

Untitled, as of now
By warren florence

I lie in bed
Here
And wait for you.

I am reminiscing,
Now
That I'm reading
Half under the covers of a Futon bed,
Not too different from the one
In which we cried, slept and sweat.

The small lamp
Here
By the bed lights softly
Only this corner of the room,
But it's enough for us both to study.

You looked great last night.
How many weeks has it been?
And before that? Yes, a long time. Years.

With your reticent smile and unintentional beauty,
You'd slide
Here
—though sometimes leap from
There—
Into bed and tackle me with a hug.

You'd wrap around me and not let go
As though you were high on a tree,
Safe from some flood raging beneath.

My eyes skimmed word-for-word
An entire page of this book you recommended,
“Sam the Cat,” without absorbing a single word.

I would do that sometimes,
Then,
While I read beside you.

w.