

Julia Wendell

Adrift

There isn't
anything
I'd rather
be doing
than lying here,
thinking of you—
except, perhaps,
being
with you—
just you
last night,
your musky breath
on my
breasts—
not wanting
anything other
than these moments
on our raft,
on the wide wide
swell of it.
The lost years,
bobbing around us,
like jetsam
tossed overboard,
on water
that can't wait
to get to the sky.
Too much
to salvage
with just a bucket
and two oars.