

Intimate
by Kathryn Edgecombe

I wanted to watch you shave
 but I didn't
It seemed imperative
 to leave the room
To leave the night before and
 the longing
As if it would tangle around our legs
 trip us
And surrender our dreams

I wanted to put your toothbrush
 in my mouth
Pierce the tip of my finger on the blade
 of your razor
Watch the crimson teardrop form
 on the arch of the moon
And put my finger between your parted
 lips

** This poem won First Prize in the Open Heart 10 contest held by The Ontario Poets' Society.*