

New Poetry by Amalie Flynn: “Strip”

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New Poetry from Amalie Flynn: “Married”



MARRIED TO A MORNING / *image by Amalie Flynn*

For twenty years I have been married to a morning. Of blue sky that stretches and pulls across me like water filling up a suburban swimming pool. The pit that formed a hole. The bodies falling down as if bloodless dolls instead of kneecaps and muscle shins and thighs hot fingers letting go of metal or chests and ribs an artery that runs down the length of a leg like a hose cheeks that hold in teeth and

tongues jaw and soft palates or a brain
inside of a skull. How the sky was full of
bodies so many falling thoughts fell down
or how the word *land* crashes and breaks
breaks and breaks apart on impact. How
the day still drowns me.

Today my husband is crouched in our
garden calves flexed. Today I reach out
and I run my fingers across broad fields
of skin between the shoulders. Shoulders
of my two sons. And I know.

How I know beneath.

We are bones.