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Anniversary Poem

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ANNIVERSARY POEM

Sascha Feinstein

From the stone tip of a teak-handled mallet
drums coax a sun to its balance above

this floating palace in Jaipur, the one you touched
in picture books when family elders foretold

the rhythms of your future. What map
can I draw from this line of salt

outlining the rim of your collarbone,
and can it also be that drums tease the moon

so that these walls rise, the way you leaned into me
and then collapsed into Śiva's lasting embrace?

When I taste the warmth of your throat
I could be water lost in water, I could be

a drum skin's hillside echo, I could be the man
who held you ten years ago in a wedding suite,

aquamarine wallpaper. Lie back.
Dry yourself beneath the ceiling fan. Let me

lift from your shoulders your uncut hair
tangling beneath carved mythologies.