

The Argument

by Philip F. Clark

You're so urgent as you unlock
the door -- the air of our argument
still hovering as your hand turns
the key in the lock. And then we
are in. The room dark, you fumble
for the light. I begin to speak
but you say, "No, not now."
And so we undress in the dark,
wordless, silent, covered in sweat.
What mouths could not say, hands did.
We found the bed to speak in.

