

A Morning Sigh

Loneliness doesn't bother me.
But its dormant shards
sometimes splice
when I'm waking.

I roll onto my side,
surveying the empty space
where she would be.
My hand hovers there now,
recalling her warmth

emanating into my palm.
My eyes follow the phantom rivets
of her neck all the way
down her spine to where

they disappear. Her naked
back shimmies to meet my nude
chest; her bare ass pushes
against my penis,

hardening it. And all our
furnaced heat, that we kindled
over hours and hours of sleep,
crackles there and combines.

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My First Time

As morning sunlight splinters
through Adirondack pines,
the three of us enter
the waveless summer lake.

Your head tilts at me
above your nude body,
your eyebrow raises, playfully
judging my underwear
still being on.

To your right stands
your naked mother,
arms akimbo, examining
the water's surface
as though it were a rare flower.

*Why did I not know until then
that pubic hair grays too?*

I close my eyes, pushing
my underwear down to my ankles,
stepping out of them, witnessing
both of you lower
your gazes, smiling.

I follow two nude women,
wading into the lake, tiptoeing
on the rocky bottom,
all our arms
outstretched for balance.

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Passing the Country Store

Contentment happens.
What it never does is last.

When I think of it, I picture myself
driving – windows down – with my brother
on a long, sunny afternoon,

hollering ribbings
at each other over
the engine wind.

As we drive, the contrast
of blurred grasses and
patient clouds ride with us.

In the evening,
we'll share a long, home-cooked
dinner with our family.

And – if we're lucky –
one of them will have forgotten
a vital ingredient,

and we'll have to stop
at some country store,
making due with
what they offer.

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