

Whitney Judd

Sleeping Apart

Sweet scented, cold evening turns,
love and forgetting, with night so near,
has, when they have halted, tumbled down,
erased the dips and stones,
the hands and hard rough,
they dream once of castles built of air;
they that now lay hidden here,
each beside the other, shiver in its warmth.
The quilt of patches pulled up about their chins
made them certain earth returned;
such, then, a broken water ran
that bodies pulled away
from the other's hands left cold.

Sparks entangled once were only smoke.
Quiet that let them dream inched away,
broken lay a rug of snow.
One got up. One stayed. The other walked away.
I dread the ominous strain that life together brings,
that terrible stain that love and forgetting
leaves when they are ended,
that of love eroding:
two who sweet scented loved, turned cold,
as there always is when fire is drowned in rain.
What shall not stop? What still lingers here?
What have they, then, in sleeping apart?

Whitney Judd began writing in high school, went to New York after graduation, published one poem there, and being from a small rural town, left quickly and went to college trying to ignore writing. That didn't work. In the last three years she has been writing consistently. She has only submitted a handful of work, have had two published online.