**Butter**

o she dipped her finger in the melted butter

of our breakfast toast yes I saw her

spread it on her cheek above her left eye

and on the bridge of her nose when she

pushed up her glasses she said we eat

with more than just our mouths no we

won’t be defined by the limits of our skin when we

spend the last fifteen minutes in bed and she

stretches into me and she takes me in

and I no she and we o she —

when we woke up languid and sleep-soaked

no we didn’t think we’d spend it talking about toast

*from “This Isn’t the Apocalypse We Hoped For”*

*first published in subTerrain #60 (PG Folio)*