

Between Our Hands

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We took a sheet
from the line
while the afternoon
was still warm.

You held two corners.
I held two.
The wind took the middle.

It filled the cotton
until a small white ocean
rose between us.

"Hold still," you said.
"I am."
"I meant the sea."

I laughed
and lost a corner.

You caught it
and took a bow.
We had to begin again.

We brought the edges together
slowly,
stepping toward each other
through the grass.



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Your fingers found mine
inside the fold.

You kept them there
a little longer
than the laundry required.

I found myself wanting
another basket,
another afternoon—
years of your face
appearing above the hem.

All around us,
the rest of the washing
went on
with its enormous opinions.

I leaned across
our badly folded sea
and kissed you.

Behind your shoulder,
one loose corner
kept waving.

