**Anniversary**

Tori Grant Welhouse

Long years of nothing much to say.

Dawn nears. A thing touches. You stay.

Words and their cataclysm.

Words are inadequate.

Complete honesty is an uneasy state between two people.

Maybe impossible. Maybe ill-advised.

Early days, we called it, in our compulsion of beachcombing,

sleeping under a net of stars

with our satellites,

sweeping for wishes.

The p r o m i s e of a relationship

stretches beyond the relationship.

How much of a person should exist?

How much amorphousness?

The flare of you is in my optic nerve.

You are behooved, necessary

like the icy beauty of crystals

in the cirrus of luminosity.

You think because you’re a man

you can tell me what to do,

what to think.

I hate you for that.

I fight you for the right

to my own opinions.

We are one rumble

in a sky of thunder.

Hate doesn't mean

I can live without you.

There are denser particles in our atmosphere.

My indistinct edges overlap your indistinct edges.

We are rising air,

water droplets, dust.