

**A freely suspended person will always point north-south even in the absence of another person**

By: Ginnye Lynn Cubel

*For Richard*

My cheek is like a magnet,  
attracted to the side of the pillow  
closest to you. It must be  
the iron in your blood,  
pumping slowly in the night  
and quickening in the morning  
when the sun intrudes beyond  
our courtyard window.

I fell in love with you the way  
I fell into the ocean. Small  
steps in the fierce brine until  
the sand slipped beneath my feet  
and the tide consumed my body.

I didn't thrash or try to swim,  
My copper blood burning.