**Lungs, or Inside the Winter White We Fold**Emily Patterson

into a false dark brought on by thick curtains.

You sleep in your crib until you don’t, and then

you’ll only sleep on me, across me, our bodies

forming a soft X as if to say, this is the place:

this good darkness that somehow feels

like a returning. But I can’t see you

stretched over me without seeing

your earlier selves. I can’t see you

or me in this inky black, white

noise washing over us like water,

the world not so much blocked out

but right here in this room, in my arms,

in our four lungs layered over each other

like tiny warm animals inside larger ones,

exactly and not at all as we began.