Marriage Bed with Medical Devices

I kept saying no to sticking you on my skin, to computer chips between him and me, vibrating the nightstand with alarms. When I did fill out the forms, when I augmented, we drove to the other side of the great lake and there in the rush of its body I felt you, little barnacle, on my thigh, and you, bee-eyed satellite of my stomach, and sunlit cold water streamed over you as over me, thus convinced I still was mine.

And his. He’d say oh sorry at first when he touched or bumped you along the usual routes.

By now, if you are not my true topography, then what? You know how I can be lying down like lake water wanting parted by a swimmer’s surest strokes, like an idle power button waits to be pressed, to turn on its perfectly working world.