Poem to My Husband

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Poem to My Husband

And it is good
to feel the slick spread
of your semen coating
these little lips stitched
already together in the serifed V
of my thighs it is good
to coat my fingers
in your smell your inner ear
nape of neck long straight
spinal smell it is
the only thing
to press my pillowed roundness
to the nook of your hips
a simple key
with no teeth
in a spring lock.

It is good to sleep in the shadow
of your fountain breath; it is good
to wake into your mussed-hair
unshaven dawn of cool fingers on my shoulder
to wake into the serial dawn
of your measured mornings
(your arms unmoored your eyes
at the tiller) it is very good
to wake into this swollen dawn
this stretched and pressing warmth
this imprint of you in my softest skin.

Kate Marchetto is a candidate for the Queens University of Charlotte MFA in Creative Writing. She is the editor of New Fraktur Arts Journal. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in qaartsiluni, Minerva Rising, and great weather for MEDIA. She lives with her husband in Durham, NC.