

WE WERE A ROOM

Hannah Larrabee

From my mouth comes everything
the shudder of earthquake
the scattering of animals
worship of sunset somewhere
in the rhythmic overlap of fields
I whisper *what do you want*
and note the shadow numbers
of your watch; I am here to overthrow
what you want or maybe you
put my hands around your neck
and lean back into the valley of pillows;
mountains beg for the current
and capture of rivers, what do they want
but to move or outright disappear
they are tired of distorting light
and you might have me by the wrists
but I am summitting
clouds; what words do you have for me
when we are warping in a tintype sky;
then you ask me to return to you
from the place I have been that got you
off this mud-ridden palette;
how many times did I run my hands
up the back of your neck and still
you cannot call me by name
across the table where we redraw
the borders of feeling; tell me
so much you didn't tell me why
did it occur to you in bed that I
was not to spend the night in the way

one spends the day, or spare change,
or a lifetime of study;
if we were a room
and a bed and the moan of that collision
then we were a room
 in the dark we could not find a lamp.