

# New Poetry from Amalie Flynn: “Married”



MARRIED TO A MORNING / *image by Amalie Flynn*

*For twenty years I have been married  
to a morning. Of blue sky that stretches  
and pulls across me like water filling up  
a suburban swimming pool. The pit that  
formed a hole. The bodies falling down*

as if bloodless dolls instead of kneecaps  
and muscle shins and thighs hot fingers  
letting go of metal or chests and ribs an  
artery that runs down the length of a leg  
like a hose cheeks that hold in teeth and  
tongues jaw and soft palates or a brain  
inside of a skull. How the sky was full of  
bodies so many falling thoughts fell down  
or how the word *land* crashes and breaks  
breaks and breaks apart on impact. How  
the day still drowns me.

Today my husband is crouched in our  
garden calves flexed. Today I reach out  
and I run my fingers across broad fields  
of skin between the shoulders. Shoulders  
of my two sons. And I know.

How I know beneath.

We are bones.