

## On Closing The Door

Jagged, soft, like paper shreds,  
you run your fingers over the torn edges  
of my breath.

The fullness and then death  
of my chest pressed to yours,  
then aftermath:

a closed door, and displaced air  
with edges torn and threadbare  
by your breath.

Beneath my calloused toes this wooden floor  
feels thin-skinned, right up  
to the cleft,

and I dance my weight to play you back  
in an empty hallway threshold—  
feign your tread.

*On closing the door and wishing I  
could clutch your face  
so harshly again—*

but shouldn't I resist the dig of nail in flesh?  
Can't I say I love you, now, by  
typing these words  
tender—

*space bar,  
enter?*

Forget which hand it was you kissed;  
my lips press both to be sure,  
and then:

cracking the door open.  
Down the boulevard  
I run

my fingertips.