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## These days of mismatched socks

Once I was a poem about an overturned sock drawer.  
Now it's impossible to separate what's real from what's not.

The morning water encircles me until I'm half buried  
in mud. A mountain lake between this world and the next.

The afternoon sun warbles across the sky like a lover  
dreaming of slippery things, and I wonder if I am less

empty than the day before, this honeyed song like a sentence  
blossoming in my hand until I'm cocooned in echoes

of clouds at night, pulling the thread from my mouth and tying  
it to yours, weaving the new moon on a moth's wing between us.

I would choose this world if I could see the difference between  
a leaf and a leaf, but how do we move from one life to the next

when neither of us will let go? How nice it would be to stay.  
As if we could root in the hornet's wing. As if eyes remained

closed in darkness, as if one hand could sing another's song.

Peter Grandbois

Peter Grandbois is the author of seven previous books. His poems, stories, and essays have appeared in over sixty journals. His plays have been performed in St. Louis, Columbus, Los Angeles, and New York. He is senior editor at *Boulevard* magazine and teaches at Denison University in Ohio.