



The Knot

Dawn breaks us open.
The knot of bodies and heavy sleep
cracks. Dreams chip away
like china saucers and we lie
shattered between worlds,
you and I.

The knot severs.
In a rip of sunrise
that snaps the silence
they hum, high, oh so high,
the choruses of frayed dreams.
It is the yearning music of the knot
that plays in the background
of breakfast dishes, quarreling children,
guitar lessons, ballet classes,
speech therapist, dentist, working,
studying, and bills, the goddamn bills.

I lay my head on your warm shoulder
as you slowly tie me back in your arms.
Are you awake? Listen. Can you hear
the hidden moan of our music?
Listen. Tell me. Today,
why is it so loud?

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