

Our Morning

It started with tea lights and geraniums—
flames reaching for petal edges—
flickering in the semi-gloom
of my kitchen, the morning light absorbed
by dark brown bed sheets I'd taped to the windows.
You said you'd never been to a dance
so I took your hand and together we spun
slowly past the oven, past the sink, past the table;
and into that space between
us— those few inches— a whole
universe grew.