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