

KJ Hannah Greenberg

Your Warm Stomach

I weave my arm around you,
Crossing borders where your warm stomach,
Your ribs, your back, lightly expand, contract.
You shift a leg.

Again, I nestle.
On your neck, fine hair,
Like caribou lingering among sedges,
Rubs my nose.

I press my belly against you.
Squeeze without waking, kiss tenderly flesh
Which, decades ago, too, tasted so right,
Pray silent thanks.

Years transformed my intermittent waking,
Insomnolent ritual, secret hugs,
Into quiet thanksgiving;
I bless our union.

KJ Hannah Greenberg is double trouble. She's been twice nominated for the Pushcart Prize, helps out as an Associate Editor at *Bound Off* and at *Bewildering Stories*, and has two new books launching, a full-length poetry collection, *A Bank Robber's Bad Luck with His Ex-Girlfriend* (Unbound CONTENT), and an assemblage of short fictions, *Don't Pet the Sweaty Things* (Bards & Sages Publishing). What's more she makes her hibernaculum of imaginary hedgehogs line up in pairs.