The Clutch

Heads enclosed
By the necks, a pulse
Along the edge of felt
Collarbones, shoulders
Molding to ears & two
Backs perfectly heart
Shaped.

Whose is whose if this
Shape defines neither me
Or you but an Us thrumming
Quite intricately circular?

I find your hands as though I
Misplaced & rediscovered
My own, find your sighs
Synchronic to the breath
Only these few moments
Could stretch over time,
Time holding how we’re
Held

& knowing more