

WHERE WE CROSS

How strange to believe in air
Large enough for us all.

No comfort, the thing we live.
The undersong of blood and so much on the mind

Does not know where to go.
If I climb back into what happened

I might meet you and hold out
What I can toward the eventual

For we did begin from the one ground,
From where our mothers still watch. What I wish

Is to breathe into your mouth a place
For all this difficult bending, as if

It were beauty, as if it were the only place
Left for those who tried so hard

To hold us apart that we came together.

Sophie Cabot Black