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Inheritance

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INHERITANCE

Every night the same, you make me you
twenty years ago, your older brother
shucking down to skin, his hips a bruise
against your fragile mouth my mouth the other
mouths you've taught to Listen, this is love.
Why we take the blood from bed to bed;
why you know the way to stand above,
to balance, stiffen, guide another's head
when each of us is born alike: all heart?
Our chests have let the beating in before
we breathe. Our wet-blind passion fades; we start
to speak the desperate monologue of more.
We learn to live by leaving. Still, your hands.
Always your rhythm of commands.