Nothing is ever decided. He looks at her in the morning light where the hunger, the movement is unmistakable, the bend of her hip and leg when she sits - that joining reminds him of the corner of her eye when she smiles - and this coming together happens only in light, how it scatters over the small rolls and ruts of skin. In its power to make visible the light will always be there, just as the skin perishes yet it's the skin the soft skin makes the light beautiful. He loves the thought of it this way, this touch of skin: what he so remarkably sees becomes the idea of warmth, light, this place where he is, nothing beyond it. Here,
she says. He here
and she after all here. These any two things. After
all there's love, caress of flesh, touch
of the cheek warm as light. Her hair
his hair. Strokes of the brush
crossing so.