

A Body, Whispered
By Gregory JM Kasunich

today my wife's body whispered

(in a language older than prayer)

it was not thunder, not trumpet-

But blood in the primal bowl of this world,

quiet- an unfinished song, the word echoing,

“no, not yet, not now, no”

i wanted to split the raw wood in my hands and give it form,

give my days a new shape

i wanted to sing,

at the nape

of the cradle

but my cotton mouth, venomous, asked

what is the name given to a future
that never found purchase?

she wept into her own palms,

as if trying to catch

something- slipped away.

i held her shoulders,

but the house shook.

let me say it plain:

a child was here,
then not.

that absence,

louder than a young gospel choir,

in the kitchen chair,

asks if we're ready to eat.

still, love is stubborn.

it lashed our fingers together,
admonishing us, reminding us
we are still two