CHARLOTTE PENCE

Love Between Parents

Once I gulped sex, unsure of its bounds.  
   Now I read how scientists are unsure  
      of computers’ boundaries.

Outside, winter hardens into March.  
Blood-dot head of the woodpecker  
   needles.

   The essay theorizes  
      Computers’ limits are  
         the mind’s  
            limits.

My theory admits sex after a child  
   is weird.

   Our bodies have become  
      a rented text weary with underlines.

Love  
   is a square of white  
      where once hung a picture.

   Memories of cravings—  
      sleet-shined and treacherous as winter roads.

We are  
   too close. Double pane windows dull  
      the brighter the sun shines.
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When I see my love
at a distance,

leaving a drugstore,

sliding glass doors stretching, too bright day,
long strides,
I almost don't recognize him,

then do—that feeling
like a rush and being rushed,
one screen to next.

Always I wonder where is the end?

So, I turn to what is in front of me:
the window, dimpled with ghosts of rain.

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