maybe there is always a moment
of knowing loss before it arrives
feeling the space we will leave already
filling and welling up as a wave doubles
back rushing into itself even as it pulls
out to sea easy to say from here perched
as I am in this wide field of far where
I study that fire making marks
like wing prints in snow where
the rabbit tracks vanish into glittering
blank we lived a year on the heat
between us falling into tongues skin
I never knew hunger like that on the streets
with no queers we walked side by side
not touching the simmering between us
polishing linden trees and jugglers at traffic lights
the snowy cordillera behind the city rising
clear in a rain-rinsed sky and towards
the end I felt us crest felt that wave
thickening into us even in the dissolve
we sat in the crowded café not talking
our tongues fat and quiet and still
dumb as time in honey mute as spoons
I think we barely touched fingertips
under the table half-filled coffee cooling
in cups din of talk around us and under
the steady hum of cars on the avenue
trees in their muscled slow language and worms
twisting under the grass and under
your tongue your mother’s curse sat
like a stone worse than death she said
and we were quiet and helpless as we filled
into our bodies our breath blood yes our love breaking
over us more than we could bear
but what choice did we have
some hollowing between us inside
us some hiss of air leaving even
as it was rushing back in