

BUOYANCY

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I wake up
My limbs
are easy
in their
mobility
like I've
been put
back in
the gentle
amniotic
fluid of yes—
I am
viscous
matter
I am buoyant
like in my
dreams
floating along
the current
search is
for the first,
last,
the only
way to
say I love
you—
I love you
feels like crepe
paper

on my tongue
it sticks there
a little sweet
begging me
to swallow
to take in
its fullness
its weight
-lessness
Stay with me?
here in
the afterbirth
of our confessions
join me
hold my limbs
accountable,
against your
mind,
hold me
easy, gently
hold me
down.