

=

What is it we see  
at the end of an equation?

Two lines, in bed,  
bodies stacked.

The lines of the forearm,  
union of elbow and hand,

band on finger,  
eye closed.

In love, death:  
what is that if not equality?

But that sign, alone,  
sandwiched between empty  
space:

this nothing is the same as that  
nothing,

the coupling  
surrounded by silence.

