

## Dawn

By Kristóf Oltvai

The rays of gray light, curtain-slit  
Fall like grated solar provolone  
On two twisting forms, sleeping or pretending –  
Pretending, if they'd rather lie alone.

Your body is a poem composed dreaming  
Riding softly in the dreamer's velvet mouth,  
Those flowing verses melt like marzipan  
    On memory.  
The dough vanishes at the first real bite,  
    – That year's first kiss  
    I've tried this sweet before.

The dawn is not for love, it comes too soon  
After the bodies flailing in the night before it  
Grabbing, hugging, drawing back –  
    That, too, comes too soon.  
I want the moment right before the night,  
    Right before you take off your shirt again,  
    Right before I taste your teeth again,  
    Right before I know how it will end,  
I want that moment when we stood side by side  
On the bricks outside Curtis in the fall,  
You're telling me your name for the first time, and smiling  
    Without knowing yet.

I pretend, but the sunlight's just too strong.  
It's 8 a.m. I turn to look at you.  
Your face is shut in that hidden land  
    Beautiful, and yours, and old.

I dreamed a dream, but now that dream is gone from me.  
A twin-XL bed is too small to hold two lives.