

## Survivor

Late, when I have exhausted all  
thoughts I will sink to the body, remember  
the smooth ivory plain of your pelvis,  
jagged rise of ilium  
wings that held my face  
in the basin of your belly, where I lay looking  
over the red sheet across your chest  
at eyes filtered with tears  
from physical exertion, up at the spectacle  
of sex and mastery  
of our practice, my cheek  
flush against it, arms held around one thigh  
like a tree felled in my honor.  
I was beaming like the drunk do  
when they can tell a story straight out  
and not stammer the punchline,  
their promises, hanging  
onto gravity with both feet.  
I think I said, I could stay like this forever,  
comfortable at your side like a borrowed rib,  
breathing in unison with our pulse and  
let the weight go  
where you lifted me,  
survivor of love.