

## Folding a Pale Sheet

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*M. L. Marinelli*

folding a pale sheet,  
honing the crease with sincerity  
she imagines his head  
cradled by linen,  
by her arms, her singing breasts.

she does not want a future,  
only the feeling of him  
slow as spring-fed  
surrounding, allowing,  
lapping at her until there is  
no more wheat to crush.

she smells his courage.

like an Indian, his hands lace the pony's mane.  
she wants those hands in her hair,  
late sun washing her mane to red.  
one circle of light,  
only one more crisis in his eyes.  
"prepare," she thinks,  
willing him to move like the cougar,  
past all tenses,  
past stealth and grace.

and raising the carved blue beads to her ear  
she hears his footsteps: years away, still,  
the sharp intake of breath  
when he first knows that  
she is part of him.  
like stomach.  
like arms.