

# 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:

