sheets, blankets,  
it is more an expedition polar.

When we come together  
it is more a collision  
of icebergs grinding together.

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