

Folding Lovers

We lay on our backs,
asleep, in a small, hot bed.
In the night, or early morning,
your right knee pressed on mine.
Your lumbar swiveled and
soon I felt your elbow press on mine.
like a mirror, we aligned.
You continued to swivel
until your left hip sank under your right,
and I flopped over belly to bed
your body now over mine,
right knee in the notch mine made, bent,
and elbow the same.
we hinged like a cupboard, like two envelopes nested
instead of one.
you didn't remember it, when I reminisced
I liked being your envelope