**Melusine**

Milla van der Have

Can we take a breather, she said

as she eyed me with a curious look

on her face, as if I were a creature new to fall.

Outside, a silken rain. You would only

see it once it touched you and you wondered

about how water is welted to light

the same way the body is grafted from breath

or lovers from centuries.

The room itself was small, small as a heart

and most of the bed was hers. I sidled

next to her, like a vine working its way

into a wall, with strong little feelers.

My fingers rested on her arms, craving bone

but more importantly my mind wouldn't

let go, wouldn't lose that sense of singularity

that reigns from the onset. Here I was

alone, on par with what surrounded me and yet

not. What had been pause, became temporary

new perspective, and she almost altered again.

I can go, I heard myself say, words that meant

no more than air exchanged. The sun had risen

after all, though it was hard to tell from the dark

day ahead and her naked glance.