When you’re not touching me

It’s obsession. One week,

and chaos steps in and

taps my memory on the shoulder,

I turn toward the touch

Thinking it’s yours, thinking it’s musical,

your fingers reaching for my face across the island,

but the grinning, miserable face of despair meets my eyes,

its fingers reaching to pluck the strings of emotion,

uncomfortably, strumming me the wrong way,

stroking body temp. to fever:

obsession

until I can touch you

 stroke you

 have you.

You touch me

and despair releases its discordant grip.

You touch me longer

 gentler

 strongly

and the obsession turns,

the fever slipping with the pulse & cadence

with the feel of your body melting into mine,

your arms holding me so close

the unnamed strands of despair

break and part

as your fingers stroke and tangle my hair,

weaving into it instead the full

 (and sometimes plaintive)

 note

of a single, well-sustained tremor.

You cool the fever of a regular chaos

tuning it to a pulsing

 gathering

 movement

that dances gentle

 warm

 inclusive

when we’re together,

leaving chaos, despair,

and obsession to waltz aimlessly

across Brooklyn

to no tune,

leaving us embracing

 making love

 in a warm

 & musical morning.