

A Slender Thread

Gabriel pulls off
your breast
with the clicking
sound of a kiss
and a strand
of drool sways
between his lip
and your nipple.
No doubt the great
Philippe Petit
would strip shoes
and socks, rub each
foot once and hop
onto the strand,
walking back
and forth between
the baby's lips
and your breast
with its cliff
of chest heaving
behind it.
Light catches
in the drool
which is part milk
and it shimmers.
Gravity makes
it bend, along with
the Frenchman
who has no one
to wave to but us.