

Your side of the bed

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [July 13, 2010](#) issue

It's time to rotate the mattress.
Your side is well worn
from the gravity of heavy sleep

whereas mine has only the barest
outline, my small frame
pressed into it invisibly—

the tall and the short of us,
the snore and the silence,
the kick and the toss,

the quiet staring into the dark,
blankets and quilts for every season,
the listening for each other's breath

and wondering when sleep
will press the pennies of death
onto eyelids closed for the last time

and then, ever the want of warmth
and the smell of skin, the other's cheek
pillowed inches away.