

[Published in *American Arts Quarterly* August 2015]

Still Life

I could look anywhere in the room
where we've unpacked our belongings
and find the picture completed.
Let's choose this: my pollen-dusted boots
paired beside your silver Adidas.
Our possessions mingle
in an accidental choreography—
unlike the goods arranged on tables
in Dutch Golden Age still lifes
we viewed in the town museum.
I know you would allow me to reach
inside a shoe to feel the heat
of your run, a young man's, summer;
or lift, upon awakening,
a glass-smooth limb from the sheets
and press it to my uneven features
for an inking with no visible impression.
Two lives, stilled, neither choosing
to leave this scene we have composed.