

Unbearable Lightness

Hush.

Washed in the pale gold,
skin luminous and warm.
a wild ache
in blood and bone,
tensed limbs
spread and coil.
eyes fixed
on a wall of glass
between us.
in its mirrored surface
we watch our bodies
entwine.
writhe.
unwind.
and there we suffer
the smallest death.
afterward in the stillness,
the petals of a flower unfold and fall,
scattered softly to the ground.