

Post-Mortem/Petites Morts

by Con Chapman

I have things that I should do
but I will lie abed with you
in homage to our deaths last night
from which we woke long after light
had first shone underneath the shade
to 'luminate the mess we made.

Like Lazarus, we are reborn,
this later hour, this holy morn.
I'll walk today among the living,
say a prayer of mute thanksgiving
and make a little sound I'll fear
to voice too loud lest others hear

and think that I'm occult, possessed,
when all it is, is just the tide
that crested when I last caressed
the woman who I made my bride.

