

# A Marriage of Bodies

*by* Richda McNutt

In sleep their bodies drift between the sheets until they find each other. They nestle together, curve within curve, kneecap to back of knee, buttock against belly, hand cupping breast. Soft breath against back of neck. An occasional twitch or sigh within a dream. Night sounds of unfulfilled cars still searching for passengers or destinations - an owl hooting for an answering call - the tenuous patter of raindrops. Bodies snuggle closer. The light changes - a muted glow dilutes the ink. The house hums with the heat fanning through the vents. The air within the room tenses as the time nears for the radio to awaken with early news stories. The bodies shift and stir, but do not separate - that delicious moment before full waking. All those years of delicious moments.

