

Sunday's Best

this morning we awoke
beside one another
for the first time,
and though we stretched the moment
as long as we could
You had to leave.

it's sunday.
You attend church.
I don't.

I lay in bed nude
and marvel at the comfort
I feel in your presence, as
You slip on a fresh bra,
black sweater,
and pull on a
long black skirt,

sunday's best.

before my full length mirror
You apply cover— make-up— lipstick— eye liner—
I fling myself from bed
to stand behind you
to look over your shoulder
to wonder...

your brilliant blue eyes silence me.

a smile forms on my lips
and You ask,
“what?”
but it's not a mischievous grin
as I imagine You imagine,
but an involuntary response
to a feeling lost long ago, and

found

again

with You .