

how easily our bodies meld
into curves like continents
adrift; now pieced together in
terra incognita.

light slivers of dawn
spread the lips of thick curtains
stealing space from this grotto.

my finger touches
the moles on your back;
random points: black holes raised
from sunburned flesh
and the gravity of sunlight.

Constellations on skin
the dark side
of your back, poised to my lips.

Continents and constellations
you will never see
except as Braille on my fingers.

—† **VIVIAN HANSEN** | Ants on Avocados

green, smooth and thoughtful
against teeth
I'm pleased with the vegetarian lunch you bring me
and the advent of ants,
one in particular
who tries to skulk away with a big bread crumb.

It is my soul's choice to help this ant;
to break the crumb
into tiny pieces
cut his bread into manageable
chunks.

but you say "Leave him alone. Let him problem solve."
while it would be interesting to watch him
roll away the Stonehenge bread crumb,
I laugh and think
you are an ant.
as you lick the salt from my breasts,
I wonder if you are problem solving
and if this line is the one
you will tell your wife.

