

# The Facts of Life

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Think of Eden,  
God's green womb,  
where the fruit hangs down  
like strange spherical cheeks.  
I tell you:  
we were lucky to get out of there alive.  
Nowadays,  
kisses are two-faced  
like promises kept and given.  
Nowadays,  
the skin needs company regularly,  
friction is a gift,  
and even pupils dilate when friends are near.

I admit the intimations of worse to come:  
the dust is always suddenly there.  
And raisins, wrinkled like warnings,  
come boxed.  
But tonight, when we hold hands,  
the nerves blossom on the inside,  
our bodies slowly burn the moist  
calories slick between them;  
even the pliant mouth is trustworthy.  
Tonight the candle offers its single petal  
and we are full of gods.  
Later, after we sigh like sponges in bathwater,  
there will be time to hear the soft  
chewing sounds the clock makes.  
But not until tomorrow morning  
will it shriek its simple message.