

A. Kay Emmert

**Two in the Pasture**

We come here for the fog. How it kneads  
the earth as we sleep, how it encases us  
in a thin moment  
when we are wives only to each other.  
Her head rests on my breast.  
The skin under the lip of my shirt prickles  
like blades of grass. The grass cradles  
our bodies. Our hands  
cup an opening.

Sunlight has yet to crest the subtle rises of the plains.  
To the left, a porch is silver with light  
for the heavy-winged moths. Our husbands  
are there behind closed doors with their cigars.  
Their hands are oil-stained  
and in all these years, they haven't seen  
beyond the road leading wherever roads lead.

To the right, the garden, where we walk  
one on each side of a row with the flesh  
of tomatoes in our mouths.  
The heavy fruit sway around us  
and burst into many dawns.

It's simple for us. We spread ourselves  
in the pasture between the houses.  
The stars stretch out in a field of intimacy,  
outshining the light from the house, weighing heavier  
than the hand that slaps the moth to the ground.