**Warm-blooded Peaches**

Alena Coleman

These days I doubt how I know my fingers

and all the aches fall together around one pillow

while thoughtworms crawl over the desire

to suckle poems into the night

to get up and find what happens next

after I shun the backbone and love flakes off

like so much lead paint. Songs open in the pulse

that echo just like holding my hand to your back,

I felt evil then. Like the knot of your pain

would break open into salt in the mouth

into moth clouds in the lungs. I’m still pulling

out the tines of this sinthought from my stomach.

We were warm-blooded peaches, once,

convinced summer would meet other summer

convinced pain would open into lesser pain,

believers in farmers market Sundays to come.

Another sin: speaking for myself in the plural.

We never agreed on that sort of thing. Now

I am raindrunk in this new bed and I hold

your relics in my chest: the ribs, the hips

all stink of you. I whisper Simic lines

into my ear just to keep decay from setting in,

you always believed you’d love poetry

one day. Never tomorrow. Yet still all your verses

tumble through me. Should I blame the sower

or the seed? Neither knows how fingernail

meets cheek like one breath of longing

to find ourselves together, around the kitchen sink,

eating each other’s pains in the dark.