

Twice a year, and maybe in June.

by Natalie E. Illum

When you come back, my heart unstones itself. My veins do what veins
do. My body behaves
like a body. These legs quit their spasm and cry; I become something soft
and leaking.

When you come back,

you change the way the light fits into the apartment.

I have this urge to plant, touch seed. I laugh
the way water boils. When you come,

I question what is solid. I check your collarbones for signs
of vapor. Everything between us is the sweet burn
of liquor. I kiss your mouth like it is the last source
of water in this city.