

H O N E S T Y

All night we lock our doors, the hard sad mouths.
We stalk naked, bedroom
to bathroom

shining like scissors, like silver, like crosses.

When we lie down
tell me what slips between us: self-conscious.
We sleep in a coffin, in satin; a wedding.
Waiting for morning. Look
how we look away,

revelations that can almost touch.
Are we the honesties; we are: stars
that blink

in our nightclothes, like slow-turning planets
filled with other lives.