

*In Orange Juice Light*

In orange juice light  
Your back stands out  
Less like marble  
more like marble ice cream

A disengagement to an aging body  
Charts muted muscles, saggy skin,  
and redistributed fat  
while it waves the gentle flag of truce

Mounds of scalloped sinuous flesh  
sloping down upon more sloping down  
It's the first melt of a snowcap  
Willing to move and harboring to cling

A proscenium velvet curtain tied back  
Exposes a futile marriage of muscle & bone  
Conflicted and cupped conveniently  
to catch the dried-up dew of youth

Awakened dormant squamous cells  
Stretched skin worn tired from agreeing to encase  
The gravitational pull of all our cells  
What wins out is not the flesh

But gravity...in its constant pull  
In cohort with its undeniable brotherhood  
with the spin of earth outward  
and the gyrating spiral inward

Flinging beyond while encasing  
the feigning elasticity of flesh  
The flesh that is asked to hold it all together  
To not let it segment out into nothingness

It is to me  
Your back is to me  
To the possible slinks of hands on skin  
To the possible slides onto pillows

The mount  
The moves  
The vaults over time  
Commit our aching joints to

The memory of apprehension

The memory of disillusionment  
The memory of aggrandizement  
The memory of making whatever all better

Or better yet vanish  
By just not even trying  
What happened to  
the willingness devoid of doubt

the willingness I list here  
of dream  
of wish  
of desire

No longer a motivation  
No longer a belief  
No longer a way to enact  
Our expression of shared intent

Where the orange juice light of your lamp  
Is the pleasantry  
Is the pleasure  
Is the gracious delight of seeing you

And eating bite by bite  
If only in recollection  
the marble ice cream  
I know of as you