

Emily Tuszynska

## Ceiling

The utter darkness made of that cramped  
room a vast space that we spoke  
up into without touching, without  
turning toward one another,  
our words unscrolling above us  
invisibly. *It's all right* you said,  
the baby mumbling and moving  
against the bars of her port-a-crib  
and so you—*I've got her*—your voice  
moving away and then returning, softer,  
hand whispering along the wall,  
to put her down between us  
where she lay soothed by our talking,  
voices interlayering in the stale air  
with long pauses now as each word,  
even the slightest, seemed to condense  
into its meaning. Almost palpable,  
they left our lips and floated  
drowsily to the ceiling, growing richer  
and darker with all they contained,  
taking on a lustrous, transparent blackness,  
until all that eluded us in daylight,  
all that we meant, was suspended there,  
everything, everything, and *it's all right*  
you said and we lay there  
side by side naked  
as though for the first time and at last  
silent and in a deep calm  
I dreamt of a roof of words  
we dismantled, grateful  
to be doing this thing together,  
working in a cadence



Emily Tuszynska

not unlike that of speaking, handing down  
the words and discarding them  
in piles here and there as we took them out,  
leaving behind gaps that came together  
slowly to form the whole sky.



Emily Tuszynska

not unlike that of speaking, handing down  
the words and discarding them  
in piles here and there as we took them out,  
leaving behind gaps that came together  
slowly to form the whole sky.

