

## A Price

There is a price we pay by listening  
at night in the dark to sighs  
we allow to linger in our swollen mouths.  
We make poetry out of our thighs  
our bodies not damaged by their work  
or desire not changed too much  
by our squeamish imagination. Others go berserk  
but we do not for we are still able to touch.

Together embraced we lie perfectly still  
while the night forms couplets around  
us. Our small faces glow as our eyes fill  
with the moon above. Every sound  
we recognize but our own  
as our singing escapes from this poem.

ROBERT HILLES