On Marrying a Poet

Benjamin Morris

to E.

What shelters we construct:
the words we lay like bricks,
the houses built of stanza
and rhyme. You knew the rooms
ahead you would enter,
their work of the tongue
and the fingertips, their turn
of mind that finds a comma
in a breath.

Each evening
spent at home, a form
in which your bodies came
to rest—searching for that grace
a limb remembers, the lessons
a body draws in the night.
And so, now, the turn:
you twist the plot so that
its readers cannot grasp it,
cut the pages one by one
from the book.

For you
it was less about the ending
than the way it could never
be written, each new poem
teaching what neither of you
knew how to learn: the unloving,
the scrubbing half your self
from the plate. So bend your ear:
to the wind rustling over the sheet.
The music of the empty chair.
Place the ring

inside the spine
where it cannot fall, and from
this day, wed not the lover
but the love: where it left
you, sifting through the debris,
where it finds you, arm draped
over shadows in your bed,
and where it vows to send you
once again: past that hollow
room into the morning, where
you will wake, and break
the darkness open like a line.