

Joddy Murray

Trapped Among Icebergs

Everything solid is frozen.

Glass, still in its fragility
speaks its text with translucence
or the pause of much softer, frozen
skin. What if we could liquify
skin, make it connected again,
allow organs and bones to float
 or fall? Your distance from me
fails. The ice between your
 lips, my cheek, my shoulder
becomes a sip—not a kiss,
not an impact of solids.
Glass has temper, even
as cold as it is. It has
blood—fractured veins
swollen even as I stand under them,
illuminated, warming.