

## The Knot

Dawn breaks us open.  
The knot of bodies and heavy sleep  
cracks. Dreams chip away  
like china saucers and we lie  
shattered between worlds,  
you and I.

The knot severs.  
In a rip of sunrise  
that snaps the silence  
they hum, high, oh so high,  
the choruses of frayed dreams.  
It is the yearning music of the knot  
that plays in the background  
of breakfast dishes, quarreling children,  
guitar lessons, ballet classes,  
speech therapist, dentist, working,  
studying, and bills, the goddamn bills.

I lay my head on your warm shoulder  
as you slowly tie me back in your arms.  
Are you awake? Listen. Can you hear  
the hidden moan of our music?  
Listen. Tell me. Today,  
why is it so loud?

JOAN TAYLOR