RESUSCITATION

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Last night, while we slept, your wedding ring bit into my Adam’s apple, luring me to the surface where I found your cupped palm floating beside my pillow—guiltlessly.

The rest of your body leaned against mine, the usual welcome of your encroachment displaced by splayed limbs, pointy reckonings, their haphazard advance driving me over the edge of the bed, off to retrieve kicked away blankets.

Moonlight, through the blinds, spread out all over your breasts, slatted shadow and light; I returned to your side to return you to yours, with a gentle push tried to create enough space to settle in.

But you resisted repositioning with the dead weight of body, slipped from my grasp, a foreign terrain: lost footholds, uncharted patches of hair, folds of skin, even the curve of your hip welling up to meet fingertips at troublesome elevations.

And then you awoke, murmuring into my ear, a bent arm and leg securing my chest, thigh, ribcage; your familiar, rhythmic breathing, returned, mine soon a match, the quiet thumping of pulse released, and alternately caught in my throat.

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