

THE CROSS AND THE KISS

Remember when we couldn't read or write?
Just make a cross, right here, someone said,
related to the king. Now kiss it the way
you would your Gramma's Bible, so we know
you're behind us all the way. He left and we
went back to our awkward gestures of love.

These days, the steady thunder of our pens
and pencils would make our ancestors think
of mountains falling down. When I kiss you
I want intimacy; but for now, separate as
we are, these little *xxxes*, curiously still,
will have to do instead. They reach your
eyes, which, under their black lashes, keep
my cry in the darkness alive, and nothing
else of your face can be seen for tears.