

## I Weight, Sun Rising

Surface against in cotton soft stretched,  
Midnighted light-pool sinking at the taste of honeydew-bottoms sweet and puckered breathless drift  
Lingering prickly huffs on my toes, down in shams, marooned sheets, poly-cotton blend,  
polyester alone but intimate thought.

The last time I was here I was lost but not, smelling of sleep and pale green fruit.  
Holding the calm grips of my thighs, making circles poured from stomach folds,  
counting the hairs on my legs, picking enamel off my teeth, weighting my all against the down give.

Counting triangulated moles on my cheek  
Feeling murky waters but imagining in the palms of dry cracked hands and pumice stone  
Using puckered freckles the same way I pretend  
Itching my scalp  
to sleep.

The same way I too navigate the Big Dipper  
Always a window, cool scented night precedent over Small Mountain chills  
How we compass, meander around an hour—  
Comfortably lost in the cushion of the present.

Keeping tally of lavish plans unfulfilled, tally on my cheek,  
Counting triangulated moles.  
Pretending to navigate a person, pretending to navigate well,  
With comes understanding, comes love, gives fresh fruit and flowers on the down give.