

OUR BODY *by* JENNA PUTNAM

I trace the smooth valleys
and sharp ridges of you,
warm beneath my aching limbs,
eyes a smattering of stone and sky.
My body has become something new
yet familiar
merged with yours.

AZUR
by JENNA PUTNAM

I know it is only a matter of time.
We drive down the highway
where so often I have thought of you,
though I never let my ruminations get the best of me.

You say my first and your last name together
and all the blood rushes to my face, audibly red.

At night, your grief like a pulse.
I sense your mother's presence,
as if she is trying to speak through me:
"You need to take more time for yourself, mijo."

I run my fingers through your hair,
hold you a little tighter, drift off to sleep.