

*As we cruise the Mediterranean, I dream back
into body every man I've ever loved. Every night*

*I visit each like he's an island where I've docked
for one day. Every morning, my new husband and I*

H o n e y m o o n

*encounter different languages on shore. Birds
we've never before seen land near and sing us*

*their songs. People speak and we understand
little besides my warm belly under his soft hands, the sun's*

*flare, my lip near his lobe, the tenderness of earth's
fragile creatures. Every morning I wake in a puddle*

*of sweat and drool. Every night I wake
in someone else's arms. All our lives so far together,*

*he must've unknowingly accepted from inside me
a piece of everyone I'd ever known, the many*

*slices of sweet cake returned to a whole. Still,
I don't tell him what lies between my wet pillow*

*and dripping hair. How I turn away one lover's
mouth after another, ignore pleas, raise my left hand*

*to show them my ring, then unclasp a latch
at my chest saying, It's time to go.*

Michelle Bonczek Evory