

Joel Kuper

A TANGLE RESEMBLING THIS

your ear placed on the pillow
moist eye solution sugars
in the crease of a closed lid

a swell of air exhales through
parted lips, smothers the sand of
your quiet landscape until,
breathing in, you suck in the
sea, a wave cresting across your
chest

the children
foetal
one at the end of the bed with
the cat
the other offers feet to your face

this sheet
broken by creases and shadow
is like the palm of a hand,
wrinkled flesh that enfolds us

and when the sun pares back
the night, we'll peel it away to
enter the world again, red-faced
and raw

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